July 20, 1960

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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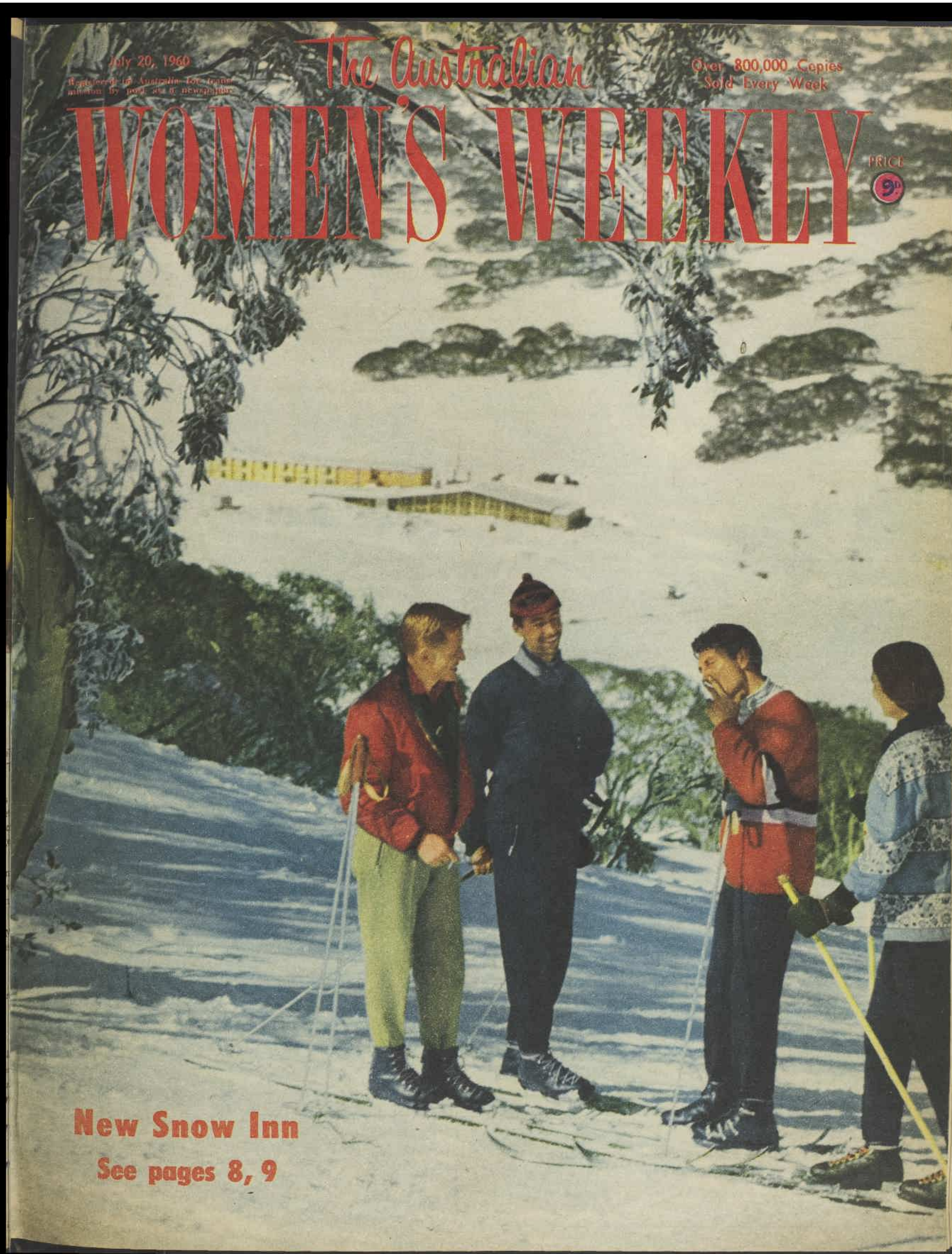

New Snow Inn

See pages 8, 9

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● World-famous author Faith Baldwin, whose short story "The Outsider" is on page 23, has made half a million pounds with her books, plays, and stories.

IN 40 years she has written 70 books, numerous plays, short stories by the hundred, and poems.

A grandmother, she still writes so much that she works with two typewriters. To save changing the ribbon when she has worn one out, she uses the other machine.

Fiction editor Betty Nesbit says that Miss Baldwin is a very modest best-seller author.

Miss Baldwin has said of herself:

"Writers, like teeth, are divided into grinders and incisors.

"I've never written anything I consider really sharp. I just keep grinding away, trying to tell my story."

★ ★ ★

A STORY in Worth Reporting in our January 20 issue prompted a letter we received six months later from London.

The story reported a curious memento of Victorian times in a building in London's Philpot Lane.

When the building was being erected, two workmen kept missing their midday meal of bread and cheese.

Each accused the other of theft. They fought. One was seriously injured, the other went to prison.

Later the "thieves" were discovered—large nests of mice. This is recorded in a stone model of a lump of cheese with two mice on it.

Miss M. J. Wheeler, of Surbiton, Surrey, wrote to us:

"I, a Londoner, had not heard this story, so a friend and I went exploring.

"We gazed at the buildings at each end of Philpot Lane until a young, very large City of London policeman asked what we were looking for.

"We told him, and he showed us the mice above the doorway to Napier, Brown, and Co. Ltd., sugar and fruit dealers.

"Nearby originally stood the mansion of Sir John Philpot, Lord Mayor of London in 1348-49.

"After this we walked to the Tower of London and watched the shipping on the Thames, later visiting the Tiger Inn, where Queen Elizabeth I stayed.

"Thank you for a very enjoyable evening.

"My sister, who lives in New Zealand, regularly sends me your paper. I look forward to receiving it and enjoy reading it, particularly Dorothy Drain's column and the photographs of your country, of which you are obviously very justly proud."

★ ★ ★

RUTH SRIBER, who interviewed Australian authors George Johnston and Charmian Clift on the island of Hydra (page 15), retold a wonderful myth about the island of Ikaria, also in the Aegean, on which she lives.

She wrote:

"Ikaria dates to the times of the Cretan King Minos about 1500 B.C. It reputedly took its name from Ikaros, whose astronaut tendencies brought him disaster as he flew from the labyrinth.

"Warned that the wings he used in his escape were fixed with wax and would melt if he flew too close to the sun, Ikaros couldn't resist the temptation to soar.

"He plummeted into the sea that bears his name and was buried on the island.

"Although modern historians place no faith in the myth, the story is too good to cast lightly aside.

"The island's rich past, however, is proved by the frequent discovery of ancient relics.

"Recently some boys recovered a beautifully sculptured head of Diana and a part of a terracotta horse, dating from the fifth century B.C."

Our Cover

● Smoko in the snow in Perisher Valley in Kosciusko State Park, N.S.W., with the new Man From Snowy River Inn in the background (more color pictures, pages 8 and 9).

From left, the skiers are Jean Decosterd, Kings Cross, Michele Losey (Kosciusko Ski Club), Jean Ecuyer, ski instructor, Sue Hutchings (Cooma Ski Club).

Picture is by Douglass Baglin.

Next Week

● The floor plan and perspectives of a two-bedroom holiday house you can build for yourself for £2000 are shown in a two-page, color-illustrated feature in our next issue. Plans for the house—designed especially for readers—will be available at our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia for £10/10/-.

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HAD A WONDERFUL TIME

Color Queen in Paris . . .

• Dianne Scealy, 17, of Narre Warren North, Victoria, flew to Paris for two weeks' holiday prize in our model contest which preceded the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival last May.

EIFFEL TOWER was the first stop on Dianne's Paris tour.

ICE-CREAMS, after day's sightseeing, for Dianne and a French friend.

AT MAGGY ROUFF Dianne chose one of her most exciting prizes: a Paris couturier suit. Here, the chief designer checks the fit.

Princesses in the East

• Jenny Furney, 19, of Turramurra, N.S.W., and Rosemary Smith, 15, of Sunshine, Victoria, took a Cathay-Pacific flight to Hongkong . . .

RIDING IN RICKSHAWS, Jenny and Rosemary stage a mock "race" down one of the streets in Hongkong.

IN A SAMPAN, Jenny and Rosemary (wearing striped skirt) try their skill at managing this Eastern form of water transport.

AT THE HAW PAR VILLA in Singapore, Jenny and Rosemary admire the fascinating collection of Chinese statuary, old and new.

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Gives two end waves or two between-perm pickups. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion recaps for use a second time . . . which can't be done with old-fashioned lotions!
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HP 20. 143

Conductor's wife's a . . .

Yorkshire Parisienne

● ***Vera Tzipine, a ballet dancer before she married conductor Georges Tzipine, is a Yorkshire lass who cooks like a Frenchwoman.***

FAMOUS French conductor Georges Tzipine and Madame Tzipine, his Yorkshire-born wife.

SHE talks like a mixture of both. "Alors—you coot oop kidney . . ." she says.

Madame Tzipine, small and blond, is in Australia with her husband, who is on a tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

The two first met when she was a young dancer on tour in Paris. She couldn't speak a word of French — and he couldn't speak any English.

Now the conductor can speak English—and Yorkshire.

Violinist Alfredo Campoli, who played with the Victorian Symphony Orchestra conducted by Tzipine, was justifiably puzzled when he heard the Frenchman asking, "Do you make any coot?"

"Do I what?" he asked, bamboozled.

Mme Tzipine realised her husband had unconsciously "gone all Yorkshire" and explained to Campoli he meant, "Do you make any cut?"

The Tzipines live in Montmartre, Paris, have a 23-year-old son, Jacques, who is studying medicine. He speaks English and French, is often horrified by his mother's "Yorkshire."

"He speaks English better than I do," said Madame Tzipine cheerfully.

"When I come out with broad Yorkshire he says, very pained, 'Oh mother, must you?' 'My boy,' I say, 'I've been speaking Yorkshire since I was born, and I'm going to die speaking it.'

"Actually, I think it is a very friendly accent. Just like all the people in Yorkshire. On a Yorkshire train, everyone speaks to everyone else."

Mme Tzipine goes to all her husband's concerts and rehearsals and, apart from her home and her son, has two very strong interests—dancing and cooking.

"I have not found time to dance since my marriage," she said, "but I do like to teach. If I see a little girl who enjoys dancing, I often ask the parents if they would like me to teach her.

"Not quite nice"

"In France they are a little more conservative than here or in England — they still think it is not quite nice to send girls off to dancing class.

"But it is changing a bit now. I always say to mothers that all little girls like to dance, so why not give them a chance to learn to dance properly?"

As for her cooking, she learned most of it during World War II in Occupied France.

"We had no money in those days," she said.

"We moved around from farm to farm — everyone was very good to us — and that was where I learnt the wonderful art of the French country woman in the kitchen.

"Their food is delicious — and so economical. Economy is such an integral part of their lives.

"I remember one Frenchwoman whose husband had enormous vineyards. She kept a huge bag of feathers under the bed.

"These were sold for about one cent for a dozen bags. She could not forget the habit of keeping the feathers from every fowl she plucked!

"In the country they still have the custom of the 'dot' or dowry. Every mother, however poor, saves money in a stocking until her daughter is married. She wouldn't dream of trusting a bank.

"And, believe me, the young couples are very glad to receive the dowry when they start out in married life. I think there is quite a lot to be said for this system."

Crozzle No. 3 Winners

● **Eight people tied to win CROZZLE No. 3, and — in accordance with the rules — the £500 prize will be divided equally among them. The winners are:**

● Mr. R. S. Vawdrey, East Bentleigh, Vic.
● Mrs. D. Low, Forest Hill, via Wagga, N.S.W.
● Mrs. G. D. Armstrong, North Geelong, Vic.
● Mr. A. P. Laing, Traralgon, Vic.

They sent in identical CROZZLES, with prizewinning scores of 415. Their entry (redrawn by our artists for reproduction) is at right.

● M. Potter, Hamilton, Q.
● P. Passmore, Normanby, Q.
● Mrs. Gladys Ridd, Molesworth, Victoria.

These three entries—also identical—were almost exactly the same, but they used the word "Kelly" instead of "Pepys" at the lower right-hand corner of the grid.

Another winner used "Henry" instead of "Pepys" or "Kelly." She is:

● Lois Copp, Clayfield, Q.

Last week five people were announced as winners of Crozzle No. 2. This was an error. Preference had not been given to the highest points for interlocking letters as the rules stipulate.

The real winners, who submitted identical entries with top score of 149 for interlocking letters, are Mrs. N. E. Allan, Hartwell, Vic., and M. Rahmann, Geebung, Qld.

They will now share the £500 prizemoney and will each receive £250. The three other entrants, however, will each receive £100, as announced. They are: Mrs. T. M. Beckenham, Violet Town, Vic.; J. Glass, Rydalmere, N.S.W.; and Mr. A. W. Beckenham, sen., Violet Town, Vic.

NEXT WEEK: The results of CROZZLE No. 4.

CROZZLE No.3

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	175
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	240
MAKING THE GRAND-TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	415

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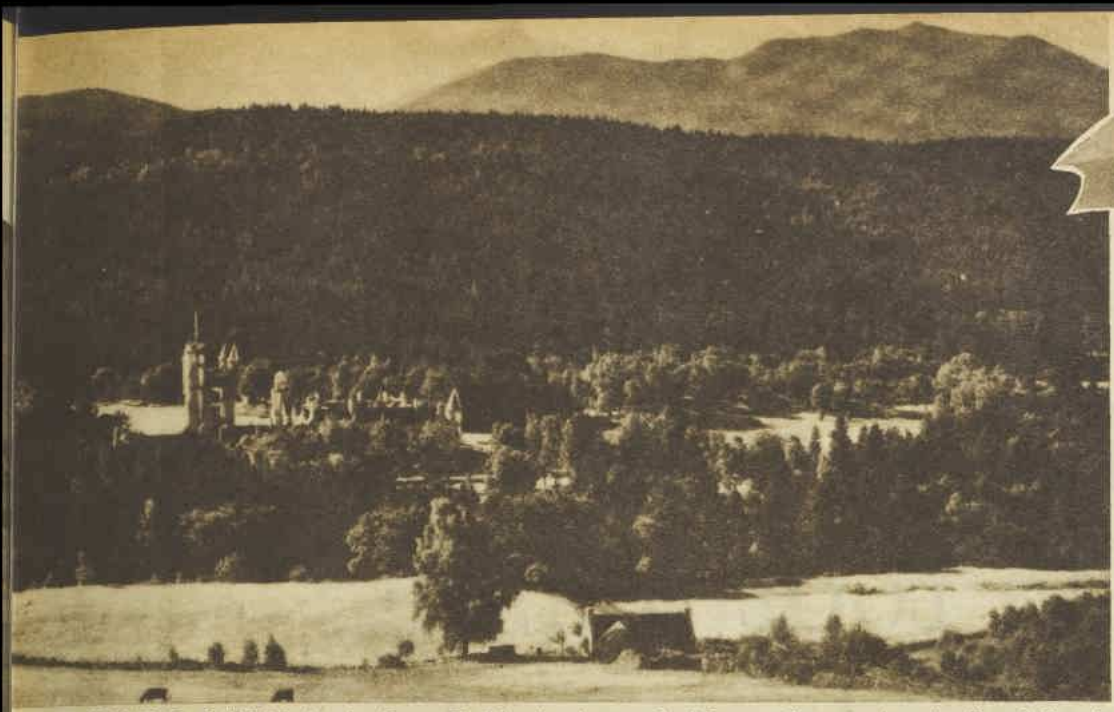

BALMORAL CASTLE, in the Scots Highlands, August holiday rendezvous for the Royal Family.

The Queen's hideaway

While ordinary folk are hotfooting it to beaches and cottages on summer holiday, the Queen will disappear—as if the monarchy did not exist.

By Helen Cathcart

ELIZABETH will disappear behind a triple iron curtain of privacy, vigilant security, and fierce Highland devotion.

Early in August, prompt to a schedule fixed five months ago, the Queen and Prince Philip will step ashore from the Royal yacht Britannia to be greeted by a Scottish guard of honor and speeches of welcome.

Timed to the minute, the Royal car will leave the granite city of Aberdeen and take the winding road along the valley of the Dee.

For ten days—all the Queen allows herself for complete rest and relaxation—nothing short of a major crisis will be allowed to disturb her.

Officially the Queen is in residence at Balmoral Castle.

Secretly the white turrets and towers of the castle are only a convenient screen for the real holiday the Queen enjoys at Glasalt Shiel, a small old-fashioned hunting lodge 20 miles away in the hills.

The impregnable seclusion of "the Glasalt"—screened behind trees at the head of a blue loch hemmed in by mountains—appealed irresistibly to Queen Victoria when she built the house.

Four or five casual sightseers got as far as the patrol line of kilted ghillies last year before being turned back, unaware that they were trespassing on the most jealously guarded of all Royal preserves.

The stone-built Glasalt house is so average-sized that the Queen and Prince Philip have only a sitting-room and bedroom to themselves, opposite the little dining-room and stone-flagged kitchen on the ground floor.

Upstairs the four tiny bedrooms, with low ceilings and dormer windows, are just sufficient for the Royal children, the motherly cook - housekeeper, and Bobo MacDonald, the Queen's inseparable maid.

Feel "ordinary"

In no other Royal home can the entire household enjoy the aroma of the bacon sizzling for breakfast—and in no other house can Elizabeth II so easily slip into the illusion of being like anyone else.

Guests are rare. But the Queen broke her own "no guests" rule when she took President Eisenhower to Glasalt last year and showed him her enjoyment of feeling "ordinary" on holiday by driving him in her station-waggon.

Actually the Queen's "inner holiday" was over, but they had tea at the quaint old summerhouse that tips a headland running into the loch, and Prince Philip and Charles showed the President how to land a trout practically at the tea-table.

Swimming, sailing, and deer-stalking are Glasalt Shiel preoccupations as well as fishing.

The Queen's head stalker, wiry Donald McHardy, notices that she often arrives from London looking tired and pale. Rising early, she wears slacks or a practical feminine variant of plus-four deer-stalking kit, zestful for every possible hour in the open air.

Soon, McHardy proudly watches "the rose and the tan return to her cheeks" — in his own heathery phrase — after days in the hills.

Last season the Queen killed one of the five best deer — with 27-inch twelve-point antlers—ever shot by a woman in Scotland.

Perhaps her success as a keenly expert stalker is not surprising, considering her father taught her the art when she was only 16.

The Balmoral herd is the finest in Britain and 100 head must be thinned every year if it is to remain within bounds.

Often the Queen returns to Glasalt famished, to nibble at the high tea buffet of shrimps and sausage rolls, baps (crisp bread rolls), and bannocks (round, unleavened bread of oat or barley meal).

Sometimes there are dinner invitations to the Queen Mother's house down the glen at Birkhall.

The Queen Mother also has a tea-party house high on the moors, a long-disused cottage which she has refurbished with simple furniture and Scottish folk weaves.

Though the Birkhall staff service it once a week, Royal visitors fend for themselves, gathering their own firewood, doing their own washing-up, leaving everything as they found it . . . and having fun.

To the outer world Balmoral may still be just the century-old castle that Victoria and Albert romantically built as their home.

The 1960 difference is that their descendants tend to move every August into every available house and lodge, forming a holiday colony of royal kith and kin scattered over 100 square miles.

This summer Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones plan to have their own Scottish house-warming around the great granite fireplace of Gelder Shiel Lodge, four miles south of the Castle itself.

Three miles farther east the Kents usually occupy "Altna - Guthasach," once the Prince Consort's waterside hideaway, now a "yachting port" where Prince Philip sails his catamaran and young people are always scrambling in and out of boats for alfresco meals.

Add to this the comings and goings of Harewoods and Gloucesters and kinsfolk at Abergeldie Castle, the lodge the Queen lends to her cousins and friends, Elphinstones and Brabournes, and "upper" Household staff—and one begins to focus the cheerful new Balmoral of today.

After her brief ten-day respite, in fact, the Queen gets back to work at Balmoral itself, and assumes the role of hostess with probably the swiftest-changing and most varied guest-list in the world.

Last year's visitors ranged from Dr. Nkrumah and his suite to a couple of Boys' Brigade chiefs and a group of atom scientists.

THE QUEEN on official duty—but wearing very much the kind of casual, workaday clothes she chooses for her hideaway holiday.

For nine months the Castle sleeps to the pleasant murmur of the Dee. Then for three months, from the top-floor clump of young feet to the influx of statesmen and family friends, it clatters with life.

The old place is nevertheless small and inconvenient. King George VI rightly said that the castle photographs larger than life.

Tartan lino

The guest rooms are on the ground floor and the Duke of Edinburgh recently contrived two private bathrooms only by ingenious shifting of stairways and pantries.

The kitchens remain three minutes from the family wing and, in the dining-room, hotplates are indispensable.

The old tartan lino vanished years ago to be replaced by modest carpeting and deerskin rugs.

In the entrance hall, statues of King Malcolm III and the Prince Consort prance in Highland garb watched by a score of stags' heads.

In the dining-room the red-and-green Royal Stuart tartan curtains mysteriously fail to mar Winterhalter's enchanting crinoline portrait of Queen Victoria.

The drawing-room has been modernised and the tartan upholstery has been renewed and Mrs. Clarkson, the housekeeper, carefully covers the fading original carpets when the "Royals" are away.

Landseer paintings are everywhere. So are draughts.

The family guest spends three days in ten contentedly waist-deep in salmon pools. Alternatively he tries out the nine-hole golf course.

Prince Charles, of course, likes nothing better than to be supposedly in charge of a Land-Rover with his school friend, David Dawkes. Though only 10, Princess Anne is already learning to drive —or at least acquiring a road sense—on these empty, safe estate roads.

There is space for schoolboy cricket as well as staff tennis. And for boyish mischief there are the Fell and garran ponies, wild-looking, shaggy, but tame and affectionate beasts, wonderful as bareback mounts.

Something for everyone, in fact, including work for the Queen.

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SHE'S A ROMANY GIPSY

Her brother was a king of the tribes

● Lavanya Petulengro is the most ungipsylike gipsy you could meet. She's blue-eyed, fair-skinned, lives in a cottage instead of a caravan — but she just can't stay put.

GIPSY PETULENGRO (above), King of the Romany gipsies until his death three years ago, and (left) his sister, Lavanya Petulengro, who is visiting Australia. She is studying the palm of reporter Winifred Munday, and also read her stars.

SHE is a sister to Gipsy Petulengro, King of the Romany tribes until his death three years ago.

Miss Petulengro with her secretary - companion, Mrs. Constance Vines, arrived in Sydney recently in the Arcadia on a 15-month on-the-move holiday.

In her luggage there wasn't a single gipsy shawl, hoop earring, or crystal ball.

But even after three years she doesn't settle easily into the life of a "gorgio"—the Romany name for people who are not gipsies.

She and her brother used to travel the world in their caravans. But when he became ill from a stroke, they settled in a cottage in Gloucestershire, England, which is still her home.

"But my companion and I are hardly ever at home," said Lavanya, who was staying with friends in the Sydney suburb of West Ryde.

"I can't settle too long in one place," she said. "So we pile luggage into the car and go off somewhere. I want to see as much as I can of Australia, then we're off to New Zealand."

In a caravan

Lavanya was born in Dagshai, India, in a real Romany caravan drawn by horses—and she will talk reminiscently of her roving life at the slightest provocation.

"We took our horses and caravans all over the world, to America, too," she recalled.

"My mother, who died when I was very small, couldn't read or write, and my brother didn't start to learn until he was 14.

"He was a wonderful brother, much older than me, and he more or less brought me up. He taught me all he knew and he ended up writing several books.

"When I was 12 he went off on an orchid-hunting expedition to the Amazon and packed me off to a convent school. I hated being cooped up behind four walls for two years, because I'd never spent so long in one place before. But I did get some education."

Later Lavanya, with her caravan, joined a circus in Germany.

"I started as a tightrope-walker, and then became a bareback and acrobatic rider on ponies. When I became too stiff for that I had my own string of ponies, which I trained for the circus."

She has been with most of the best-known circuses on the Continent and in England.

"Then my brother and I went into the theatre," she said, "with a thought-reading act. But I didn't enjoy it as much as the circus. There is so much jealousy in the theatre that just doesn't exist among circus folk."

In 1934 Gipsy Petulengro became a newspaper and magazine astrologer. He had a phenomenal following, and made some remarkable predictions. He forecast the death of Queen Astrid of Belgium, the start of the war, and its end by "a sort of earthquake."

Two years later Lavanya also became a magazine astrologer, and acquired her secretary-companion to cope with correspondence and requests for consultations.

"I didn't have nearly the insight that my brother had," she said. "He was more than an astrologer, he had a seventh sense. Maybe that's because he was the seventh son of a seventh son.

"We believe in the significance of the number 7."

Which, of course, brought us to the subject of Romany superstition . . .

"We Romanies would never go into a new caravan without first having it christened," she declared. Her caravan, "La Fleur," and her brother's, "The Vado" (Romany for caravan), were named in the traditional way.

The Romany with the new caravan chooses someone of the tribe known for his goodness to perform the ceremony.

First, the chosen one breaks a piece of dried bread over the van, then another scorched piece—"to ward off evil"—then, as he names the caravan, he marks it with the sign of the cross with a piece of burnt cork. Finally, a bottle of wine is broken over the van.

Gipsy Petulengro's van was made from wood from the old liner Mauretania. When the new Mauretania was launched he and his sister were invited to attend the ceremony and weld a gipsy charm into the structure.

By
WINIFRED MUNDAY

Lavanya has no patience with people who profess to read playing cards or teacups, or to see the future in a crystal ball.

"A lot of rot," she said. "But astrology is a different matter."

By studying a person's age, birth date, and the position of the stars at the time he was born, she says it is possible to tell the trend of his life, to forecast good and bad events, and approximate length of life.

Palm reading, she asserts, cannot tell you about the future, but it can tell something about character, length of life, and give some indication of likely trends.

"People are crazy to know about their futures, even though they profess not to believe in astrology," Lavanya said, "but when it comes to telling people about the bad events in their lives we have to be very careful.

"It's no good telling weak or nervous persons of ills which are likely to befall them."

Lavanya is not interested in her own horoscope, and thinks "one of the great excitements of life is its uncertainty."

Like thousands of people who eagerly read their "stars" and then declare they don't believe it, anyway, I wanted to know what the future held for me.

I shall receive some money that I will not have to work for (perhaps a lottery ticket is indicated here!), but I will have two big disappointments. I can look forward to living into the 11th stage (each stage is 7 years).

I asked Miss Petulengro about the future of the true Romany.

"There aren't many of us left," she said sadly, "only about 2000 in England and not many on the Continent.

Dying out

"Many Romanies are now marrying outside their tribes and settling in houses. This means their children are getting proper education, which, of course, is a good thing. But eventually the true Romany will die out.

"As for today's caravans, they are just like dog kennels. In my roaming days they were real homes, with double walls so they were cool in summer, warm in winter. Mine had a silver-plated open fireplace."

Her plans for the future?

"When I get back to England we are off to the north of Scotland.

"I'll never be able to settle down till I'm carried off in that long wooden box!"

STAR BILLING

Miss Petulengro's Zodiacal character table:

ARIES (March 21-Apl. 20): Can jump into trouble and out again. Make good friends, but bad enemies.

TAURUS (Apl. 21-May 20): A leader, obstinate as a bull. Make good estate agents or businessmen, have good eye for value.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Very versatile; women make good housewives, but men may be overfond of women, and not always to be trusted.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): These subjects make very good wives and husbands. Good at taking orders, so make good soldiers, sailors.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22): Born leaders, who usually branch out in business on their own. Women are gentle and generous, but men cannot always be relied on to tell the truth.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 23): Can be rather prim and narrow-minded. Do good work for the welfare of others.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23): Very honest and straightforward people. Many of our best lawmen are Librans.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22): Can be stinging as a scorpion when upset, but also very generous.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 20): Are quiet and reserved; tend to think they are not appreciated by their families.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21-Jan. 19): Often in trouble, but adept at getting themselves out. Usually get what they want out of life.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 19): Worriers over things that never happen, but after hard going usually come out on top.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20): Always see black side of life before they see bright. Very generous, make good artists, good in careers requiring original thought.

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New inn in snowfields

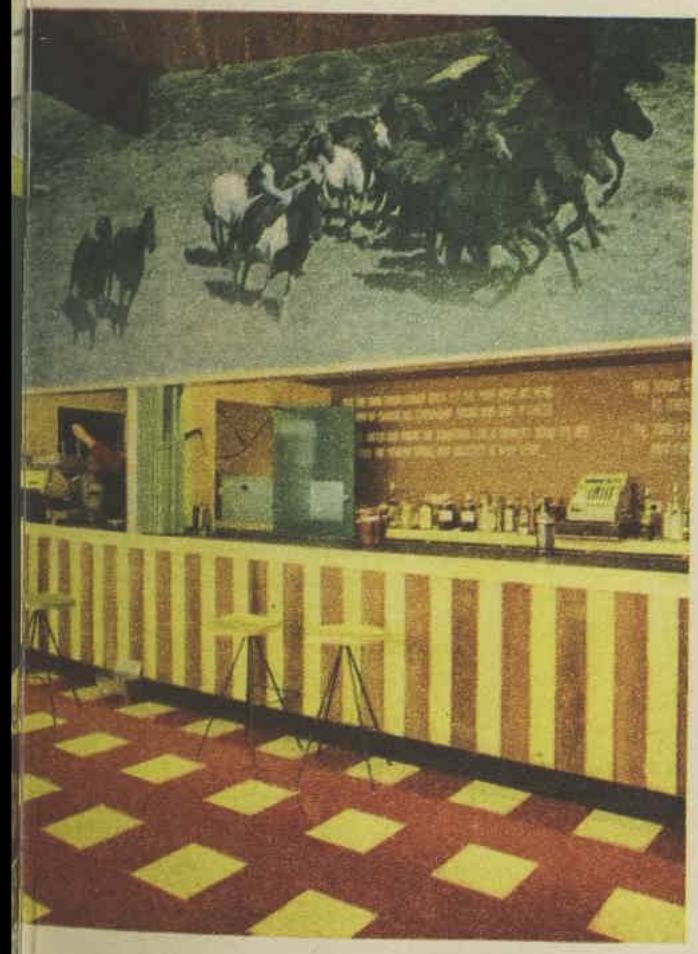
● *Golden warm, the lights of the new £150,000 Man From Snowy River Inn glow against the snow of the Perisher Valley, Kosciusko State Park, on the main road to the summit. Indoors, guests are at dinner in the inn's luxuriously appointed dining-room (below), which overlooks the snowclad valley and Perisher and Back Perisher Mountains.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817224

A BLIZZARD the night before the inn's opening recently provided ideal snow conditions. Here ski instructor Jean Ecuyer shakes snow from overhanging branches for Sue Hutchings, of Cooma.

GUESTS relax in the spacious lounge. The floor is of polished cypress, the rugs of kangaroo-skin, and the fieldstone facings of local granite. The centrally heated inn can accommodate 70 guests.

— Pictures by Douglass Baglin.



A MURAL depicting part of the epic ride of "The Man From Snowy River" and verses from Banjo Paterson's famous poem, in raised letters on a leather background, decorate the inn's colorful public bar.

CHAMPAGNE in the sun on the opening day. From left: Mr. F. Smith, of Sydney, Mrs. Thelma Morony, of Avalon, N.S.W., Miss Marion Lucas (N.Z.), Mrs. Michael O'Donoghue, and drink-waiter Joe Densky.

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3/4 MILLION AUSTRALIAN WOMEN AGREE

"You can't buy better talcum or face powder than Three Flowers"

Fragrant Three Flowers talcum . . . as refreshing as Spring itself! A special deodorising ingredient *neutralises the very source of perspiration odours.*

3/3

Three Flowers face powder is *sheerest* flattery . . . it clings faithfully to hide tiny skin imperfections right through the day. Seven gorgeous shades!

4/11

three flowers

TALCUM POWDER & FACE POWDER

At chemists and stores everywhere

TF105.143

FATHER

MOTHER

"Make a note of this: You have your pocket-money in advance till 2nd February, 1971."

It seems to me

By

THIS year's Wimbledon will be remembered for the Case of the Snapped Elastic.

Darlene Hard, playing with Rod Laver in the mixed doubles, suddenly rushed off the court. Later it was revealed that the elastic in her pants had snapped.

The interruption threw Maria Bueno off her game so badly that she and Bob Howe, who had been leading, lost the match.

Miss Bueno, besides being a brilliant tennis player, is temperamental. My sympathy goes to Darlene. Every woman whose elastic has ever given out—which includes most—will feel the same way.

The most interesting thing about the occurrence is the light it throws on present-day manners.

This, like all preceding generations, considers itself much franker than the one before. It congratulates itself on abandoning false modesty.

Yet Darlene could not bring herself to cry out to her fellow players and the assembled spectators, "Excuse me, my pants are falling off."

And neither could you, for that matter.

Oh, well, it's nice that there still remain some causes for coyness.

* * *

GOVERNMENT officials in Nigeria, which becomes independent next month, are insisting that natives wear clothes.

The order applies particularly to the Province of Abakaliki, where most inhabitants go naked. After August 1 they will be prosecuted.

"And yet," as one citizen might say to another, "why can't we be like the white people, who often issue invitations marked 'Dress optional'?"

* * *

WOMEN will sympathise with Mrs. E. Heasley, a factory worker in North Carolina, U.S.A., who was fired for refusing to open her handbag.

Her husband made an official complaint to the factory, whose spokesman explained that handbag inspections were ordered to stop petty thieving. Mrs. Heasley insisted: "A woman's handbag is inviolable against search without a warrant."

I don't know how they settled the argument, but there's no doubt that a handbag is the safest place for secrets.

I knew a girl who carried a batch of love-letters in hers. As her admirer was much given to pouring out his soul on paper, and went away for long spells at a time, the letters took up an awful lot of space.

On Sunday mornings while she dried her hair she used to read them over and weed out the less ardent specimens.

Eventually something went wrong, and she threw them all on the fire one winter's night.

Her next boy-friend was not so literate, and that was quite a comfort to her—small handbags were in fashion.

FURTHER instalme of our exciting ne serial, "Adventures Cooking."

Usually when I go to spe the weekend with friends take some small contributi to the larder—mostly thin like a jar of gherkins.

Last weekend I decided would be nice to consider oth people's tastes. Besides, it always enjoyable to show So I made biscuits.

They turned out a wee black on the outside and trifle sticky on the inside. In mediately that characteristic female cry ro to my lips: "I don't really understand this ov yet."

Actually I have lived with the oven for ma years, but have paid it only spasmodic atte tion.

Looking at the glass-fronted, thermomete equipped dream in my friend's kitchen, I marked that the modern stove probably didn require understanding.

"Oh, yes, it does," she said.

She couldn't explain why. Yes, it was tr that you set it at the right temperature a could go by the book if you liked. But it s required a sort of sympathy—well, you ju had to UNDERSTAND it.

Manufacturers may be able to change stov but not women.

* * *

AT a Soccer match in Sydney recent a player threw his arms round t referee and kissed him on both chee The referee had just awarded a penal which enabled the player's team to for a draw with their opponents. The refer said he would complain of the player "ungentlemanly conduct."

A referee's a fellow who is hardene
His life is tough, which means he h to be,
If his temper's short it's only to b pardoned,
He gets a spin that's rough, the refere
He's deaf to cries of "Kill him," nev quaking
At others much too impolite to list,
But you seldom see a fury so eart shaking
As the fury of a referee that's kisse
Other countries, other manners, but i kinder
To those who come from lands acro the sea,
To issue on arrival a reminder—
On no account to kiss the referee.

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the home that Jack built...

Like you, perhaps — like so many young Australians — Jack worked hard to build his home. Sacrificed like a spartan, too. Passed over the new car ads . . . decided last year's suit wasn't really shiny at all . . . made a non-smoking pact with a wonderful wife. It was worth it. Now, he's really king of his castle. Jack's wife has the dream home every woman wants. Two healthy children are growing up in happy surroundings. Jack is naturally proud of his achievement, just as Email is proud of its contribution to the home that Jack built. For Email supplied the kitchen tiles, the bathroom fittings, the sunroom plate-glass window, even the living-room wall paper! Units of Email equipped this home with cooking range, refrigerator, TV and radio . . . built the power house that supplies the electric power that sets these modern household helpers and entertainers to work. Even the road that leads to this home and the bridge that carries the road across the river were built by associated companies of Email. The part that Email played in the shaping of Jack's home and environment typifies the aim of Email — to plan and co-ordinate its activities so as to provide for the needs of Australians of today, Australians of tomorrow.

the Email group

EMAIL

unites more than 40 companies manufacturing such famous brands as:

WESTINGHOUSE . . . ELECTRICE . . . CARMICHAEL . . . ELCON . . . EMMCO . . . AIRZONE . . . WERNER . . . COLEMAN . . . FYRSIDE . . . HUSSMANN . . . PARKINSON . . . BRIAR . . . BUZACOTT . . . HARFORD . . . CORAMIC . . . COROX . . . "Talisman" and "Capri" PLASTICS . . . "CLUB" BLADES.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817227

You can't leave your money to a pet cat . . . and a man can't cut a good wife off with a shilling

WHERE THERE'S A WILL...

● The late John Kelly, millionaire father of Princess Grace of Monaco, delighted thousands with the witty, informal wording of his will, now filed for probate in Philadelphia.

● Basically, all anyone has to do to make a will is to set down how he wishes his property to be disposed of after his death.

It doesn't matter what the will is written on. One turned up on an eggshell; one man had his tattooed to his body. It doesn't matter whether it is written, typed, or printed. One was in shorthand.

BUT a will must be signed by the person making it (the testator) and two people must witness the signature and put their signatures on the will.

All three must be present together.

A testator must have reached the age of 21; must know and understand the contents of his will; must not have been subjected to undue influence, fear, duress, or fraud.

JOHN KELLY

● Some points about Mr. Kelly's will:

He cut out his sons-in-law, even Prince Rainier, remarking that if they were the right type they'd provide for themselves and their families.

Legally he could please himself whether he left anything to his sons-in-law or not.

Excluding his ties, shirts, sweaters, and socks from things left to his son, John, Mr. Kelly wrote: "It seems unnecessary to give him something of which he has already taken possession."

Now suppose some person other than Mr. Kelly's son claimed these clothes.

On the face of it such a claim would fail. For the wording of the will indicates that the intention was that the son should **continue** to have those things.

Of the bequests to his daughters: "What I am able to give my daughters will help pay the dress-shop bills which, if they continue as they have started out, under the able tutelage of their mother, will be quite considerable."

Though Mr. Kelly was entitled to make these remarks, a professional lawyer might have warned against the words "will help"—unless it was his intention that the bequests be used **solely** for the purpose of "helping" to pay dress bills.

Taking a tilt at legal jargon, Mr. Kelly wrote: "Kids will be called 'kids' and not 'issue'."

This is where he was something of a "bush-lawyer."

Legally he's lucky he said "kids" and not "issue."

"Kids" clearly means "children" in the context. "Issue" would include children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and so on.

By HAZEL TULLY

ALTHOUGH Mr. Kelly's will is an American one, it conforms with the legal principles that hold good in Australia.

For, like a good husband and father, Mr. Kelly left the bulk of his money to his widow, his three daughters (including Princess Grace), and his son.

On the surface, the requirements for a valid will under Australian laws are very simple.

Yet thousands of pounds are spent every year in each State on lawsuit squabbles over bequests worth millions.

As a famous English judge, Lord Chief Justice Coke, said more than 300 years ago: "Wills and the construction of them do more perplex a man than any other learning."

Widow's rights

During life a person can do virtually as he pleases with his money.

But in death (speaking through his will) he is circumscribed.

The just claims of his widow and children cannot be denied. And he can bequeath money to an organisation only if the gift is "charitable"—that is, for the relief of poverty, advancement of education or religion, or other purposes beneficial to the community.

The fate of thousands of pounds can turn on a word.

Thus, a man who apparently intended his widow to have limited rights to his fortune used one word too many.

His will gave her a big sum "to hold, possess, and enjoy" till her death, when it was to go to a certain college.

The merry widow took the words "hold" and "possess" with a grain of salt, and proceeded to ENJOY, spending right and left.

A court held she had a right under the will to do so. The college could hope for nothing.

Professional legal men blame "bush-lawyers" for most of the obscurities and ambiguities that land the heirs in court and saddle them with heavy court costs.

On the basis that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," professional men continually warn people making wills not to get help from, say, the local schoolteacher or Justice of the Peace, who, after all, don't know the "traps" and may fall into one.

One bush-lawyer drawing up a man's will left a "handsome gratuity" to the man's aunt. But as the amount wasn't named the legacy was void, and so the poor aunt got none.

Wills are not easily upset, for it is a principle that a man's wishes will be carried out after his death.

However, the days when a man could punish a good and faithful wife by "cutting her off with a shilling" are gone.

All Australian States now have laws to rectify cases where a will cuts out or gives insufficient benefit to the dead person's immediate family.

Under these laws (called the Testator's Family Maintenance Acts) the dead person's spouse (either wife or husband) and children can apply to the appropriate court for adequate provision from the estate for their maintenance and (where called for) education.

Naturally, an applicant must establish his or her right.

The court is then entitled to upset the will by making what it considers to be proper provision for the applicant, or

..THE WAY IS OFTEN COMPLEX

applicants, considering the amount of money left and other relevant factors.

Take the actual case of a wealthy man who died in 1934.

He left £257,000, and was survived by a widow and three sons.

His will gave the widow £10,000 in cash and £1000 a year for life; the sons £15,000 cash each; and the rest of the estate was left to a university.

The widow and the sons all applied for more money under the T.F.M. Act of N.S.W., and the case ended before the Privy Council in England (the final Court of Appeal for Australians).

The Privy Council increased the widow's benefit to £33,800 cash and £2000 a year for life, and each son's legacy to £25,000, holding that these amounts were "adequate provision" in the circumstances.

As the university concerned still got about £100,000, it will be seen that the purpose of the T.F.M. Acts is to award suitable maintenance. The spouse and children can't simply go to court and get **all** the money.

Another man, parted from his wife, went bush and became a recluse in a shack, making friends with the possums, magpies, and kangaroos.

He cut his wife and three sons out of his £3000 will, telling his solicitor by letter that this was "for the reasons they know of."

He referred to his bushland friends, remarked that "animal gratitude is better than family treachery," and left all his money to three hospitals.

In court later, the widow brought evidence that the parting from her husband was not caused by her conduct. She was awarded £100 cash and £3 a week from the estate under a T.F.M. claim.

A widow's rights are paramount under T.F.M. law, and she will get maintenance "unless she has been guilty of some grave breach of the law or conventional morality."

A badly behaved or deserting wife might very well get nothing.

T.F.M. Acts give right of application only to the dead person's spouse and children.

No claims can be made by parents, uncles, or aunts, nephews or nieces, brothers, sisters, etc. (These can, however, all inherit money if named in the will as beneficiaries.)

Hence a rich, childless bachelor or spinster could, by making a valid will, leave an estate to strangers, friends, or charity, leaving aged, impoverished parents to struggle along on a pension.

Apart from the T.F.M. Acts, there is no way in Australia of upsetting a valid will.

However, a whole will, or a part of one, can be held by a court to be invalid on certain grounds.

An invalid will and invalid parts of wills are void, and have no effect.

A person or persons contesting a will—that is, challenging its validity in court—must, however, prove his case.

A will will be voided on proof that the testator was a minor, or that the will was revoked after being made, or that it was not duly signed and witnessed.

And there are several other grounds, any of which, if proved, will invalidate a will.

For instance, it may be claimed that some person (probably a beneficiary) used undue influence, or duress, or coercion, or fraud to get the testator to leave his money the way he did.

Broadly speaking, a person making a will must not be coaxed or persuaded, threatened, intimidated, or forced in the matter; and he must not be deceived into making his will in a particular way.

A will will also be voided if it is proved that the testator "lacked testamentary capacity" when making it.

It must be shown (again, speaking broadly) that he was of unsound mind at the time or so weak-minded that he did not understand how he was disposing of his property.

A lunatic can make a perfectly valid will, provided he does it during a lucid interval and understands it.

Contrariwise, a perfectly sane person cannot make a valid will while drunk or drugged, or so ill he doesn't know what he is doing.

An elderly person sometimes "lacks testamentary capacity" because of a senile state of mind. But mere slowness, feebleness, or eccentricities are not enough to void a will.

Where a person suffers delusions, it depends on just what the delusions are.

One man had delusions that evil spirits were persecuting him, but it was held this didn't affect the way he made his will.

But another had delusions that his wife was unfaithful and so cut her out of his will. The will was held invalid.

Old ladies or gentlemen sometimes wish to leave money to a pet.

Legacies

But cats, dogs, and so on cannot be named as beneficiaries — they are neither persons nor "charities."

However, legacies for promoting the kind treatment of animals, or to further the investigation and cure of diseases of quadrupeds or birds useful to man, or to a home for lost cats or dogs, have been held to be "valid charitable gifts."

A man of Ohio (U.S.A.) directed his executors to erect a home for cats.

It was to have dormitories, exercise grounds, sloped roofs for climbing, rat-holes for sport, and an auditorium where the assembled cats were to listen to an accordion played for an hour daily by a (human) attendant.

An infirmary for the cats, with a (human) surgeon and nurses, was to adjoin.

In Australia this bequest would be unlikely to survive a challenge.

The High Court ruled earlier this year that provision of a ½-acre property in N.S.W. as a sanctuary for "visiting" Australian native birds, who were to have a drinking-fountain and three feeds a day provided, was not a "valid charitable gift."

The court quoted an English ruling that a charitable trust for animals (or birds) should not only benefit the animals but also "elevate the moral character of men."

A will may be revoked by a testator during life.

Marriage automatically revokes a will. (Except where a will is made, say, shortly before marriage and is expressed to be "in contemplation of" the marriage.)

But divorce does not. A new will may, however, be made after a divorce, revoking the earlier one.

If a will is lost, it can still be carried out provided a witness or witnesses can show it was properly made and not revoked, and what the contents were.

If a sane person tears up, burns, or otherwise destroys a will with the intention of revoking it, the will is revoked.

But if a lunatic wantonly destroys a valid will made during sanity, the will still stands.

A witness to a will should not also be a beneficiary, or the husband or wife of a beneficiary. The whole will would not be invalidated, but the witness would forfeit the legacy.

Hundreds of legal books have been written to iron out complexities arising from wills. Yet, as Princess Grace's father felt, it could all be simple.

The late Mr. Justice Roper, of the N.S.W. Supreme Court (an expert on wills and probate), wrote his own will in one sentence.

He left everything to his wife. It was probably the shortest valid will on record.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817228

Birdman found a paradise here

Researchers need a century to catch up on Australian wild life

● Young German zoologist Dr. Klaus Immelmann, who has been living in Australia's birdland for a year, declares it a unique paradise for Europe's work-starved naturalists.

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

"EUROPE is crowded more with scientists than wild life," he said. "It is very difficult to find anything new to study there.

"There could easily be 100 years of research ahead of this country before man catches up with all there is to learn about its wild life.

"I believe I am the first German 'birdman' to come here, and I have quite a mission, because the people at home clamor to hear about Australian birds and animals."

Dr. Immelmann came here on a German Federal Research Organisation Scholarship to work in conjunction with the C.S.I.R.O.

The youngest Doctor of Natural Science in Germany, Dr. Immelmann says his interest in nature certainly wasn't inherited, "because there has never been a naturalist in my family, and my father wouldn't have known a mosquito from an elephant."

His family has achieved fame in other fields.

His scientist grandfather, the late Dr. Max Immelmann, worked with Conrad Roentgen, the man who developed the X-ray; and his physician father, the late Dr. Kurt Immelmann, owned the second X-ray unit in the world.

The Immelmann Turn—looping in the air—was the brainchild of his aviator uncle, Max Immelmann II.

His young brother, Helmut, a violinist, will probably follow Klaus to Australia by way of the concert platform.

Desert birds

Dr. Immelmann's studies in Australia were angled largely on the influence of rain on the breeding behaviour of birds in desert country.

"I am told I was the first ornithologist to work in the Kimberleys in the wet," he said. "I'm not surprised. It was very uncomfortable."

He also spent a month in Haast's Bluff Native Reserve outside Alice Springs, studying the adaptation of wild life to dry conditions.

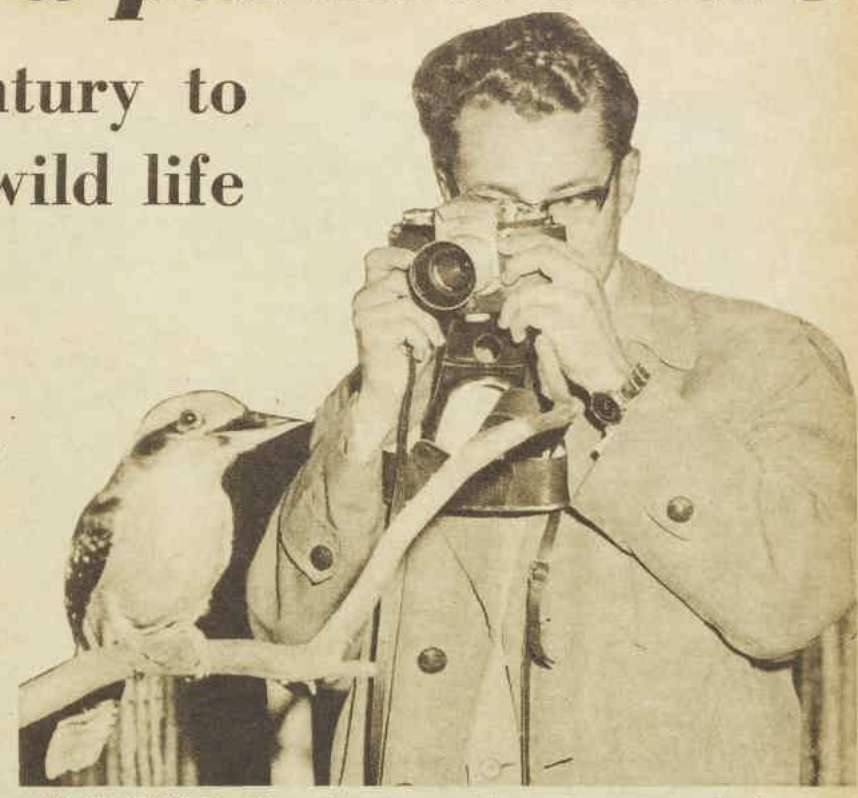
Dr. Immelmann said that finches, which had been his main study, were among the world's best "family" birds.

"They build two nests at a time — one the breeding nest where eggs are laid and incubated, the other a sleeping nest," he said. "You see, the breeding nest gets so dirty with all the youngsters around. The male and female take off for their sleeping nest each night for some peace."

Another interesting thing about the Australian finch family was that the young birds had luminous markings inside their mouths — each family marking taking a different form of lines or spots.

"Since the finch builds a dome-shaped nest, which is dark inside, these luminous young mouths held wide open at feeding time show the parent where to drop the worm," Dr. Immelmann explained. "The variation in markings ensures that parents feed their own offspring."

Another facet of his Kimberleys studies was the calls — nesting calls, alarms, warnings, courtships, war cries, and begging calls from the young. He even deciphered a "rally round" call.



NATURALIST Dr. Klaus Immelmann takes a close-up of a kookaburra at Melbourne Zoo. On his way back to Europe he will spend four weeks lecturing in the U.S.

In birdwatching he "cases" the country for a day, plotting the position of nests that look lived-in.

Then he sets off before sunrise the next day to take up his "watching" position behind some tree or bush to observe and record with binoculars and telescopic camera lens.

Rude insects

"I might wait motionless there for six or seven hours," he said.

"Yes, it does need training, and the training I did at home didn't prepare me for your flies and mosquitoes. We have flies, but they are better-mannered ones. They don't try to settle in your eyes and nose and ears."

Dr. Immelmann is taking home 3200 foolscap pages of notes and 2000 color slides.

"I will arrive home in the autumn. This is lecture-time on the Continent, when lecturers pop out everywhere like buds in spring," he laughed.

He will lecture at scientific congresses all over Europe, write papers for scientific magazines, and produce two books—one to be published in Sydney about the Australian finch family, and one in Germany about his life in the Australian birdland.

When his European tour is over, Klaus Immelmann plans to return to Australia to make a similar study of parrot life.

PET Ricky is welcomed home by his young owners, Merrick (14 months), Terrie (6), and Brent (8), children of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith, of Annandale. When Ricky disappeared, the Smiths put a "lost" notice in the Daily Telegraph, and soon Ricky was returned to them.

IT'S A FREE SERVICE

● Do you ever read the "Lost and Found" column and think of the heartbreak or joy behind the messages?

FOR the people who work in the Daily Telegraph "Lost and Found" section most stories are "human" stories. Many of them are unfinished: Did he find his wallet? Was the children's dog returned?

Probably yes.

"We're staggered by the honesty of the general public, especially with money," said Don Reid, manager of the Daily Telegraph's classified announcements section.

"Now take a case I heard of recently.

"I often have lunch in a restaurant down the road. One day the waitress came up to me—she was almost in tears—and told me she'd been into a big store that day to buy some clothes.

"When she had to pay for them she discovered she'd lost her purse.

" 'Chin up,' " I said.

" 'Read tomorrow's Daily Telegraph and you'll find your purse has been found.' "

Mr. Reid wasn't being psychic. He **knew,** because he happened to see the "found" notice in the office.

The paper publishes about 1000 "lost" notices each month. There are always more "losts" than "founds" because, says Mr. Reid, "when people lose something they want to let as many people know as they can.

Free service

"So naturally," he added proudly, "they ring the 'Daily Telegraph' because of our circulation—and because the announcements are free.

"But when people **find** something they don't ring a newspaper first. They look to see if it is listed in the 'lost' columns, or it might have a name and address on it."

The phones ring—all the time.

"Every day is 'losing' day," said Mr. Reid. "But on Fridays the phones positively dance."

Most often it's about a missing budgerigar or a dog or a watch — "ladies' watches in particular."

But the budgerigars outnumber everything else.

They're all very clever birds with definite opinions like "Dopey's a pretty boy" or "Jerry wants a cup of tea."

And, of course, when the budgerigars go flyabout, their owners rush to the phone.

That's what happened when Mrs. Phyl Du Bois, of Narwee, lost Joe. Joe is a yellow-and-chartreuse budgerigar with a large vocabulary.

Mrs. Du Bois was trying to teach another bird to talk. "Joe got a bit hurt because he wasn't getting any attention," she said.

"So he lifted the catch on his cage-door with his beak, flew out (he always bends his head when he comes out so he doesn't bump it on the door), and the back door happened to be open . . ."

Joe was A.W.L. for a week, and then "a lady who lives a couple of streets away—she's a Cub Mistress—rang and said she'd just read the Telegraph's 'lost' column . . . and she'd found Joe.

"It was wonderful."

It isn't only the finders who ring bereft owners.

One woman lost a ginger cat, and in the newspaper notice said it was "injured."

The cat was finally returned to her. But, in the meantime, about 50 cat-lovers rang to inquire solicitously if it was recovering from its injuries.

Sometimes the announcements bring rather unexpected results, like the man who lost his spectacles.

He put his address into the "lost" notice.

When he arrived home from work there were seven pairs of spectacles waiting for him. Seven helpful people had called—and his wife wasn't sure what his spectacles were like. So she kept them all till he could give a final verdict.

One of the seven was his.

And sometimes the announcements are sad. Like the pensioner who lost a suitcase containing vegetables, a coat, and a towel.

"Keep the peas and tomatoes," said the notice, "but return case, coat, and towel."

Sometimes they're almost funny, or unusual—like an occasional lost pig or mislaid false teeth (mostly lower sets).

But always, to at least one person, those few lines of type are the most important in the whole newspaper.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817229

A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge from Shell Service Stations throughout Australia.

NORTHERN RIVERS . . . THE LUSH LAND

Around the northern end of New South Wales' magnificent 700-mile Pacific coastline is what is known as the Northern Rivers Area. It is lovely lush country with a superb climate, although it inherits many extremely violent rainstorms from neighbouring tropical Queensland. The result is rich vegetation made all the more beautiful in early spring by the many and varied Australian wildflowers in bloom. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

FREE TOURING SERVICE. Shell offers you Australia's most complete range of touring literature to assist you in your motoring travels. This comprises clear, accurate road maps, general touring information such as road conditions, location of motels, camping and caravan sites, as well as tips on what to take, how to pack and even suggestions on how to keep the children amused. In addition, you will receive a personal introduction card to all Shell Dealers along the way. All you need do is apply to a Shell Dealer, telling him where you want to go. And remember, wherever you go throughout Australia . . . You can be sure of SHELL.

1. Starry Heath. **2.** Senecio. **3.** Forest Boronia. **4.** Bursaria. **5.** Twining Guinea Flower. **6.** Love Flower. **7.** Sago Bush. **8.** Minute Daisy. **9.** Pink Fivecorners. **10.** New Leaves of Callistemon. **11.** Crinkle Bush.

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA WITH SHELL

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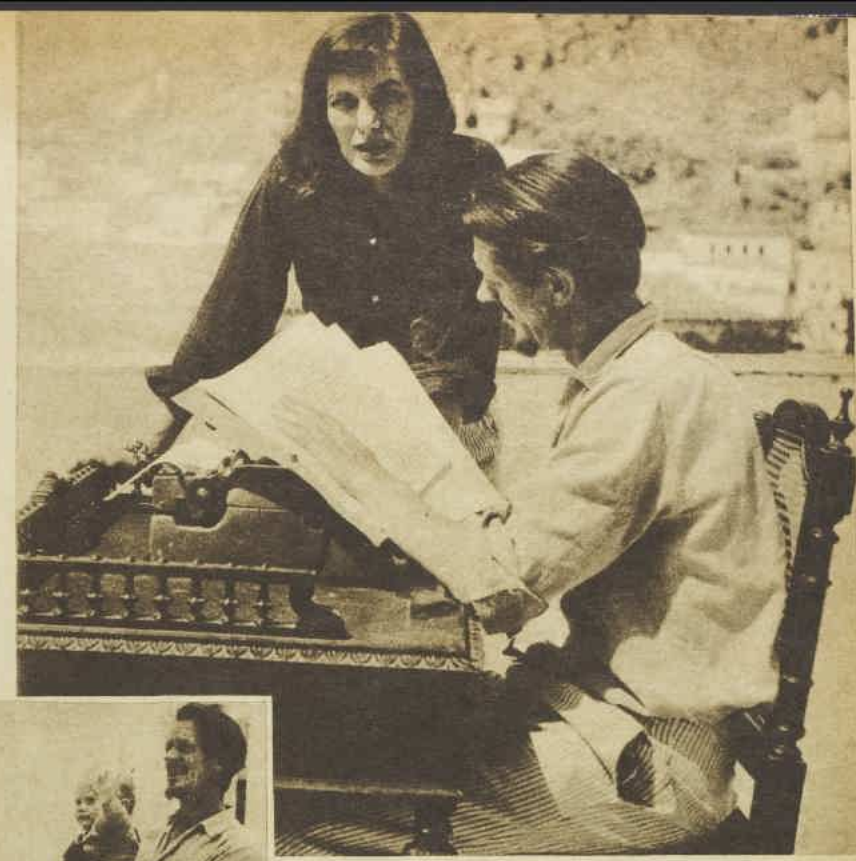
Australians find a . . .

Dream life on the Isles of Greece

By RUTH SRIBER

● There were no fewer than six Australian couples on the Aegean steamer that took me to the Greek isle of Hydra to spend a week-end with Kiama-born writer Charmian Clift.



AUSTRALIAN WRITERS Charmian Clift and husband, George Johnston, on the terrace of their home on the Greek island of Hydra, where they have lived for five years. They do a lot of their writing on this terrace.

DOES this mean the fame of the Greek isles has spread so far? I asked myself in mild panic.

While, of course, everybody is welcome in Greece, as an island dweller I couldn't help wondering whether these idyllic spots mightn't be destined to share the fate of other "unspoiled" paradises.

I knew Charmian would have the answer to this and other questions I wanted to put to her on island living.

She has spent six years on Greek islands and written two books on the subject. One of them, "A Mermaid Singing," described her life on the Dodecanese isle of Kalymnos. The other, "Peel Me a Lotus," deals with Hydra.

Charmian Clift has lived here for five years with her Australian writer-husband, George Johnston, and their three children. I was a neophyte with only eight months in Ikaria, near to the lovely isle of Samos.

I found the Johnstons and their three children in their five-roomed eighteenth-century house. Charmian was feeding four-year-old Jason, who was born on the island, while Aussie-born Shane, 11, and Martin, 13, read Greek comic books.

THE JOHNSTONS outside their 18th-century home on Hydra. George is nursing four-year-old Jason, while the others are Australian-born Martin, 13 (seen behind his mother), and Shane, 11. Ruth Sriber says the islands are a paradise for children.

I live with my two Sydney-born children and my American-born husband on Ikaria.

It has none of the lovely architecture of Hydra, but it has charm, with beautiful lush mountain villages and a good supply of water.

This led us to exchanging experiences and comparing our present mode of living to the way we got on in Australia. If we had to draw up a list of the main advantages of island living, how would it read?

We both agreed that the first thing that appealed to us as mothers is the fact that an island is just about near paradise for children.

There is absolute freedom for the youngsters to roam around at will and danger is minimal. True, both our islands now have some motor traffic, but the narrow streets and roads make speeding impossible.

The sea is literally near to our doorsteps, and the shark-free, tideless blue water of the Aegean is probably the loveliest in the world. Fishermen are constantly going out of the harbor and never mind an extra passenger.

In summer the swimming is perfect, with the water almost tepid. All along the shore are rock pools with crabs, sea urchins, and tiddlers. When they have no school the kiddies get up, and, after breakfast, disappear. They return for meals, and to tumble into bed at the end of a wonderful day climbing mountains, fishing, riding donkeys, or just playing on the beach.

Clothes are a minor problem and the children get around in shorts, skirts, and singlets.

When the school holidays are on, both our youngsters like nothing better than to take a picnic basket and disappear into the hills.

They visit monasteries, where monks and nuns give them candied fruit and glasses of goats' milk.

The Greeks adore children, and are always asking ours to stay for meals.

Then there is the very basic advantage of cheap living.

To begin with, houses are plentiful and inexpensive. The Johnstons bought their five-roomed, solidly built house in 1956 for £500 (Australian). While its price would be higher today, houses are still to be had, even on popular Hydra, for a fraction of Australian prices.

Cheap living

On Ikaria we rent a four-roomed house for £5 a month!

We are luckier than our Hydra cobbers, who had to install their own shower and washbasin and still buy water for their cistern. Our island has an adequate water supply and we have such refinements as running water. Electricity is on from sundown to 1 a.m. Both of us cook on bottled-gas stoves.

But the big saving is on the minor incidentals that add up so alarmingly in the city.

There are no fares, no phone bills, no beauty-salon expenses. Olive oil, produced on our islands, is a wonderful basic facial treatment.

Like the youngsters, none of us adults dress up. We keep a dress or a suit aside for rare trips to Athens, but day-to-day garb consists of skirt or slacks, and in winter one dresses for warmth, not looks.

Food, we both agreed, is not such a straightforward matter. One can live very cheaply, but most island grocery stores now display such a tempting array of imported goodies that it's hard to resist an occasional splurge.

Russian caviare, Danish bacon, American fruit juices, even Australian canned meats glint enticingly from the shelves. Yes, if you want to live like a lord on a Greek island you can—at lordly prices.

Except when an unexpected windfall comes our way, both of us stick pretty closely to Greek menus, and this way feed our families well on a fraction of what it costs in Australia.

Of course, there's always the point that what we serve might cause a near-riot in Australia.

We've become used to island delicacies, and are both adept at cooking such exotic things as octopus stew with rice or spaghetti, fried squid in breadcrumbs, or dolmades. This latter is a rice and minced steak mixture wrapped in grape leaves and boiled in lemon and egg sauce.

Seafoods abound and we have a choice ranging from tiny whiting at 9d. a pound to red snapper at around 3/-.

Meat is not an everyday item of Greek diet, and both our families have adjusted accordingly. Meats range in price from 3/- to 5/- a pound.

All meals are cooked in fresh olive oil. The thought of ever going back to fat makes us say "Ugh!"

There are local specialities such as mountain cheese from goats' milk, home-cured bacon, village-made salamis, and honey that is pure ambrosia.

Fruits follow each other from season to season. Grapes abound and there are beautiful melons and watermelons.

Peaches, apricots are locally produced. Oranges and apples come from the mainland. All are below prevailing Australian prices.

On the drinking side, again it's a matter of following local custom.

Greek beer is excellent. But it's not cheap. A bottle about two-thirds the Australian size sells at 2/8, so the most popular drink is wine.

We who live on Ikaria are particularly lucky. Our island was renowned for its wine back in Homer's day. Still produced on the same spot, it is a dry, gentle, rose-colored beverage that is very mild and has a unique bouquet. It sells at 1/- a bottle.

In the spirits line there's the traditional aniseed - flavored liquor called ouzo, which Greeks say was invented by the gods on Mount Olympus, and a good brandy. Both these sell at 5/- a bottle.

But Greeks are not heavy drinkers and usually make a small glass last a long time. We like to follow these sane drinking habits and to pause for a midday glass of wine or ouzo beneath a pine-scented awning on the quay. This is served with pickled octopus, anchovies, olives, or fetta cheese — fourpence a glass, with the snack thrown in.

Even on an Aegean island there's no getting away from housework.

Drawbacks

But there is the added assistance of a woman to do the washing and ironing for me, while the Johnstons, with their infant son needing constant attention, afford the luxury of a full-time maid.

We pay local rates — for us 8/- a morning from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

The Johnstons pay their girl £10 a month for a six-day-a-week service.

Help is not plentiful, for the Greeks are proud and independent. Our girls are by no means "servants," and they always sit with the family at meals.

Not all is good, of course. There are water shortages for Hydra, food shortages for us.

Last winter there was no ship for more than a week while storms raged through the Aegean.

There is also the limitation of schooling. As with the Johnstons, our children attend the village school, which is just that. While they get a sound knowledge of classical subjects, the education generally is limited. We have to supplement their lessons with home instruction.

Our seven-year-old daughter, who reads and writes Greek, is struggling now with English. Some time in the future we shall have to consider a superior education.

But both Charmian and I agree that our experience has been wonderful, and we have acquired an appreciation of calm ways and basic values.

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He was her ideal man, utterly out-of-this-world . . . an hilarious story.

EARTH

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

THE man on the television had a big black moustache, glasses with lenses half an inch thick, and an accent you could hang your hat on.

"The popular concept of a creature from Mars," he was muttering, "as a fantastic monster with antennae growing out of its head is highly unscientific."

Dolly looked up from her geometry book and listened. She was the only one awake in the house. There was a terrible thunderstorm going on outside. She felt the need of some human company, even if it was only this citizen.

"Whenever there is talk of odd flying objects in the sky, as we have been hearing again today," continued the professor, with what his mother had probably figured was a smile, "people ask me what a Martian would be like.

"I tell them: 'Like you. Yes, like you — with two arms and two legs and two eyes and one mouth.' Huygens' rules of biological construction, applied to the general conditions we know to exist on Mars, make it only logical . . ."

Dolly began to lose interest. That morning in the neighboring town of Pottsville, a batty old lady had reported the appearance in her backyard of a king-size saucer and a passenger, the latter complete with bright blue skin, webbed feet (six of them), and a tongue two feet long, whose mere touch had withered a whole bedful of zinnias.

Now, Dolly knew—and so did everybody else—that what what the old lady had probably seen was some kid in a spacesuit. But even so, Dolly had to admit that the old lady's idea was more interesting than the professor's. If a Martian was going to be just like you, who needed one? Why, you wouldn't even know it was a Martian.

". . . first, scouts would take great pains to conceal their identity," continued the professor, "so as to study our folkways without arousing suspicion. For that reason I make the assumption that our first Martian visitor would appear to you to be plain Bill Jones. He could even be outside your door right now, posing as . . ."

The doorbell rang.

Dolly put down her geometry book, went to the front door, and opened it. A young man in a trenchcoat stood there.

"Hello," he said. "My name is Bill Jones. Do you rent rooms?"

Dolly knew that her head was nodding up and down, but not much else. "My aunt does," she said.

"Good," said Bill Jones, and stepped briskly into the hall. "I'll take one." He set his brand-new suitcase on the floor.

". . . and since we must assume a superior intelligence for our Martian," the professor's voice drifted from the living-room, "because if he has contrived to reach Earth at all he must have a superior intelligence, then we can assume

As the man on television described a Martian, Dolly put down her geometry book to listen.

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"Stick-em-up!" Dolly said as she pointed the rifle at Bill Jones

CREATURE

that he will have additional powers beyond our own.

"For example, our Martian might possess a hypnotic control over our less advanced minds which could cause us to believe things and see things that did not actually exist. It might be useful to him to make himself appear to us exactly as we would wish him to look — as our personal, individual ideal of manhood, so that we would be more vulnerable to him . . ."

Dolly shook her head to clear it. Her idea was too nutty to live with. She was no longer bored with the professor. Dolly knew her ideal man all right. She'd spent a lot of time inventing him. She peered up at the young man carefully. It was dark in the hall. She could see he was about the right size — that is, six feet one and three-quarter inches — but there were plenty of cretins who happened to be the right size.

"Come on in," she said, and waved towards the living-room. She followed him, checking quickly over her list of qualifications. Firm chin; thick curly hair; square white teeth; eyes dark blue; faint scar on left cheekbone — no, Dolly didn't know why, either, but it had to be there.

At last Bill Jones turned to face her in the light of the living-room, his dark hair combed back, his smile exposing his square white teeth, and accentuating his firm chin. His dark blue eyes were smiling down at her, too.

For one wild moment Dolly felt herself go mushy inside; she smiled, batting her eyes alluringly. Then Bill Jones happened to turn his head a little farther around so that the faint scar on his left cheekbone showed. Dolly stopped smiling. The hair at the back of her neck stood straight out.

"No!" she said.

"No what?" said Bill Jones. "You look kind of funny. As though you'd seen a ghost."

"You're no ghost."

"That's the truth. What's your name?"

"Dolly," said Dolly. "You can call me Dolly."

She looked at the firm chin, the square, white teeth, the scar, the curly hair — and the mushy feeling began to come back. Steady. The security of her beloved country might be in her hands. Be cagy. Pretend you don't suspect anything; play along. "Where are you from?" she said cleverly.

"New York."

"How are things over there? I mean the weather and all that jazz?"

"Oh, fine."

"Fine, hey? I just heard on the box there are four inches of snow."

"Well, you know how you say fine."

"How long have you lived in New York?"

"I was born there."

"What street?"

"Broadway and Forty-sixth Street."

"That's a theatre."

"My mother was a movie fan."

"When?"

"When what?"

"Were you born?"

"January 30, 1933. Did you happen to catch 'King Kong'? No, you're too young."

"I'm eighteen."

"You're pretty womanly for eighteen."

"Take that back."

"You've got a very interesting lip."

"I have? Which one?"

"The lower one."

"In just what way would you say it's interesting?"

"Well, it's kind of — how shall I say . . ."

"Yes?"

"Provocative . . ."

"Yeah!"

". . . and sort of . . . well, some people like one kind of lower lip and other people like a different . . . uh . . . Well . . ." Suddenly, he leaned forward like a man in a trance and kissed her lower lip.

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WORTH REPORTING

IN Australia we have all the fashion news from England, America, France, Germany, and Italy, but do you ever wonder what the well-dressed Comrade wears?

Look here now: these pictures are from the Russian fashion magazine "Zhurnal Mod."

They may not be exciting enough to send us all rushin' off to Moscow.

But it's interesting to see how Western couture trends are — apparently — creeping under that old iron curtain.

You never know. Someday we may be slavishly following the dictates of a Diorovitch or a Carvenski . . .

• *WORKING UNIFORM: practical cover-alls.*

• *PARTY DRESS with the high-waisted look.*

• *FOR THE MATRON, an enveloping overcoat.*

• *FOR THE CHIC girl-about-Moscow, a suit.*

• *FOR TEENAGERS: Casual skirt and top.*

A *SCHOOLBOY neighbor of ours should carry off some sort of prize (probably for Sheer Ingenuity).*

In a general-knowledge test he put forward a startlingly simple theory: "Winter days are shorter because the cold weather makes things contract."

Lalitha was a jewelled bride

THE tennis championships at Wimbledon last month brought lyrical comments from London's columnists.

They decided the score was "love all"—and that wasn't anything to do with tennis.

Five honeymoon couples went to Wimbledon: Ron Holmberg, Pablo Eisenberg, Jorgen Ulrich, Ram Krishnan, and their brides, and Laura Lou Bryan and her new husband.

The newspapers' unanimous vote for the prettiest bride went to 17-year-old Lalitha Krishnan, wife of the Indian tennis star.

Lalitha was well prepared for the (fashion) matches; she took along 20 glamorous saris, plus an unusual jewelled "accessory" — four diamonds set into the side of her nose.

"Just for decoration," she explained.

A prince in the kitchen

AT a recent cookery demonstration, Prince Philip seemed very interested in the culinary art.

And it turns out that his interest isn't purely as a spectator or an eater.

"The Duke is proud of his prowess with a pan," said a member of the Royal household.

"He potters about the kitchen — even in Buckingham Palace — with an apron, and often makes breakfast for the Queen."

• *LALITHA KRISHNAN . . . diamonds in the nose.*

IN the monthly magazine published by an Australian assurance company there's a new definition for The Word That Makes Confirmed Bachelors Go All Shifty:

"WIFE—a woman who can turn a rake into a lawn-mower."

New machine is crotchety

CROTCHETS and quavers and all the musical symbols are being "played" on a new sort of keyboard in Melbourne.

It's a £300 mechanical music-writer the Victorian Government Printer's Department imported from America. They're using it to print the State music examinations.

It will save the department hundreds of pounds each year.

The music-writer replaces the old movable hand-type.

The machine has 79 keys, covering every musical notation except a slur and a brace. (They have to be drawn by hand.)

Miss Ethel McPherson, who operates the machine, says she has found a little knowledge of music is a help.

She thinks the fastest speed she can reach will be one page of music in 10 minutes — "which would take four hours by hand-setting."

To think I waited so long!

What in the world was holding me back, I'll never know! But I was *forever* putting off my decision to change to Tampax—never quite ready to try it, yet secretly envying anyone who *did*!

It was one of the *very* girls I envied who helped me decide! She told me all about Tampax, how wonderful it is, how *simple* and *easy* it is to use (Tampax takes only seconds to insert and change). She told me, too, how Tampax *frees* you from odour worries, from problems of disposal and carrying "spares".

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOUR

But what really *convinced* me that I should try it was this. She pointed out that Tampax was invented by a *doctor*—for the benefit of *all* women, married or single.

And now, I'm a Tampax-user, a Tampax-*enthuser* — recommending Tampax benefits to any woman I know who has yet to try it!

Let me help you make up *your* mind. Let me assure you—changing to Tampax will mean new *comfort*, new *freedom*, new *poise*! Why wait? Do it now. You can buy Tampax at any chemists or store. In two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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I find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and many other aches and pains.
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False Scent

Third instalment of our dramatic mystery serial

BY NGAIO MARSH

THE darling of the London stage, beautiful, brilliant MARY BELLAMY, began her fiftieth birthday planning her own funeral in a morbid flight of imagination, which ended in reality. In the middle of her birthday party she was found dead in her bedroom. Her face and chest were covered with a fine spray from an insecticide she used on her indoor plants. Was it accident, suicide, or murder? This was the question that made DR. FRANK HARKNESS send for the police.

Most of the people closely concerned with Mary were still in the house. These were CHARLES TEMPLETON, her rich husband, his cousin, MAURICE WARRENDER, the theatrical producer, TIMON GANTRY, designer, BERTIE SARACEN and PINKY CAVENDISH, who had acted in many Bellamy successes.

MONTAGUE MARCHANT, who represents Mary's management, had left, and her ward, RICHARD DAKERS, a playwright, had also left after ANELIDA LEE and her uncle, OCTAVIUS BROWNE, had gone home. Mary had created a terrible scene when she learnt that Richard was giving the star role in his new play to Anelida. She also had been angry with Charles about her new scent; Bertie and Pinky had felt her wrath when she heard Bertie was to dress a new play for Pinky. She had sacked FLORENCE, her dresser, and had flared at her nanny, OLD NINN, for disclosing her age.

While Dr. Harkness attends Charles, who collapses at the tragedy, Gantry takes over his natural role of authority and announces to the guests that Mary is dead, just before INSPECTOR FOX, of Scotland Yard, is announced. NOW READ ON:

IT has been said of Inspector Fox that his arrival at any scene of disturbance has the effect of a large and almost silent vacuum cleaner.

Under his influence the gentlemen of the Press were tidied out into Pardoner's Place, where they lingered restively for a long time. The guests, some of whom were attempting to leave, found themselves neatly mustered in the drawing-room. The servants waited quietly in the hall. Mr. Fox and Dr. Harkness went upstairs. A constable appeared and stood inside the front door.

"I locked the door," Dr. Harkness said, with the air of a schoolboy hoping for praise. He produced the key.

"Very commendable, Doctor," said Fox comfortably.

"Nothing's been moved. The whole thing speaks for itself."

"Quite so. Very sad."

Fox laid his bowler on the bed, knelt by the sheet and turned it back. "Strong perfume," he said. He drew out his spectacles, placed them and looked closely into the dreadful face.

"You can see for yourself," Dr. Harkness said. "Traces of the stuff all over her."

"Quite so," Fox repeated. "Very profuse."

He contemplated the Slaypest but did not touch it. He rose and made a little tour of the room. He had very bright eyes for a middle-aged person.

"If it's convenient," he said, "I'll have a word with Mr. Templeton."

"He's pretty well knocked out. His heart's dicky. I made him lie down."

"Perhaps you'd just have a little chat with him yourself, Doctor. Would you be good enough to say I won't keep him more than a minute? No need to disturb him; I'll come to his room. Where would it be?"

"Next door."

"Nice and convenient. I'll give you a minute with him and then I'll come in. Thank you, Doctor."

Dr. Harkness looked sharply at him, but he was restoring his spectacles to their case and had turned to contemplate the view from the window.

"Pretty square, this," said Mr. Fox.

Dr. Harkness went out.

Fox quietly locked the door and went to the telephone. He dialled a number and asked for extension.

"Mr. Alleyn?" he said. "Fox here. It's about this case in Pardoner's Place. There are one or two little features . . ."

When Superintendent Alleyn had finished speaking to Inspector Fox, he went resignedly into action. He telephoned his wife with the routine information that he would not after all be home for dinner, summoned Detective-Sergeants Bailey and Thompson with their impedimenta, rang the police surgeon,

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Inspector Fox watched as Alleyn held the blotter up to the mirror and copied the reflected image.

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For further information on Yardley beauty preparations, write Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, Australia.

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A charming short story

By ENID BOULTER

Lawrence wondered why this kindly old lady had deliberately misled him

Desire of the Moth

MISS WINNIPINS beamed greetings as Lawrence came up from the orchard for dinner. "Shan't be a moment!" she called. The stepladder swayed hula-wise as she mounted higher. "Just getting ready for the children!"

Apprehension shot through the young man's amusement. "What children?" he asked suspiciously.

"All of them, dear," Miss Winnipins told him. "I have the darlings once each year for a garden party, straight after school. They do love it! Ice-creams, lollies, lemonade. Of course I'm relying on you to give me a hand."

"Just a minute," Lawrence Avery begged. "What about the vegetable garden I've just got going again, and the bed of asparagus? You said there was no need for a fence. You said nothing about a galumphing herd of young elephants!"

"Oh, dear, what a pity!" Miss Winnipins returned, looking remorseful. White hair haloed out from under the pudding-basin hat she always wore for gardening and her nose had pinked in the breeze. "And, of course, that's where they always have their treasure hunt. We've all the clues to bury right after lunch. Will it be a very big job to make the garden over again?"

"Oh, no!" Lawrence groaned. He was big and spare, he had brown hair above a boyish, sensitive face. He was no match for Mildred Winnipins, and knew it. She had a kind of unearthly sang-froid he found terrifying.

"I couldn't possibly put them off now," Miss Winnipins declared severely. "One must never break a promise to a child. And, after all, the seeds aren't even through yet."

Lawrence winced, not daring to try argument. He went on into the house, that solid old mellow brick building that he loved. He had been ill for so long; this haven in the hills had seemed heaven-sent, restoring his soul. Miss Winnipins had advertised for a young man to help on the farm. Responding, he had felt the first spark of interest in the future that he had known for months.

The doctors had ordered him to find employment in the country. His parents' fond ambitions for him, his own years of study, now meant nothing. Miss Winnipins' old-world kindliness, the charm of "Traumeri" had changed his life. Strength had poured back into him in the past year. He could never return to the past; this was the life he had been blindly seeking. His aim was to own "Traumeri" and to restore it to what it had once been, and with love and labor might be again. The rich volcanic soil, the massive timber, the free-running creek, and sheltered pasture slopes promised unlimited fertility, once he had gained experience.

Miss Winnipins had been delighted when he had broached his ambition. "My dear boy, I can't think of anyone I'd rather see take my own brother Freddie's place here! He was only about your age when he was killed in the war. He had such plans for when he came back! And now it's just as if he were home again."

The arrangement had seemed ideal. For a year he would work for his keep; an apprenticeship to farming. Then Miss Winnipins would make over the farm to him at current value and his parents would help him to pay her over a period of years until the farm's income increased. The only thing Miss Winnipins asked was that she be allowed to remain with him as his housekeeper, and end her days in the only home she had ever known. Lawrence had been overjoyed at this prospect.

Gradually, however, he had come to realise that Miss Winnipins was given to many such enthusiastic and altruistic impulses, and not always with discretion. No sooner had he cleaned up the old orchard, ripping out old trees and planting new, pruning, fertilising, ploughing, and spraying with devoted care, than the old lady recollected that of course she had always allowed her neighbor Ted Urchan to winter his dry stock with her.

And Lawrence had been forced to stand by and see a herd of frolicsome heifers grazing-off his growing shoots and trampling down the tender young trees. Back of his watchful eye she would let another neighbor loose his pigs into a freshly seeded pasture, or announce that she had let the paddock he had just painstakingly cleared of scrub to a migrant family who needed somewhere to grow potatoes.

All that afternoon, under Miss Winnipins' direction, Lawrence worked to keep amused a horde of gleeful youngsters as they unwittingly wrecked his labors of the past few weeks. This, he told himself, is the finish! Yet he couldn't abandon without further battle the longing he had to own "Traumeri." He decided on a bold counter-campaign. Rising early he caught the first train for the city and made his way to the offices of Messrs. Hartledge, Corme, and Strought, Miss Winnipins' solicitors.

Half an hour later he rose grimly from his seat. "Well, thank you," he told the young lady who had attended to him. "I'm sorry to have wasted your time. I'd have liked to have seen one of the partners in person. Miss Winnipins gave me distinctly to understand that she was willing to sell to me."

The secretary's friendly smile wavered. She had big soft brown eyes and dark hair with glints in it. She was tall and slender, her skin warm and creamy. She said again, still as patiently, "I don't really think Mr. Corme could have helped you further, Mr. Avery. I've been through all the files for you. Miss Winnipins, as you see, has only a life-interest in the property. Under the terms of her elder brother's will she's not empowered to sell. Couldn't you," she suggested sympathetically, "find some other place you like in Frawley? Because, confidentially, we've had trouble of this kind before. The old lady is very autocratic and inclined to be eccentric. She enjoys young company and is apt to make misleading promises."

Lawrence told himself that his sting of annoyance was fully justified. This poised young person spoke to him as if he were a child and he thought she was probably taking far too much on herself. There must be some means by which he could become owner of "Traumeri"! He had never wanted anything so much in his life.

He said, "I'd like to make an appointment, please, to see Mr. Corme personally next week. In the meantime I'll discuss the matter with Miss Winnipins. I couldn't hope to find another place like 'Traumeri' on the same terms. Thanks for trying to help. Goodbye." The girl smiled at him as he went out, but Lawrence didn't even notice.

He tackled Miss Winnipins that same evening. "You did tell me that when I'd proved I could work this place properly you'd sell it to me. Didn't you, Miss Winnipins?"

"Of course I did, Lawrence, dear. But you mustn't be impatient! You're really very young yet for so much responsibility."

He had been leaning against the mantelpiece in the little cosy room she used for living in. "Well, I've a confession to make. I saw your solicitors today. They tell me your brother's will doesn't empower you to sell 'Traumeri' to anyone."

Miss Winnipins stiffened, purpling with indignation.

"Such rank impertinence!" she declared. "I shall write to them at once!" Then she wagged an admonishing finger. "You went behind my back, you naughty boy. They naturally wouldn't discuss my private affairs when you might be the merest adventurer!"

It was a straw and Lawrence pounced on it. "Then what is the exact position?" he asked. "Who are the legal heirs?"

"Two silly schoolgirls in long plaits and short skirts," she told him loftily. "My poor brother Arthur's children." Plainly she resented the affront they offered to the dignity of her own status. "Are they likely to care a fig for family traditions, as long as they can marry with nice fat dowries? If you don't get satisfaction on your next visit, Lawrence, I shall write to the Prime Minister!"

Lawrence went thoughtfully to his room. The auguries did not promise well. He fell asleep to dream vividly and unaccountably of the girl in the solicitor's office. Her name, he remembered, was Alwyn Leslie. In his dreams she smiled at him with pity, with amusement, and with an enigmatic further something he couldn't define.

He was amazed to find how keenly he had observed her; his mind, he knew, had not been concerned with her at the time. Her pretty hands, warm soft lips and voice, her expressive brows, and the golden lights in her dark hair.

. . . . . .

Mr. Corme adjusted his glasses and peered distastefully at Lawrence as he proceeded to scan the voluminous letter of introduction provided by Miss Winnipins. This letter was passed on at once to Miss Leslie without comment. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Avery," the solicitor said hurriedly, "but I'm really extremely busy today. My secretary has the business well in hand and I suggest you — er, take her out to lunch with you and talk the whole affair over in detail!" And he whisked away with every sign of relief at having escaped from the dragon's teeth.

Lawrence watched him go. "Is this his

To page 45

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Christopher was brought up by his mother according to the book.

A short short story

By FAITH BALDWIN

THE OUTSIDER

WHEN Lily Belden was twenty-one she had her first baby under delightful conditions. She and Ken were living in army quarters, so it was reasonable that she come home to her parents in New Jersey. Her parents were a mere twenty and twenty-five years her senior, and though the "grandmother" and "grandfather" labels disturbed their egos — like the French they were fond of light wines and dancing — they were very happy to have Lily with them and pleased when she was delivered of a robust baby girl, whom she named, to her grandfather's disgust, Robin.

Lily was magnificently spoiled and had all the attention in the world, including a famous obstetrician, nurses, and hospital windows with a view.

The baby was showered with everything from fancy pants to Paul Revere porringers; Ken had leave every so often during Lily's stay in Jersey and was allowed home for the chain-smoking and marathon pacing which are the prerogative of onrushing paternity.

Lily's mother, Frances, having had several children, thought she knew something about it, before and after. So Lily opened wide blue eyes upon her parents and drank in every word.

The whole affair was satisfactory in the extreme, and as time moved on Ken came out of the army, went into his father-in-law's prosperous business, and bought a ranch house not too near and not too far from his wife's parents.

"We enjoy seeing you and Bob," said his father-in-law, whose name was Lester, and disregarded the shudder which seized his daughter at this mangling of her cherished child's given name. "But we do not want you underfoot. Nor will we," he added firmly, "baby-sit except in emergencies."

When Robin was going on three, Lily and Ken started another baby.

This time it was different. Not as far as the birds and the bees were concerned, but the proper approach to parenthood. For Lily had read a book.

It appeared that unless you took great care to provide double security (like bolts, locks, and bars) for child number one, the child became neurotic, frustrated, and even psychopathic, and would be apt in his or her time to turn alcoholic, allergic, or even cut someone's throat.

Lily lectured and read aloud to her mother. And Frances said, "What's the matter with my method? When you were born I just dumped you in Junior's lap and said, 'Look, this is your baby; she can't walk or talk or feed herself, so you have to teach her.' And when Sam made his entrance I did the same thing to you.

"As far as I know, none of you has allergies, except Sam, who sneezes at primroses, and you can't eat clams. Is that bad? No one's murdered anyone. And I don't think you're headed for Skid Row, though I could be mistaken."

When the baby was born it proved to be male. He was called, of course, Christopher, which also afflicted his grandfather.

Frances and Lester gazed at Christopher through the nursery window and conceded his charm. But when they went to tell their daughter so, Lily, pale but determined, said, "But you must remember not to pay any attention to him."

Robin had her own room, all done up with fairy-tale murals, and Christopher was put in an alcove. When guests arrived they were admonished to make much of Robin; and, indeed, asked not to bring Christopher any token of friendship, but instead to endow Robin with a book, a little red waggon, or a doll.

She didn't much like dolls, but she liked presents. Actually she was a frighteningly intelligent child who knew on which side her bread was buttered.

It soon became evident to Lily's astonished parents that if they wished to cluck at Christopher it had to be when Robin was asleep. They had long talks about it at home. But when they said anything, Lily produced the book.

The time came, as it must, when Christopher could creep and, eventually, totter. The time also came when he took Robin's toys, but he never had them long. Lily discovered the depredation and with horror-stricken cries snatched whatever it was from her son and returned it to his screaming sister.

Now Ken didn't go along with this, not all the way. He, too, had read the book, but being one of six, and unaffected by it, except when one of his brothers tried to borrow money, he had a slightly old-hat attitude.

Now and then he got to bouncing Christopher around, but Robin usually climbed on the other knee and made eyes at him.

He admitted that Lily was the most beautiful and smartest woman in the world and that Robin took after her, but when all was said and done Christopher was neither repulsive nor moronic.

He was, in fact, a serene, amiable, healthy, and endearing child. Also, as his grandmother remarked, a lonely one. He learned to play by himself with his own toys, which were never as many as nor bigger and better than his sister's. He also learned to avoid her.

He was never in that household referred to as "the baby." This, according to the book, would have sent Robin into a nervous breakdown.

In the past months Robin had taken a fancy to Christopher's toys. When she snatched them she was not forced to give them back.

"I wonder," said Lester, one time when he and Frances were baby-sitting, "when that poor child will become a member of the family."

Frances regarded him with respect. The same thought had occurred to her.

At that instant Robin sailed gracefully across the room, all red curls and brown eyes, and, removed Christopher's new plaything. He opened his mouth and closed it. She went back to her seat on a hassock near her grandmother.

Christopher rose, seized a small — fortunately wooden — fire truck and staggered across the room. He smote her on the curls, moved from her grasp the new treasure, and, with a large, beaming smile, returned to his corner.

Robin, too stunned to scream, didn't for a split second. Frances searched to discover if her brains had been knocked out. Only a small bump.

As she led the astonished child from the room to find a cold compress, she looked over her shoulder at her husband and Christopher. Christopher, smiling slightly, was engaged with his toy. And Lester said, "He'll do. He's in."

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The overblouse – a sure sign of spring

Lanvin-Castillo chooses white Thai silk for the pleated hip-length blouse (left).

Griffe's bow-tied blouse (right) is made in flowery silk. Note uncuffed sleeves.

Dior's bare-armed blouse (above) is made in spring-pink shantung.

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Dior's waistcoat-type blouse (left) has a cleft front. The material is beige shantung.

Desses uses pastel plaid linen (below). The edge is fringed out prettily.

Here we show the spring overblouse — the talk of the Paris collections. Disarmingly simple, the overblouse is guaranteed to give any suit or skirt (this season's or next) the pre-planned costume look that is constant throughout spring fashions.

by Betty Keep

Heim belts the simplest design (left) with a self-material sash.

Cardin puts a scarf collar on a blouse (right). The material is flowered mousseline.

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ON GETTING YOUR

ZSA ZSA GABOR Men are really protectors. They are charming. Never marry a man who is younger than yourself—unless you are 65.

And always flatter a man. Tell him he belongs to the superior sex. Insist that he is the dominant partner.

But never, NEVER believe it!

● When you fall in love with someone, most of the time he has shown already that he likes you. How, then, to make him love you? On these pages and overleaf, 15 top Hollywood stars — men and women — disclose some of the secrets of attracting and holding a man.

MAURICE CHEVALIER Looking at a pretty girl and running after her are two different things. When a pretty girl passes, you look at her because you always must look at a pretty girl—unless you are dead or paralysed. For another thing, the view is attractive.

But between that and starting to run after a pretty girl as Harpo Marx used to do in the movies—that is much different.

It's no good for any man, even a young man, to chase any girl. Love is the same as success; one should meet it halfway. When it happens, you should clasp it to yourself in the middle of the road, if that's where you find it. It should be like the coming together of the negative and positive poles of a magnet.

If you just fall madly in love with a person who does not even look at you—who, in fact, is high-hatting you—you are falling in love with the wrong person.

To me, love is only good if it is gladly shared. That is when it becomes something deliciously and irresistibly important.

ROSALIND RUSSELL I once had an argument with a director and, when he left, the producer said, "Your point was well made and you are right — but the director didn't want to hear it and your argument has cost you the part."

If you want to work on femininity, cultivate the art of listening. When you give a man your undivided attention he will find you charming and want to see you more often.

HARRY BELAFONTE A man has a great need for love and the presence of an understanding woman in his life if he is to find happiness and fulfil himself. This is a quality a woman can't fake, nor can any amount of make-up give her an understanding face and way of behaving.

But a woman who is compassionate, sincere, and selfless will attract and hold a man every time.

DEBORAH KERR If you really care for a man, there is only one thing you can give him that has value. Just say, quite simply, "Have I told you today how much I love you?"

A great man once said: "The essence of genius is knowing what to overlook." I thought of this once at a dinner party, when I watched a woman all but destroy her husband.

During the evening, in view of everyone, she corrected his pronunciation, interrupted a story he was telling, sighed with patient martyrdom the moment he began discussing his business and, when he inadvertently dropped something, cried "Did you ever SEE anyone so clumsy?"

That woman was telling her man he was no good. Yet she'd be the last to admit it. More husbands are lost this way than in the other woman's arms.

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MAN

MARLENE DIETRICH A girl should never try too hard. If the boys at school don't like her, she shouldn't place too much importance on this because young boys often have very bad taste.

Men don't like affectation, artificiality, or an over-talkative woman. If you don't enjoy listening to him, you can be sure he isn't the right man.

JAYNE MANSFIELD You shouldn't compete with men. I had better than a B-plus average at the University of Texas, but with most men you must conceal your brain. If you put on an act, the average man will see through it, but I think he reacts favorably to coyness.

It's a certain feminine quality that attracts men. A woman should try to be soft as a kitten, make her voice as soft as a purr, and she would be graceful and as beautiful as a kitten.

But she should never be catty or she will lose her man. He is quick to recognise this and be repelled by it.

CORNEL WILDE A man may be attracted by a woman's looks, but it takes other qualities to hold him. Jean and I have been married seven years. When we met I liked her complete naturalness, her lack of affectation, her basic honesty.

Whether you can trust a woman is something you can't find out right away. And I was attracted by her simple healthy attitude towards life . . . the way she could cook a wonderful dinner all by herself. And we liked the same things . . . hunting, spearfishing, fencing.

Keeping fit is an important obligation, not only for your own health but for your marriage. A woman and man owe that to each other. And you shouldn't let down intellectually.

Jean admits freely that she has a horrible temper, but underneath every argument there is always an underlying awareness that Jean loves me and prefers me to any other man.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA Glamor is when a man knows a woman is a woman. It has nothing to do with the outside; it is something inside. To be natural is the most important thing.

To do the things we feel are natural and to appear as we are is the only thing that is right.

I dress for men. Is there anyone else?

A woman must be beautiful for men or there is no reason to be beautiful.

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So lavish, luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

ON GETTING YOUR MAN

LORETTA YOUNG We were not all blessed with a beautiful face, but we do all have a great, invaluable soul. Let it shine through in all its magnitude, and you will be swamped with admirers.

NATALIE WOOD Not talking enough is better than chattering about yourself or nothing in particular. Boys don't like exaggeration in make-up or manners. And phoniness is fatal.

JOHN WAYNE I don't attach much importance to beautiful eyes, a pretty face, a nice set of legs, or one of those high-blood-pressure walks. I'll grant that any of these features go a long way towards helping a woman attract a man — but it takes more than any of them to keep him.

A woman must have character, beauty (although it does not have to be physical beauty), and charm. These are the traits that make a woman desirable.

LAUREN BACALL I used to have a kind of competitive thing with men, but it's a quality they don't appreciate. A man can forgive a woman almost anything but trying to top him. I used to feel that women should run the world, but I've changed. I feel any woman who is too sure of herself is a bore.

HEDY LAMARR Men are in love with the image of the chaste, unattainable female. Their mothers bring them up with certain precepts about love and marriage, especially the one about chasing the girl until she succumbs. That myth in particular is a laugh. As they say in Austria, "He wooed her and pursued her until she caught him."

GREER GARSON Nothing will hold a marriage together like an air of perfumed tenderness. This is more important than being a good cook. Even if you work and arrive home just before he does, be feminine, have a soft voice, an agreeable attitude, and a fresh complexion.

He may not comment, but he will respond and come home with a sense of pleasure.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Charity appeals overdone

I'VE always made it a practice to support worthy causes, but in one week I was asked to contribute to: an Olympic-pool fund, deaf-and-dumb, two sporting clubs, one band, a jumble sale, nurses' social club, and numerous raffles. The next collector who throws a bag of old clothes over the fence will have it thrown back.

£1/1/- to "Fed-up," (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

Is marriage all?

IT seems to me that the whole slant of a woman's life is wrong. We're raised on the idea that marriage is the apex of our lives. Babes in arms begin collecting for their glory boxes—to be engaged is to be the envy of one's friends, to be married is the last word. Of what comes after the first intense years of marriage and raising a family, no thought is given. No girl is taught to be an individual as well as a successful wife.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Moreland, Merrylands, N.S.W.

Brand them

MARRIED men should be compelled by law to wear a gold wedding ring, as women do. A woman has no way of knowing whether a man is married. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Sloppy walkers

IN general, women are better walkers than men. Males stoop and push their hands into trouser pockets, while we see women walking along with arms swinging. What about men's trousers without pockets, to put them off this unsightly habit?

£1/1/- to R. Ellis, Croydon Park Extension, S.A.

"He" was a girl

A YEAR ago I asked a friend to get me a Japanese boy for a penfriend. In due course I received a letter bearing a Japanese name. After corresponding with him for about 10 months I discovered from a photo he sent me that "he" was a girl.

£1/1/- to "Misled" (name supplied), Keith, S.A.

Washday apartheid

● Readers heartily disagreed with Mrs. K. Griffiths (Qld.) that, for the sake of appearance, white and colored washing should be hung out separately:

MOST people prefer to wash and hang their laundry in a manner suitable to the time at their disposal—not to please various people who may happen to be looking on.

£1/1/- to Miss R. Hay, Richmond, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I CAN see no reason for this introduction of apartheid into the domestic front. The segregation of the coloreds from the whites, though subtle, is significant. It's better to stick to integration and just get it out on the line, on the best day, in the fastest time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Merris, Potts Point, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IT'S easy to see "Color-conscious" is a Queenslander. How could anyone, especially with a large family, live through a Victorian winter and still care in what order the washing is hung on the lines!

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Armstrong, Burwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I WONDER how much spare time Mrs. Griffiths has on her washday to be able to put out the whites and admire them waving in the breeze, then go back to the tubs—when they're brought in—and put out the coloreds.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. C. Ellis, Woodstock, Qld.

★ ★ ★

IF Mrs. Griffiths were to live on the West Coast of Tasmania for one week during winter she would consider herself very lucky to get her clothes (whatever color) dry in several days. We can never worry over such trifles as mixing colors.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Seen, Rosebery, Tas.

Live for today

TAKE a tip from me, don't worry about the future. There isn't one. Some people worry themselves into sickness and ill health about things to come. Every second which passes is the future, present, and past all combined. We should try to gain as much happiness as possible today, for in time to come anything can happen — we could be electrocuted or run over.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Olsen, Windsor, N.S.W.

Language problem

FOREIGN parents who speak English should teach their children to speak our language before they begin school. My little girl began at a tiny bush school this year, and has learnt little. I can't blame the teacher, for, of his seven new pupils, my daughter was the only one who could speak English. The others are not children of "new" Australians; indeed, most are Italians whose English-speaking parents have been here from 10 to 12 years.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), Giru, Qld.

Thoughts in exile

RECENTLY I listened to a group of British migrants discussing what they miss most in their new life out here. With several it was snow at Christmas. Another missed the quiet beauty of English lanes in spring. One confessed that she sighs for a "good whiff of London fog." Filling in pool coupons and Butlin holiday camps were other fond memories. Since then I've been wondering what exiled Aussies miss most?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Arden, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM a fan of that clever food-fixer Mrs. Dione Lucas.

I don't say this because I have enjoyed the dishes she cooks at her demonstrations. They are said to be very good, but I've never tasted one.

You have to be quick on your feet to get a helping.

I nearly bagged the last slice of an apple strudel once, but a voracious girl reporter darted in ahead of me.

No, what I like is watching Mrs. L.'s dexterity with knives, egg-lifts, and such utensils.

The other night on TV she tossed a pancake and caught it smack in the centre of the pan.

It must take nerve to do that in front of a crowd of people. I felt like clapping and crying: "Oh, well held, ma'am!"

Only one thing I miss from Mrs. Lucas' demonstrations. It is the occasional failure.

It adds to the excitement of kitchen life for things to go wrong now and then.

Sometimes the sagging cake or the burnt stew has an interesting taste of its own.

SUPERCOOK

I found that out a long time ago. When my mother made a cake that didn't turn out right she handed it over to her failure-disposal squad. This consisted of my brothers and sister and myself.

From our point of view, a failure was a success. Oh, the rich, moist flavor of a limp sponge, hot from the oven!

Even when a failure does not taste

good it provides something to talk about.

Take those cakes that King Alfred burnt. Nobody would have heard of them if they had been of prize-winning quality.

Mrs. Donkling once put the baking soda into the castor sugar tin and then used it for a birthday cake. The Donklings still tell their visitors about it when conversation lags.

I don't suggest that a cook should have failures all the time.

My cousin Nora was like that when she was first married.

Everything went wrong.

Her marmalade was too thin and her clear soup was too thick. Her steak was too hard and her jelly was too soft.

Her husband became very discontented.

Nora has since improved, and he takes it in good part now when the shortbread is not short or the junket doesn't junk.

One can't expect Mrs. Lucas to make mistakes as bad as Nora's. She is not likely to incinerate a duck and then burst into tears.

I would just like to see more little human errors from her.

When she tosses a pancake, she could miss once in a while and let it fall on the floor.

After that I would applaud more warmly than ever at her brilliance in dicing carrots or filleting flathead.

KITCHEN HINTS

Flavour IN A FLASH!

Put MUSTARD on the table for every meal!

Keen's Mustard is made in seconds . . . gives a wonderful fresh-tasting difference to foods and improves individual flavours. Always have it on the table for fish, poultry, stews, casseroles, savoury snacks. Keen's draws out the rich, subtle flavours of all foods, gives more enjoyment to eating and entertaining.

Be sure it's Keen's MUSTARD

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NOW! YOUR OWN CAKE SHOP IS MAKING

THE 1959 BRITISH AWARD FRUIT CAKE

Judged the most delicious light fruit cake

An entirely new recipe which won the acclaim of British housewives.
Now being made by cake shops throughout Australia.

NEVER BEFORE has a light, inexpensive fruit cake tasted as delicious as this British Award Fruit Cake. Your local cake shop is making it now to the prize-winning English recipe, so you can enjoy the same qualities that impressed the judges so much — the soft, moist texture that cuts perfectly . . . the rich 'well-rounded' flavour . . . the freshness that lasts right to the last slice. After sampling British Award Fruit Cake you'll think twice before you go to the trouble and expense of making cakes of this sort at home again — yes, it's really that good! And of course, a light fruit cake like this can be eaten and enjoyed every day of the week and used in so many ways. You'll agree British Award Fruit Cake is the best thing that ever happened to help you keep a cake-hungry family happy.

Use chunky slices of British Award Fruit Cake to make school lunches more nourishing — more fun to eat!

A dandy idea for parties or suppers — cubes of British Award Fruit Cake on tooth picks.

For a quick energy-lift there's nothing like fruit-laden Award Fruit Cake with your morning or afternoon cup of tea.

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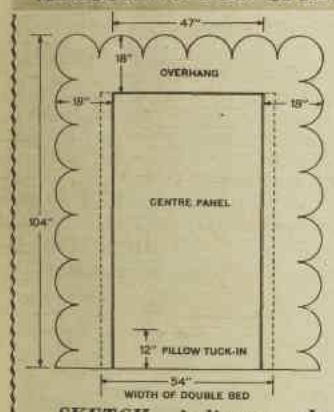
SEW for Your Home

Beautiful bedspreads and quilts

• In this four-page feature are directions for making beautiful bedspreads by machine and hand. On this page Mildred Parrott, American home-sewing expert, tells how to make the bedspread and flounce pictured at right.

CONTRASTING striped flounce is topped with a scalloped spread. The instructions are below.

MEASURING FOR SPREAD



SKETCH indicates the measurements for spread.

ANY tailored bedspread can be made from these directions for a short scalloped spread by adding extra width and length at the sides and foot so the spread will fall to the floor. There should never be a seam down the centre of the spread, so arrange to have seams on the sides if they're absolutely necessary. On a twin bed, with 48in. material, no seam is necessary, but with a double bed side seams are always necessary.

It would be easiest to use 48in. material. However, many lovely materials are made in 36in. widths, so there are instructions for both widths. See measurement tables on page 34.

If you are making a spread for a day-bed, lay a piece of fabric lengthwise over the bed to get an idea of the measurements you'll need. Fold the fabric generously over the pillow and then allow enough to fall over the foot to cover the mattress and bedding and allow 5in. more for making the deep scallops. Place a pin at this point and measure to see how much is needed for the centre panel.

CUTTING OUT SPREAD

FIRST lay the material on the floor and cut out the three lengths for the centre panel and the two overhangs. The centre panel is cut lengthwise and to the width of the spread, and then the overhangs are cut wide enough for both the overhang and its facing. Then trim off the selvedges. Fold the material for the overhangs lengthwise into two, and press wrong side out.

To cut scallops make a paper pattern with a 10in. dinner-plate. Beginning at the foot of the overhang, mark the scallops on the fabric. (See picture page 34.) Remember there is a "right" and a "left" side to the spread, so be sure you remember to keep the "feet" of the overhangs in the right place. The top of the spread is tucked under the pillow, therefore it doesn't make too much difference if the last scallop at that end isn't a complete one.

Cut enough strips to cover the cords that will run down the seams of the centre panel. And, lastly, cut a section of material that is as wide as the centre panel and deep enough to face the scallops at the foot of the bed.

STITCHING SCALLOPS

STITCH exactly on the marked line of the scallops. Just before coming to the sharp point of the connecting scallops, turn the fabric at right-angles and take two stitches to the next scallop. After you've stitched over all the pattern lines, cut the material just about ¼in. outside of the scallops. At the point of the scallops, clip right up to the two connecting stitches that you made at right-angles. After the scallops have been cut out, turn the overhangs right side out and press them down. They shouldn't have any puckers in them and should lie smoothly.

SEWING THE CORD

AFTER sewing the bias strips together cover the cord with the strips. Then, with the zip-foot attachment of the machine, stitch the covered cord down each side of the centre panel. Because the tension of the machine tends to stretch the material a bit, stitch from the bottom up to the top on both sides. Here is a way to avoid pushing the whole bulky spread through the arm of the machine: when you're stitching on one side, turn the spread over. In this way you'll be able to sew one side with the cord underneath the panel.

COMPLETING OVERHANG

PLACE the overhangs over the corded centre panel so they face. Then baste the top of the right side of the overhang against the cord of the panel, leaving the facing of the overhang free to be tacked over the raw seam edges later.

Then stitch from the bottom up on both sides of the spread, stitching the overhangs as close to the cord on the centre panel as possible.

Now take the paper scallop pattern and on the wrong side of the spread space the mark in pencil or chalk the scallops that will go across the foot. Baste their facings across the right side of the spread, and stitch, trim, and press them the same way as you did for the side overhangs. The raw corded seams are now hidden under the top of the scallop facings and hemmed in place by hand. The final hem is ¼in. deep across the top of the finished spread.

MAKING THE FLOUNCE

THE ruffle or gathered flounce goes underneath the spread. It is attached to a rectangle of sheeting or calico which is spread between the spring and the mattress and is left in place when the bed is in use. The rectangle is 1in. shorter and 3in. narrower than the top of the bed so the bulky gathered flounce will overlap the springs and never sag below the spread. The calico for a twin bed flounce would be 36in. by 74in. and for a double bed 51in. by 77in.

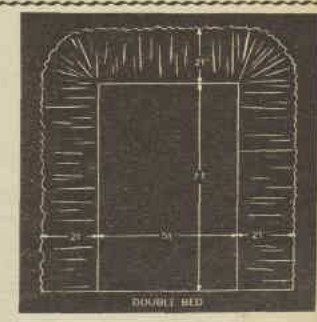
As for the flounce itself, it is more economical (even if the fabric has no pattern) to make it in cross-sections instead of lengthwise on the fabric. Whether the flounce is for a double or a twin bed, the depth remains the same, although for a day-bed it will be different. For a twin or double bed, each up-and-down strip of the flounce must be 17in., which is the measurement from the floor to the top of the spring, plus 2in. for the hem and top seam, plus another 2in. for the overlap of the springs. That makes the total depth of the flounce 21in.

To find the amount of fabric needed, take the measurements of three sides of the bed and double it for fullness in the flounce. Then divide the length by the width of the fabric (36in. or 48in.). That will tell you how many strips you need. And, of course, you multiply the number of strips by their depth, which will be 21in. Now your total, which is in inches, converts into yards by dividing by 36—the number of inches in a yard and not the fabric width.

SEWING ON FLOUNCE

THE first job of sewing is to stitch the strips together to make a long flounce and then hem it. First, fold down the turn-under and the hem, then press it and sew on the machine. If your machine has a blind-hemmer, use this. Also use the ruffler, if your machine has one, to gather up the flounce. Another method is to tie a knot at one end of a long, heavy thread, then sew it with long stitches (by hand or machine) through the entire top of the flounce. Pull it to gather up the flounce to the desired fullness, cut off the surplus, and tie a knot at the other end.

After the flounce is made, sew it round the three sides of calico rectangle. Make a ½in. hem across the two ends of the flounce and the top of the rectangle.



SKETCH, above, shows flounce measurements.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

HOME AND FAMILY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817247

PATCHWORK—made by hand or machine

● All three quilts on these pages American designs. Ones at left and are sewn on a machine and the p work below, consisting of over 2 pieces, is worked entirely by han

ANY standard-size sewing-machine, portab cabinet, can be used. The following are g directions which apply to both machine-made

To arrive at the correct size of the quilt, measure leng width of bed, i.e., length from head to foot plus the floor, and 6in. for turn under at head: width of bed made) plus twice fall to floor. Allow extra 9in. for Bedspread should clear 1in. of floor level when finished.

If you take these measurements and a picture of the of the quilt you intend to make, the sales assistan drapery store will advise you as to the amount of mater will need.

To make quilt top, baste patches together, then st machine. In order to get an accurate seam allowance piece of adhesive tape on the plate of your machine right of needle hole. When stitching, just make sure ra of fabric is against edge of tape. Press seams open.

To assemble the entire quilt, put the quilt lining o wrong side up. Place quilt wadding centrally on backin centre finished quilt top over wadding, right side up. Pi baste all together, starting at centre of quilt and workin onally out to each corner and to centre of each edge. in parallel rows about 7in. apart across width of quilt. half of quilt tightly so that it will go under machine a do quilting on the patch seams from centre out.

To finish, trim lining so that it is exactly 1in. larger all than quilt top. Fold the 1in. to front of quilt. Turn edges and sew to quilt top as binding.

Canadian-born Mrs. H. W. Bland, of Eaglemont, Vic., the patchwork quilt photographed below. She is the spirit in a group of sixteen members of the Australian-Am Women's Association in Melbourne who are reviving the traditional art of quilt-making by hand.

Magnificent in gay but delicate colors of the rainbo worked in a design known as Martha Washington's Rose G

Mrs. Bland takes about a year to do a quilt, workin between her normal housewifely duties, and has made sixteen of them.

Contrasting zig-zag stripes

ZIG-ZAG stripes make an attractive and unusual pattern for a quilt. The stripes are cut lengthwise from the material to avoid vertical joins, and are sewn together on a machine.

You will need quilt wadding and a dark- and light-colored material. For assessment of quantities see above right. The darker color is used for the lining, and this should have an extra inch all round for a turning.

Work out the zig-zag stripe design on paper (see chart overleaf) and cut the shape in a light cardboard template to ensure accuracy when cutting.

Blend in shaded bands alternately, filling in end spaces with triangle shapes (see picture above). Care must be taken with the corners, clipping well in to allow a sharp turn.

Decorative machine embroidery stitches can be added to give extra strength and lustre. If you have only a plain stitching machine use two rows of machining close together (¼in. apart).

The quilt is then assembled. See general instructions above right. A pleasant finishing touch is to make a cover for the bolster in the same material as the light stripes.

Instructions overleaf for Martha Washington's Rose Garden ▶

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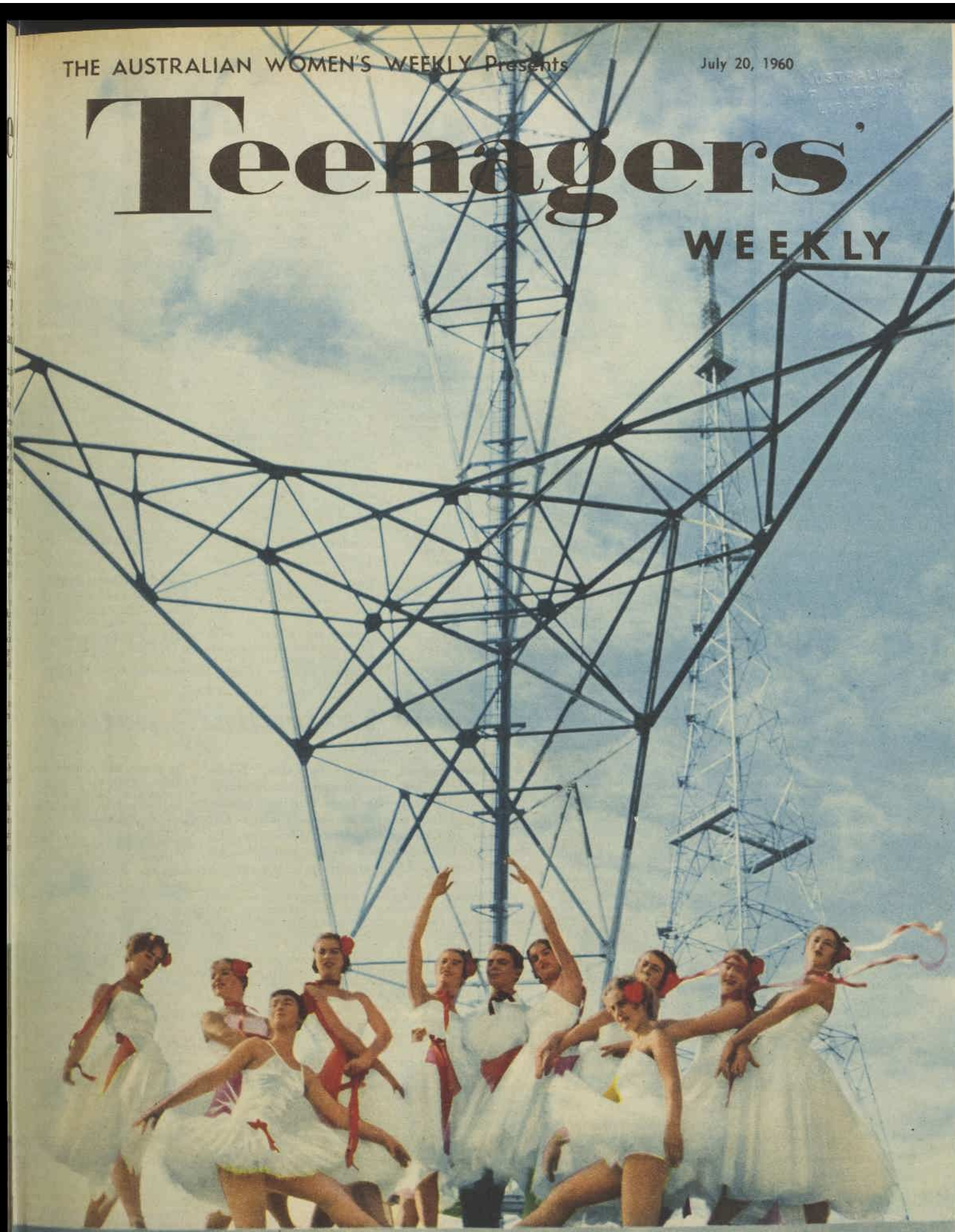
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 20, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

for triangles.

When joining finished units be sure that light triangles oppose dark ones.

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER: *Members of the South Island Ballet Petite, photographed at the foot of a Sydney TV aerial by Douglass Baglin. The dancers, who recently visited Australia, are all New Zealand teenagers.*

Shakespeare beats Elvis any day

WHENEVER the name Shakespeare is heard, teenagers shudder and frown, and some even ask, "Who's he?" Well, he was the greatest writer the world has ever known. If I was to say that I enjoyed reading Shakespeare's plays more than I like listening to Elvis you'd think me mad—but it's true. Shakespeare has a lot on Elvis.—*"Shakespeare Fan," East Maitland, N.S.W.*

Home on time

MY parents have what I think is a good way to combat staying out late. I am always given a set time to be home, usually midnight. Every minute over this time that I stay out is subtracted from the deadline of my next outing, but if I get home earlier the balance of time is added to my next night out. If my "overtime" runs up to an hour I am not allowed to go on the next outing. It suits me fine, and as yet I have not forfeited a night out.—*Richard Kruse, Blackburn, Vic.*

Dental help

UP till 12 months ago I had protruding teeth, which looked really ugly and caused me, at 15, acute embarrassment. My mother had made arrangements for orthodontic treatment at the Dental Hospital in Sydney, and, although I had many months to wait for my turn, after 12 months' treatment (12 visits) and a very small fee my teeth are almost perfect. I can well advise anyone suffering from the same complaint to contact the Dental Hospital for expert help. — *"Teenager," Riverstone, N.S.W.*

Outdoor girl

I CAN'T understand anyone being cooped up in the house all the weekend, especially on a fine day. My brother and I often go out on hikes, barbecues, or picnics with our parents, and we thoroughly enjoy ourselves. I can tell you I'd rather be outside than inside any day.—*Coralie Downs, Hamilton, Vic.*

JEFFREY AND CORALIE DOWNS

Lacquer the lads

SOMEONE should produce a hairspray for boys. This would serve the same purpose as hair oils and creams, and I am sure it would be more popular with the girls than some of the greasy, evil-smelling concoctions most males delight in using.—*Barbara Duce, Ivanhoe, Vic.*

Decimal dreams

WHEN is the decimal system going to be introduced in Australia? Although we are living in an age of satellites and labor-saving devices, we Australians continue to use long-outdated methods of currency, weights, and measures. Naming only one of the many disadvantages of the present system is the time which is wasted in schools. Time which could otherwise be spent learning mathematics is now used reciting long tables which an average student rarely succeeds in mastering. If Australia is to continue to progress decimalism is a must.—*R. Licitis, Yarraville, Vic.*

Earning young

MY mother does not just pay us pocket-money every week; she has an exercise book and puts down the jobs we do and each job is worth so much—e.g., chopped wood, sixpence. I think this is a good idea, don't you? — *Dale Hack, Leongatha, Vic.*

No-good Aussies

PERHAPS I am not being loyal to Australia, but I am sure I am only one of many Australian teenagers who think that most Australian pop singers just give out utter trash. I'm sick to death of hearing people criticising Fabian, Elvis, Ricky, etc. If they want to criticise someone, why not Australian singers? I will admit that some Australian artists can sing, but only a few.—*"Fabian Forever," Barham, N.S.W.*

Boys anti-ballet

WHY do boys scorn ballet? The boys I know like a girl with a good figure and good posture, and ballet has certainly helped me in that way. Boys don't seem to mind girls going to posture classes, but I have found that ballet classes are just as good.—*"Ballet Student," Willoughby, N.S.W.*

Modern art

MOST of the art these days is modern. Many people say it is all trash and should be burnt. This is right when all the painter does is either ride his paint-covered bike over the canvas or throws tubes of paint at it. People really "go" for modern art these days, and it seems that the bigger the paintings are the easier they are to sell. However, a lot of modern art is good, expressing the feelings of the painter.—*J. Dowson, Mosman Park, W.A.*

Boarding is best

I THINK boarding-school is better than day school, and it's a good way of learning to live happily with other people. It's also an advantage when you're older and have left school, because you're not homesick when you're away from your family.—*P.S., Perth.*

Make your own

HOW many teenagers make their own school-lunches? I find it fun. You can work out many different tasty sandwiches, and bits and pieces which appeal to you, and you can't complain to your mother about the awful sandwiches you had for lunch yesterday — *Anne Cumming, Hawthorn, Vic.*

CATHY BLEYS

Movie manners

I THINK it is ridiculous the way some teenage girls and boys behave in picture theatres. They walk in uttering the most indecent language, they crowd into the back seats, sprawl their legs all over the place, throw lolly papers and other rubbish around, and make a lot of noise. If they see something unusual on the screen they find it necessary to pass comments at the top of their voices to show everybody how funny they are. I think something ought to be done to give other people a chance to watch the movies without being disturbed by a mob of hoodlums.—*Cathy Bleys, Mount Pritchard, N.S.W.*

Dates must wait

I AM 18 years old. I have never taken a girl out. My father says that if I wish to begin I must leave school and go to work. I think he is unreasonable. What do readers think—*"Student," Adelaide.*

Abolish "White Australia" policy

● Whole-hearted support for the "White Australia" policy came from Rhonda Bryce (T.W., 8/6/60), who feels that the admission of Asian migrants would lower our prestige and living standards. However, she received little support from readers. All replies but one urged abolition of the policy.

RHONDA BRYCE obviously has not had the good fortune of meeting Asians. We entertained a Burmese family in our home for three weeks and we all had a happy time. The inclusion of Asian migrants in our immigration quota would greatly boost our prestige with neighboring countries. Their culture, courtesy, and colorful dressing would act as a tonic to us.—*Elizabeth Price, Moonah, Tas.*

THE "White Australia" policy, which is now obsolete, is a serious threat to international goodwill. To a colored person in any of the densely populated countries to the north of Australia the policy is an open admission that Australians consider colored people inferior. Let's not discriminate between migrants with different colored skins when a controlled flow of Asian migrants, besides relieving the over-population of their own countries, would be so useful to the Australian economy.—*Barry Lord, Kurrajong North, N.S.W.*

ASIANS are proud and ambitious, and despite their poor living conditions, often caused by colonialism and exploitation, are hardworking, honest, clean, and sincere. As it is, the standard of living of the Asian middle-class in many ways surpasses that of our own. The progressive culture of Asia, in which even its poorest inhabitants have been educated to some degree, makes them suitable migrants.—*E. H. Richmond, Caulfield, Vic.*

I THINK the "White Australia" policy, as such, should cease. In Asia it has aroused great resentment towards Australians and is doing us more harm than good. One of Australia's great problems is her small population. If we followed the example of countries such as Canada and allowed a certain number of Asians in each year, these people could contribute greatly to the development of our country. — *Judy Firth, Chatswood, N.S.W.*

ASIANS who could afford to come to Australia unassisted would not lower the Australian living standards. As for working for lower wages—it is ridiculous. Wages are bound by industrial awards, which grant people in the same occupation minimum wages for their type of work. Asians who wish to study in Australia should be encouraged and also be allowed to remain if they choose.—*"Advance Australia," Porters Retreat, N.S.W.*

I FAIL to understand R. Bryce's attitude. Admittedly, the Asians have a standard of living lower than ours, but surely this would increase our prestige; not lower it, as we would be inviting people worse off than ourselves to share in our good fortune. Our relations with the Asian countries could become worse, resulting in adverse trade policies or unpopularity in time of war. Also, humanitarian reasons should greatly influence our decisions. Most Asians live under wretched conditions, and it is our duty to improve their way of life.—*Ken Ramsay, Strathfield, N.S.W.*

I FEEL that Australia is far from being over-populated and that the Asians are our near neighbors, and if we want to stop wars we have got to help each other. Why don't we help as "Young Australians"? It is our future that is going to be at stake, so let us make the decision. I think that we should take more notice of the Golden Rule in these modern times—"Do unto others . . ." — *Helen Connor, Hobart.*

THE uncontrolled admission of colored people from overseas could lower our standard of living and would definitely present us with a complex race relationship problem. However, correctly enforced governmental controls could reduce both these problems to a minimum. If we did admit our Asian neighbors to this under-populated country and educated them correctly, our overseas reputation and influence would be strengthened. — *"Rowley," Newcastle, N.S.W.*

ke a cover for the bolster in the same material as the light stripes.

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NOBODY LOVES YOU?

. . . then try this magic morale booster

by March Wingate

● All the world loves a lover. And no wonder; because love brings out the best in everybody and makes them nice to sit next to.

HAIR which was limp and lifeless suddenly begins to shine and curl, ironing clothes ceases to be a chore — because all at once there's a meaning to life, and an incentive to be beautiful.

Beauty care and neatness become thrilling, urgent devotions.

If nobody loves you and it doesn't seem to matter that your seams are crooked and your nails chipped, try this magic formula.

It works like a dream!

Just say to yourself every morning: "This is the day I'm going to meet him!"

And then develop the theme: "He might be on the bus going to work or school, so I'll take that extra bit of care with my appearance.

"He might just crash into me in the street, then turn around to see if I'm worth apologising to.

"If he sees my sad, rather drab little face, he won't bother. He'll just walk on.

Always be ready

"But if I look ravishingly pretty, he'll turn back and say, 'Can't we possibly get someone to introduce us so that we can bump into each other more often?'

"He might just walk into the office to see my boss, and I'll be sitting there behind the typewriter.

"I must be ready to meet him wherever I am.

"For this is my day—D-Day for love."

You can even pretend to yourself that you ARE in love if it helps.

Boys are funny. If they think another fellow has eyes on a girl, she immediately goes up in his estimation. She *must* be worth knowing, and he wants to get to know her, too.

So pretend that someone adores you, and be in love, even if it's only with Life.

You'll find that you'll look back and laugh at last week when you used to say: "Oh, bother polishing my shoes on a wet morning like this."

Now it's as easy as winking to shoot into the laundry and give them a rub. Takes half a minute with a song in your heart, but half an hour without one.

And what about that rather tired-looking handbag. Turn it out and polish it, too, this weekend. Put a shine on everything except your nose.

Hair too dry or oily? No good. No one will love you that way.

When a boy falls in love, he falls in love with a host of funny little details which, added up, make a girl he can take anywhere. To his home, to the tennis, the football, the local dance or the grand ball.

If you try to live up to that, you'll raise your whole morale within a week.

It's really tough not to have someone a little bit crazy about you. It doesn't have to be the great love of your life, but just the assurance that you are appealing and attractive, and life holds romance in store.

If there's no one, just an empty blank, it's very tempting to slip into a why-bother frame of mind.

Never be envious

It's specially noticeable if you happen to work next to a very pretty girl who can pick and choose an escort for every party.

It's so easy, then, to be envious and bitter, and look for faults in her—and gradually talk yourself into hating her.

Far better to study her closely and see what makes her so popular. Perhaps it's that gay, empty-headed laugh which shows off her lovely teeth so well.

You don't need to be empty-headed, but you can laugh gaily and keep your teeth sparkling.

It may be that nippy little waistline. How about touching toes at night and setting up a little healthy rivalry. It adds zest to life, to set yourself an objective.

The beauty experts will advise you to find your best feature and make the most of it.

As for personality—you must have been complimented on something. There must be something extra nice about you. Find it out and exploit it to the full.

Your family will be your most reliable critics here. Brothers are merciless, but can be useful at this job.

A girl in love rushes out the door with a spring in her step. The day's so good she can hardly wait to get involved with it.

The unloved girl trails gloomily down the street behind her sad, unwanted feet, moving slowly.

If someone throws a bright word, she looks up rather suspiciously, and soon falls back into despondency. She may even get the feeling that people are talking about her behind her back.

But people are not basically unkind —so keep that idea well away.

Start right in by falling in love with life, girls.

Then imagine there's a love interest in your life, someone who cares about how you look, and that every day is THE day.

Before you know where you are, boys will be nudging each other aside to say nice things to you.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817251

Cadets keen on radio jobs

● *Despite the rapid growth of television, these two boys believe there is a big future in radio, and have got in on the ground floor. They are cadets at Nicholson's Broadcasting Service (6PR-TZ-CI) in Perth — Simon Robins, 16 (above), as a control operator, and Stephen Cooper, 17 (below), as an announcer. Both are the sons of English families who migrated to Australia nine years ago, and both started their radio careers last year. Simon is doing a radio technician's course at the Perth Technical College. Stephen, who announces on the network's country stations, operates his own controls in the studio. He thinks the style of radio has got to change because of television, that it will have to be more in the American style of disc jockeys, with one man to one show, giving a commentary on the records.*

All teenagers have problems, but some have a special problem — when their parents are divorced. The girl who wrote this story tells how she reacted — and finally found happiness.

MY PARENTS ARE DIVORCED

● There's no doubt that the children of a broken marriage do suffer, but it depends entirely on their parents' attitudes just how much they are affected.

I WAS one of the lucky ones. When my parents separated, and later got a divorce, I was 12—old enough to understand what was happening, and realise that it really was for the best.

And it has been for the best, for all of us.

For several years I had been woken up in the night by the sound of my parents quarrelling, and I hated it. I used to stick my fingers in my ears, bury my head under the pillow, and try to forget my surroundings.

Then finally the inevitable break came, and I was left with a feeling of relief. No more rows or tension.

But soon a reaction set in. I must have been awfully selfish, because all my thoughts were for myself.

I used to worry about what the girls at school would think if they knew, and I avoided asking home any but my very best friends.

I went through agonies of embarrassment whenever I introduced a boy-friend to my mother, in case he'd ask to meet my father.

I never discussed my family with anyone, never mentioned the divorce, until one day when I was 17.

I was out with a boy I really loved and suddenly my tongue came unstuck, and I poured it all out—the worry, the feeling different from other people, and wishing that we had been an ordinary, happy family.

He was so sweet and sympathetic that from then on I wasn't ashamed any more.

No need for shame

I think that was the thing I felt most—shame that my parents should be different from those of my frends.

I can see now that there was no need for that shame. The divorce was an entirely private matter between my parents.

And if I had thought less about myself, I would have been proud of the way they faced the problem with dignity and thoughtfulness for the welfare of myself and my brothers.

The trouble with some parents is that they don't treat the problem as a private matter. They have arguments, and sometimes bitter quarrels, in front of their children, who will probably remember the unpleasantness all their lives.

My mother is a wonderful person, and it's entirely due to her that we are so happy. She has managed to forget her own misery and has made us feel secure and loved.

We stayed in the same house, and our way of life went on unaltered, although there wasn't as much money, and Mother had to get a job.

She made sure that we didn't have to give anything up; we kept on with our music lessons, and dancing classes, and family fun.

She has made us feel that we are normal children, and I think my younger brothers are hardly aware that anything is missing in their lives.

Divided loyalty

And another important thing—she has never said a word against our father. She's encouraged us to go out with him, and to be friends.

That is something else that affects children of many broken homes — a terrible feeling of divided loyalty.

Although Mother never ran down my father, I was old enough to know what he had done, and too young to have the tolerance to understand the faults on both sides.

So when I went out with him I enjoyed myself very much, but I'd come home feeling guilty about betraying Mother.

During the last couple of years, the feeling became too strong, so I've stopped seeing him, although I like him very much.

That's probably why, when I left school, I found I needed to have boys around me.

Fortunately I started work in an office staffed almost entirely by males, so I learned to have a balanced attitude towards them and enjoy their company.

And I've found, since then, that I always need a steady boy-friend to give balance to my life and provide the mutual affection I missed because of my father's absence.

That's probably a normal reaction experienced by every girl or boy in the same position.

Many divorced parents worry a lot about financial security for their children, but they forget to make their children feel loved and wanted, and I think that is the most important thing of all.

There's still a slight resentment towards my father at the back of my mind, although sometimes it helps to talk to a person who understands.

But I am much happier than many of my friends, whose parents are obviously unhappy together, and struggle on "for the sake of the children."

ke a cover for the bolster in the same material as the light stripes.

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John Konrads rides high on TV waves

By Carol Tattersfield

● John Konrads, Australian Olympic swimmer, has already made quite a name for himself. Now, at 18, he's on the verge of making another — as a television entertainer.

SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS is nothing new to John Konrads, but the demand has increased since his TV show started. Smiling at camera is his fan and steady girl-friend Robyn Dudley, 17, of Sydney.

WITH a 13-show contract with Sydney's Channel 9 as compere of his own teenage musical talent show, he's off to a good start in a full-time TV career.

Not that he's a stranger to television. As a teenage prodigy swimmer he has often starred on Australian screens, but this time he's drawing on his charm, not brawn, and his personality, not speed.

And he's starting from scratch. "Not that I'm unknown," he says, "but in this field, I'm raw. They have to teach me, and at the moment the public isn't getting any finished product.

"It's a bit like learning to swim again." And with a grin he added: "I'm a little fish in a big pool."

John fell into it—or was pushed—quite by accident. Often a guest star on teenage musical television shows, he was spotted as entertainment material during an interview on Brian Henderson's "Bandstand" programme.

When he was asked if he'd like to run his own show, John leapt at the chance.

With a good pass in his Leaving Certificate behind him, and the Rome Olympics in front, he was faced with the prospect of marking time. The TV contract fitted in well with his swimming programme.

"You see," John said, "the idea just came up, developed, and the whole thing grew bigger than I expected. It has sort of whetted my appetite."

Well and truly. John has an option for another 26 shows. When he returns from the Rome Games, he plans to go to an American college for a course in television, and hopes to become a TV producer or director.

But what about his swimming? John ran a wearied hand through his waterproof crewcut. "It's like work to me, now," he said. "I couldn't do it for a career. I'd hate to be a coach. I couldn't."

Brightening up, he said, "Television's new, it's interesting, and it's not routine, as swimming is."

COL JOYE, whose success as a rock-'n-roll singer owes much to television, gives John some advice on how best to present teenage entertainers during one of his early shows at the Channel 9 studios.

CONFERENCE on presentation problems between John and Peter Benardos, who produces the show on Sydney's Channel 9.

But swimming experience has groomed John well for television work. He is at home in the public eye, is used to making speeches, and he has acquired an easy manner on the screen.

As a swimmer, he has appeared on television in England, South Africa, Europe, and Japan.

His trips overseas have also given him a sympathy with different types of people. He is never at a loss with anyone.

And he can cope with the fan adulation that comes the way of most teenage television stars.

"I've got a ready-built fan club," he said, "though it's a bit different from a Johnnie Ray fan club. A swimmer can't afford to reply to all the letters and he can't afford a secretary."

Autographs? "I sign hundreds, but then people think if they don't ask you for autographs you'll feel hurt," he said. "Anyway, I don't get nearly as many requests as a popular entertainer."

John is still in awe of the big names in the entertainment world, and he's tackling television with the same modesty that made him popular in the swimming world.

As with swimming, his television work draws on his nervous energy.

"But it's a completely different sort of nerves," John said. "It's all right once I start talking, but there's always the fear that I might get stuck for words."

Placidly, but giving an impression of unbounded vitality, John thought for a minute about nerves.

"I think I'll get used to television fright," he said. "It could never be as bad as that feeling you get on the starting blocks before a big race."

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TABLE MANNERS

● **What with watchful waiters and unfamiliar surroundings dinner dates in restaurants can have their nerve-racking moments, especially when you're out to make a good impression. You'll do this and enjoy yourself much more, too, if you're sure of a few simple points of table etiquette.**

● *Before beginning your meal, take the table-napkin (or serviette, call it what you will) from the table and spread it on your lap. When the meal is finished the napkin should be placed, unfolded, back on the table.*

● *It has always been (and still is) considered correct to break bread rolls in the hands, and use the knife only to apply butter. Break slices of bread similarly.*

● *Soup should be spooned outwards and not towards you, and the soup drunk from the side, not the tip, of the spoon. Tilt plate away from the body.*

● *It is incorrect to hold knife and fork as you would hold a pencil. Correct method is shown above. When not in use, knife and fork should be placed neatly on plate, close together, and fork prongs downwards.*

● *At conclusion of meat course, knife and fork should be laid neatly together side by side, prongs of fork turned upwards and cutting edge of knife turned inwards. Pictures taken at George's Restaurant, of Double Bay, Sydney.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817254

LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

● Johnny O'Keefe's recent bad car accident when he was travelling back to Sydney after an engagement at Surfers' Paradise caused his nation-wide fans some real worry.

HOWEVER, like Dig Richards last year, Johnny is expected to come out of it without serious facial scars.

The former "Wild One," who can still do more than his fair share of shouting when the number calls for it, is turning into quite a big-shot businessman, and has become general manager of Lee Gordon Records.

Using his new TV theme, "Rock Time," to introduce Volume 2 of his Leedon EP series, "Six O'Clock Rock," Johnny blazes his way through "Mountain Of Love," "My Baby Knows," and a full side of "Ooh Poo Pah Doo."

If you've heard him do this one on the show, you'll know what to expect.

Paul Evans

Local talent: Though he goes over in a big way with dance crowds and audiences, **Ian Crawford** hasn't really clicked with a disc. But his new one, "Up Town," could be the turning point in his recording career; it has a real swing. For a change of pace, Ian does a comedy Cockney number, "D.J. Blues," on the flipside. (H.M.V. 45).

SOMETHING of an old-timer in the local C. and W. field, **Trevor Day** effectively talks his way through the worth-listening-to lyrics of a Hank Williams number, "Just Waitin'." Flip, one of Trevor's own, "I Think Of You," isn't quite in the same class.

Pops: Contrasts and quality make **The Ames Brothers'** new R.C.A. 45 a standout in appeal and value — "A Happy Pair," breezy and beguiling, and the lovely and haunting "Carnival" from the prize-winning French-South American film "Black Orpheus." With the Glenn Osser orchestra.

EVEN though **Paul Evans'** "Seven Little Girls" was a bit on the squealy and juvenile side for some tastes, his new one, "Happy-Go-Lucky Me" (London 45), will please all ages. Like the title, it's bright and happy, and goes with a swing. Paul tries something different, a funny little thing called "Fish In The Ocean" — also his own composition — on the flip.

Incidentally, **Frank Ifield** does an excellent cover version of "Happy-Go-Lucky Me" on a Columbia 45, with "Unchained Melody" as the flip.

AS a former film reviewer I'm just as pleased as I can be that **Walter Brennan,** that grand old character actor, has a hit record with his dramatic narrative "Dutchman's Gold" (London 45). A honky-tonk piano plays in the background while an old-timer makes some very human reflections on the flip, "Back To The Farm."

THE lyrics are no literary masterpiece, but "Tell Laura I Love Her," as sung by ex-polio patient **Ray Peterson** (R.C.A. 45), looks like becoming a top tear-jerking pop. All about a boy killed in a stock-car race. "Wedding Day," the flip, should be brighter, but it's somehow sad, too.

Our pin-up
Rolf Harris

● "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport," Rolf Harris' top hit-parader in Australia, has just been issued in America on 20th Fox. The label carries a mad drawing done by Rolf and a glossary of Australian slang terms. The disc is introduced as "The legend of an old Australian stockman featuring a wobble-board that whups out the kangaroo rhythm." On page 16 you see Rolf holding his famous original wobble-board, a portrait he had painted on a piece of hardboard. Rolf, who plans to move from Perth to Sydney in September, has another single and an EP disc due for release soon.

Alley-oop

Novelties: By the time this issue hits the streets there'll be a lot of people saying "Alley-oop" to that booming, bulldozing beat of the **Hollywood Argyles.** Fresh, funny, and talented, they get everything that is to be got out of a sort of crazy stone-age pop song based on the adventures of the comic-strip character Alley-oop. Flip is "Sho' Know a Lot About Love." (London 45).

Classical: "Handel Overtures" (Vox LP), with **Rolf Reinhardt** conducting the Bamberg Symphony, offers the serious collector a treasure-house of eight Handel theatre-pieces on the one disc.

LOVERS of Tchaikovsky's glorious romantic ballet music can choose between a newly issued "Swan Lake" LP and an EP. The LP (World Record Club) is played by the Sinfonia of London, under **John Hollingsworth.** The EP (H.M.V.) offers **Sir John Barbirolli** and the London Philharmonic Orchestra in one of the waltzes and "Dance of the Little Swans."

IF you are anxious to have **Aaron Copland,** dean of American composers, represented in your library, you will be interested in an R.C.A. LP coupling suites from his "Appalachian Spring" (composed as a ballet for Martha Graham in 1943) and his opera "The Tender Land." Played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of the composer.

Jazz: **ELMER BERNSTEIN'S** soundtrack for the old Sinatra film "Man With The Golden Arm" comes "enhanced for stereo" on a Festival LP that is by turns moody and exciting. With Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne. This soundtrack was considered the big breakthrough in jazz composition for film.

TOMMY BRUCE, whose earnings this week will jump from £14 a week to £360! Tommy's singing as he pushed trolley-loads of fruit around London's Covent Garden Markets impressed a friend, who persuaded him to make his first pop record, "Ain't Misbehavin'." Now, a month later, the disc is No. 8 on the hit parade, selling 10,000 copies a day, and he starts a stage career on a £18,750 contract for 12 months.

WORTH HEARING

THE PLAY OF DANIEL

YOU might expect medieval music to be austere and forbidding; in fact, it is just the opposite. The musicians of the 12th and 13th centuries wrote fresh, vigorous, rhythmical music which often seems to have a "springtime" quality that has seldom been achieved since.

The appeal of this old music has been demonstrated by the popular success of a remarkable recording by the New York Pro Musica of the 12th-century "The Play of Daniel," a sort of medieval opera based on the biblical story. (Festival.)

The players have gone to a great deal of trouble to get as near as possible to the authentic sound of a 12th-century performance by reconstructing the instruments of the day —carillons, harp, ancient fiddles, and the like. The result is dramatic and exciting.

—Martin Long

Twelve pops for 30/-

THREE 7in. EP discs, each containing four numbers, usually cost 15/—a total of 45/-. The Popular Record Club, however, releases 12 currently popular tunes on the one 12in. LP for only 30/-, including a special club jacket. And it costs you nothing to join! Just fill in this coupon and post it to the Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

I wish to join the Popular Record Club and register my name to be advised of future monthly releases.

Mr.-Mrs.-Miss .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

for triangles.

When joining finished units be sure that light triangles oppose dark ones

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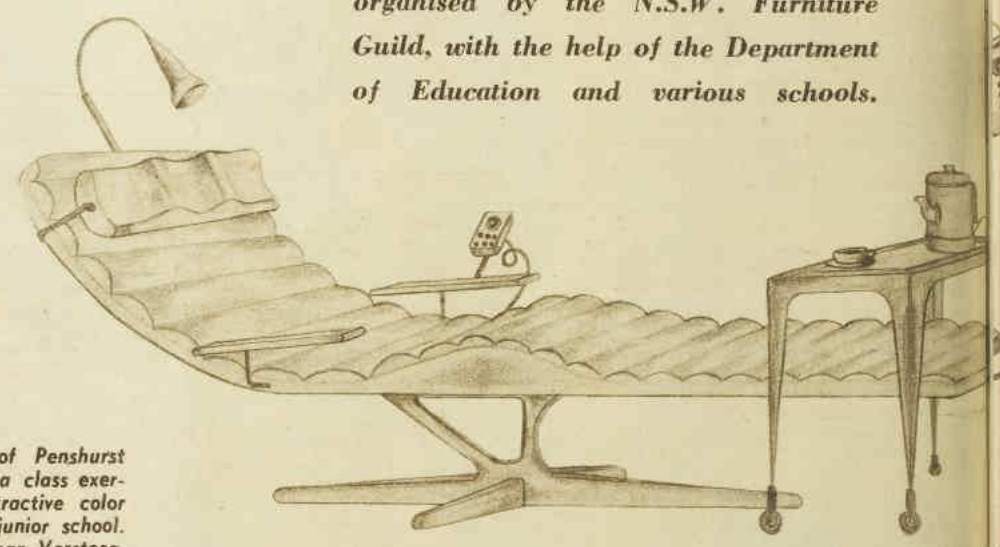
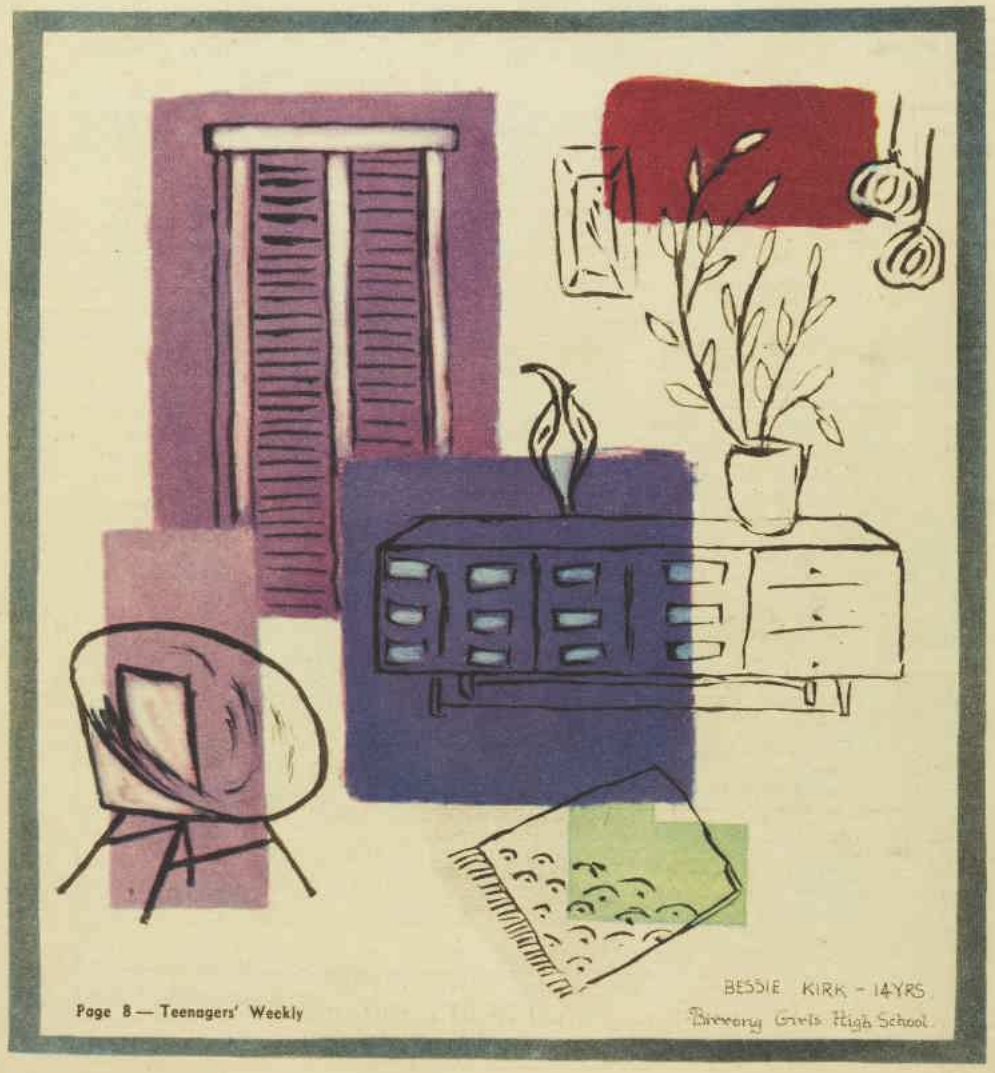
TEENAGE DESIGNS FOR

● *New ideas in furniture design, furnishings, and a fresh approach to the use of color and texture in the home are capturing the imagination of teenagers. Here are some of the award-winners in a recent competition for secondary-school children organised by the N.S.W. Furniture Guild, with the help of the Department of Education and various schools.*

SITTING-ROOM by Robyn Thurston, aged 14, of Penshurst Girls' High School. This design was the result of a class exercise on a set theme and was chosen for its attractive color scheme. Robyn had three years' training in art in junior school. Now doing Intermediate, her art teacher is Mrs. Joan Versteeg.



TELEVISION CHAIR by Duncan McRobert, aged 16, of Manly Boys' High School. It conjures up the perfect setting for a life of continual viewing; but Duncan will have little time for television during the next year. His art teacher, Mr. John Hopkins, explained that the school has only recently included art in its curriculum and Duncan has a lot to cram into one year to take this subject for his Leaving Certificate. His ambition is to become a commercial artist.



SITTING-ROOM by Bessie Kirk, aged 14, of Birrong Girls' High School, was chosen for its lovely combination of muted colors. Her art teacher, Mr. Bruce Gordon, says she's a girl who thoroughly enjoys her work and tackles it with great gusto. He feels she is rather young to be definite about her future, but he believes she could be a designer in the making.

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VING

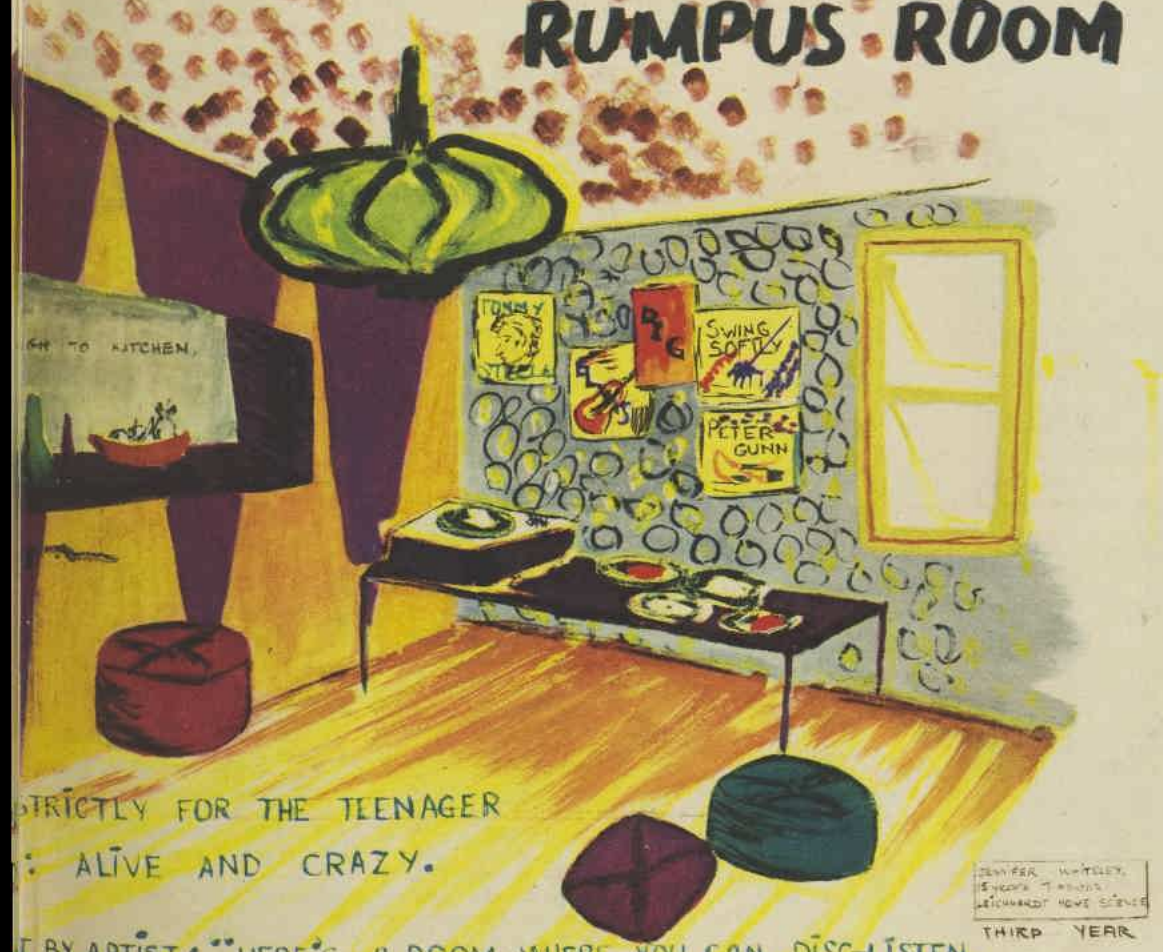
BATHROOM MURAL

Colour: Cool and refreshing.
Idea: Patterns made by leaves and stems.

comment-"I think it would be a waste to have a plain wall. A patterned one gives you something to think about."

THIRD YEAR

RUMPUS ROOM



BATHROOM by Jennifer Ward, aged 14, of Leichhardt Home Science School, has a colorful mural which helps make it an original design. Jennifer is strictly "progressive" when it comes to design and plans to make it her career after attending the East Sydney Technical College. Her teacher, Mrs. Janet Rancan, believes she will do well as an interior decorator.

RUMPUS-ROOM by Jennifer Whiteley, aged 15, who is also a pupil at Leichhardt Home Science School. She is a lively critic of today's designing and loves the modern approach. Her ambition is to be a designer and she is planning to sit for a scholarship to the East Sydney Technical College. Mrs. Rancan considers she has a good future, especially in designs for fabrics.

for triangles.

When joining finished units be sure that light triangles oppose dark ones.

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OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

Beautician needs more than glamor

● Valda Johnson looked with dismay at the 22 pages of closely typed script. Her boss had thrust them into her hand, saying: "Here you are, Val, you have to learn all this word for word. You've got six days to be word-perfect."

By
Winifred Munday

VAL is a beautician who smiles when people say, "Oh, what a glamorous job." She agrees that it is, but she's also a realist.

She knows the intense competition to get such jobs, the long hours of study, and the evening and Saturday afternoon work when her friends are out enjoying themselves.

"And, of course, there's that script," she said. "Twenty-two solid pages of information on make-up, its application, and everything one might want to tell an audience of women about cosmetics."

Valda, who came to Sydney a year ago from Wyong, on the central coast of N.S.W., is now a fully trained beautician with the Sydney branch of a famous Hollywood cosmetics firm.

She was unable to join the firm for training in her teens, because it does not encourage girls to take up full training before they are about 20. But at 22 Valda has already had seven years in the cosmetics and beauty business.

"When I left school at 15 there wasn't much choice of a career in Wyong, and I just drifted into a job as a junior in a pharmacy.

"I learned to sell cosmetics over the counter, and became so interested in them I decided I wanted to know much more about the beauty business."

So Valda and her sister came to Sydney and took a flat at Elizabeth Bay.

"When Val applied for a job with us," said Mrs. Beryl Hoeter, who manages the firm's Sydney salon and selects and trains staff, "I was greatly impressed with her appearance.

"She looked so fresh and clean. Her hands and nails were well kept, her clothes were smart, but not too sophisticated, and, above all, her voice and personality appealed to me."

Also, of course, Val's previous experience in cosmetics gave her a start over other candidates.

Mrs. Hoeter said the competition for jobs was very keen. She interviews three or four applicants a day, and when a vacancy is advertised she has about 150 applications to consider.

GROOMING is more important than beauty for a girl hoping to become a beautician, says Valda. Here we see her arriving at the salon ready for a hard day's work.

VALDA JOHNSON makes up the eyes of fellow-employee Christine Mulholland at the Sydney salon where they work.

Junior jobs

Occasionally there are vacancies in the salon for juniors aged 16, who, although they cannot start formal training for a few years, do learn about cosmetics in between tea-making and sweeping the salon, and by sitting in on some of the classes for customers.

They usually commence at £5 a week, and at 20 their salary will have risen to about £11.

When Val started she was paid £12 a week because of her age and previous experience.

Now, as a fully trained beautician, she averages between £18 and £20 a week. She gets an extra 30/- a night for conducting evening classes, and overtime for Saturday jobs.

When she does a short spell on the counter she gets commission on sales, and the firm pays her a bonus once a year.

One of the best parts of Val's job is the opportunities it gives for travelling in N.S.W. and other States. About five months of the year the firm is engaged in promoting new lines, and Val travels round talking and demonstrating to the staffs of large city stores, and their customers.

"I stay at the best hotels at the firm's expense, and have a quite generous expense account," she said. "That means that while I'm away on jobs I can save my salary.

"In Sydney I take some of the beauty classes we run for clients. We have a housewives' class through the day, a businessgirls' class in the evenings, and a class for teenagers on Saturdays.

"And on Saturday afternoons I am often booked by a client to do the wedding make-up for a bride and bridesmaids. Weekend work might sound a bore, but I get an enormous kick out of making a bride look her very best for the greatest occasion of her life.

"And I enjoy making-up older women. Almost anyone can make a teenager look pretty, but you should see the wonder in an elderly woman's face when she looks in the mirror and sees the transformation. It's as much a tonic to me as it is to her.

Tact needed

"I have to be a bit of a psychologist, too. If a woman comes in for advice I let her talk about her facial faults—and most women know their own. It wouldn't do to agree too heartily, but I can almost always make a suggestion for improvement."

Well, that's the glamor side—but don't forget the hard work at the back of it.

"In the first place," said Val, "you can never let up on appearance. Glamorous looks, even good looks, are not really important. But personality and grooming are. I have to work hard at it all the time.

"Secondly, you have to learn everything about every cosmetic you use or recommend — what it does, what skins it suits, and so on.

"I had to learn the uses of nearly 200 cosmetics. It was just like being back at school; sometimes I used to go home almost in tears because I was convinced I'd never learn all I had to know.

Study of skin

"Then came more study — on the composition of the skin, the different types of skin and skin analysis, bone structure of the face, followed by the practical side of using the preparations and helping customers choose the right cosmetics.

"This led to training in practical selling, and finally I had to learn how to conduct store demonstrations and to lecture and teach at beauty classes."

Even a fully trained beautician is not finished with "school." Make-up fashions change as quickly as clothes fashions, and the beautician has to keep up with prevailing taste and all new products.

"Although competition in the beauty business is fierce," said Val, "I think the demand for beauticians will grow in the next five years.

"For any girl wondering how to fill in the time between leaving school and starting formal training, I would recommend a selling job, preferably in a pharmacy or in the cosmetics and perfumery department of a large store."

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Hot or cold—be spick-and-span

By Carolyn Earle

● Forget the idea that half-way measures of personal grooming are good enough to keep you spick-and-span right around the clock. It just isn't so.

EVEN on the coldest days we perspire and personal daintiness is as much a necessity then as it is in hot weather, although summer calls for greater care in maintaining it.

The beauty-wise girl makes very sure of her charm and, as part of her bath ceremony, always uses modern deodorants and depilatories regularly.

Don't, don't, don't, whatever you do, allow leg and underarm fuzz to grow. Whisk it off once a week.

There are several methods of removing unwanted hair. Choose whichever one suits you best.

Shaving is a quick, clean method of removing superfluous hair from the legs and under the arms, provided only that you know how to handle a razor to avoid nicks and cuts.

The best time for this treatment is right after a good warm bath or shower. Let your skin remain quite wet and use shaving cream or lather soap lavishly.

Afterwards, rinse and dry and rub on some hand lotion or body cream like the girl in our illustration is doing. The result should be a clean, smooth surface.

Another widely used, temporary way of removing hair growth is the depilatory method. This is done by a cream or paste whose chemical ingredients weaken the hair so that it washes off at skin level.

Then there's the wax-removal method in which special wax is melted and applied in strips to the skin and yanked off when it hardens. Many girls like this best because it gives a longer lasting effect, but it is hard to do yourself and rather expensive.

Do be sure to try out any product you have not used before on a small area of skin first of all.

A cheap but slow and primitive way to spruce the legs and arms that is frequently used is done with an abrasive mitt or piece of pumice stone. Abrasives clean the skin surface all right and are relatively safe, but they should not be used on tender skin.

In the long run the choice is up to you, and you can use what you will — razor, depilatory, wax, or abrasive. But don't skip using a bit of soothing lotion afterwards to keep the skin looking smooth and satiny.

To stay as fresh as a daisy all day long is a task that's made ever so much easier if you use a suitable deodorant (or perspiration corrective).

Never kid yourself about the need for a deodorant. Even though you don't appear to perspire much, it's a good thing to be ever watchful of this detail of personal grooming.

Some girls (and boys), and frequently nervous people struggling under tension, need to use deodorants and anti-perspirants more often.

A daily bath, shower, tub, or sponge is the first requirement. An underarm deodorant or an anti-perspirant, used immediately after the bath, is your second step to freshness.

The simple deodorant prevents odor after perspiration has occurred but does not interfere with the perspiration flow. For underarms, the roll-on type is quick and efficient. A spray is better for the all-over job.

Deodorants won't function properly unless your skin is thoroughly clean and dry.

Allow enough time for thorough drying after application.

The difference between deodorants and anti-perspirants is that the latter preparation closes the pores and checks perspiration at the skin surface. Products having both qualities perform the two functions.

It is not wise to use either a deodorant or anti-perspirant if your skin has a minor irritation or at a time when it is sensitive.

Though very necessary, deodorants and anti-perspirants are not in themselves alluring. Every girl should have some light flowery scent or cologne that's nice to wear.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817259

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Ban on dating

"I AM a boy of 15½, and I go to a local dancing class. One of my friends at school suggested that we each take a girl we like to the pictures one Saturday evening after having got to know them by asking them over to the milk-bar after dancing class. However, on asking my parents if they would let me do this they said I was too young. I wouldn't think of taking a girl on a solo date yet, but I don't think this outing would hurt. A lot of other boys of my age take girls out. I guess that my parents are right, and I wouldn't go against their decision, but could you give me your opinion on my predicament?"

R.B., Vic.

I agree with your parents. I think you are still too young to start taking girls out, even with a crowd. Until you are 16 I think outings with girls should be only to things like school dances or church socials, where a female partner is a necessity. Anyway, apart from all this—taking girls out, even to milk-bars and pictures, is expensive — what would you use for money?

Call for the boy?

"WE are three 15-year-old girls who wish to know what is the correct procedure when a girl invites a boy to a party. Does the girl call for the boy, the boy for the girl, or do they both go of their own accord? Also, do you think it is permissible for one of us to invite a boy whom we know very well to spend a weekend with her family at the beach? Our friends consider this incorrect, but she has been to several socials with him."

"The Three D's," Qld.

You amaze me. We women might have gained a lot of freedom, but we haven't taken over from the men altogether yet. By all means invite a boy to a party, but for heaven's sake don't call for him. Leave that to him. He should call for you, escort you to the party, and see you home.

It would be quite correct for your friend to invite a boy to spend a weekend with her and her parents at their beach house — that is if she has her parents' permission to invite him.

Mystery feeling

"I AM a 17-year-old girl who is sitting for the Leaving Certificate, and for this reason I have stopped dating all boys and given up most amusements. Under these circumstances, it would seem I should not warrant your advice, but I'm afraid I do. There is a boy in my class, about my age, and several years ago we were great friends, then after a disagreement we 'hated' each other as children that age do after a supposed romance. In fourth year we hardly spoke, and it was not till this year that we again became on speaking terms. During the lessons we are together at school, he looks at me (according to me), and I look at him (according to him). When I'm at home I can't wait to get to school to see him again, but when I speak to him he seems quite ordinary. His looks are definitely not my ideal. He is an ardent churchgoer and I'm an evolutionist. In addition to this, we enjoy separate sports, and he dislikes dancing and I love it. I realise this sounds ridiculous, but it is true, and I would be grateful if you could tell me why we look at each other (for I'm sure we're both guilty of this) when we are poles apart?"

"Wondering," Qld.

It sounds as if you are experiencing what you would probably call a chemical reaction, and what conformists call attraction or the beginning of love. The tastes of the people concerned couldn't matter less when it sets in. But it would be wise to keep it at the present drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes level until after you have both finished your exams.

"Looks like another lecture on lateness."

Birthstones

"MY birthday is in June, and I always thought my birthstone was an emerald. But this year I received a card saying my birthstone was a pearl. I am very interested in what my birthstone is. If it is possible, could you please tell me the birthstone for every month of the year?"

J.C., Vic.

The June birthstone is an agate, or cat's eye, said to be signs of health, wealth, and long life. So you're lucky. I think the mix-up in your birthstones probably comes from the fact that the astrological year is different from the calendar year.

I'm told that governed by the moon the astrological year is generally from the 21st or 22nd of one month to the same date in the next, but the calendar year is just from the 1st to the 30th of the month.

However, here are the birthstones and their meanings for the calendar year. I know of no others: January, garnet or zircon, meaning true friendship and fidelity; February, amethyst or cinnamon stone; meaning sincerity and peace of mind; March, bloodstone or Alexandrite, meaning firm and brave; April, diamond, meaning innocence; May, emerald, meaning beloved and happy wife; June, agate or cat's eye, meaning health, wealth, and long life; July, ruby, meaning free from doubt and anxiety; August, tourmaline or zircon, brings you love; September, sapphire, will ease your mind and give you purity of soul; October, opal and moonstone, protects against danger, brings hope; November, topaz or aquamarine, brings you friends and true love; December, turquoise or starstone, brings you success whatever you do.

Permanent pimple

"I HAVE a pimple on the end of my nose. It has been there for a long time. It will not go away. I have tried everything. What should I do?"

F.L., N.S.W.

See your doctor immediately.

Never asked out

"MY mother considers me to be sensible enough to go out with boys, although I am only 15. She said I may go to dances, parties, or club games with a boy as long as he is respectable and she has met him. At the moment I go to dances, etc., with my girl-friend (who is the same age) and meet a number of very decent boys, but none have asked me out, although I know they are able to. As they are only high-school boys I would be quite pleased to pay my own way on such occasions. I dress properly, never embarrass whom I am out with, and can converse easily with boys. I have always behaved decently whenever with a boy, so that I can't understand why they don't ask me out. Could you please suggest what may be wrong?"

"Not a Wallflower," N.S.W.

Your age. No sensible, well-brought-up boy would ask such a young girl out except to something at which it is necessary to have a partner. They know it is foolish to start asking girls under 16 to go out with them.

Even if this was not the case, they are only schoolboys and obviously know that schoolboys should keep a schoolboy's place — which is to attend to their lessons and work hard so that they have a future ahead of them. You should take a leaf out of their books and do the same.

Just too young

"I AM 14 and I would like to know some more girls. I hardly know any. I know about five girls, but they are either too young, too old, or just not interested. Please tell me how I could know and mix with girls, and do you think I am too young to take girls out?"

"Problems," N.S.W.

You are far too young to do much thinking about girls. And you are so young that girls are not interested in you either. Wait around for a couple of years and you'll know plenty of girls who, by that time, will be more interested in you.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

IF you're planning a wedding, and want something absolutely divine for the bridesmaids to wear on their heads with their beehive hairdos, make a flower comb.

Buy (for about 5d.) a slide comb, then buy some artificial flowers to go with the bridesmaids' dresses — two roses, a bunch of parma voilets, or a bouquet of field flowers, and sew them to the top of the comb. On the big day, slide the comb into the beehive at the most becoming spot, and hey presto, you'll have the prettiest bridesmaids.

Flowered slide combs are pretty for a late-day party, too, or for a wedding at which you are a guest, or if you want to really dress up for a party (formal). If flowers aren't your dish, make your own fantasy for the comb—feathers and sequins or some of those madly exotic things you see in speciality shops just asking to be worn.

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LONG-WAISTED style with a swinging flounce of broderie anglais was designed by Teddy Tinling, chosen by both Maria Bueno and Australian champ Jan Lehane.

CHAMP IN ACTION. Maria Bueno, the bombshell from Brazil, attacks the net in a long-line dress appliqued with a bow of looped ribbon.

ITALIAN tennis star Lea Pericoli got gasps from the grandstands when she appeared in this plain-as-plain model trimmed with rich-as-rich mink.

LOVE GAME to the girl who chooses this sleek and simple sleeveless shirt over brief white shorts of the softest baby kid.

CENTRE COURT GLAMOR

● *Wimbledon is the tennis capital of the world, but it's also a good excuse for a fashion parade. This year pretty-pretty fashions won again. There were frills and flounces, scooped neck-lines, and embroidery on every petticoat.*

SMASHING EFFECT is obtained with this pique model with purple ribbon at the neckline, plus a frilly petticoat.

for triangles.

When joining finished units be sure that light triangles oppose dark ones

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For you are jolly good fellows!

● Whether you like it or not (and I rather suspect the latter), you and I have been going steady for a year now.

YES, this column has been set up (by the printers) and knocked down (by irate readers) for 365-odd daze.

This calls for a celebration.

I think this is an appropriate place to hold a party.

And because it's not only a birthday but a New Year's party, too, let's not forget auld acquaintance — and invite all the column characters we've met during the past year.

You readers are invited, of course. In fact, because of your support you're the guests of honor.

But before I get a lump in the throat instead of the usual lump on the head from you the party had better begin.

Ready, steadies? — let's go! . . .

It gets me right down here — the place where girls deny my heart is — as people start to arrive.

There's my old pal **Fay K. Accent** (she's the girl who puts on dog vocally, remember?), who tells me how *enchante* she is to be here.

Congratulations from a GIRL

CONGRATULATIONS, **Robin Adair. You hit the nail right on the head every week. Although I do not exactly appreciate all you say about teenage girls, I realise that in most cases it is very true. I would prefer to learn of my faults through your column rather than to be told of them by my friends. — "I CAN TAKE IT," Beerburrum, Qld.**

She's followed by **Rolls Joyce,** the car snob. Joyce is still blowing a gasket about the low standard of her date's vehicle, but I'm glad to see her just the same.

Soon I am surrounded by all the girls who have manned — and been panned — in the column. They're all up to their usual form, of course.

Polly Rogers, the boy-friend pirate, is sinking fellers while everyone else is sinking punch.

Wider Ida's stiff petticoats are their usual really outstanding success. So much so, in fact, that she has to come and go through the french windows!

Big-eyed Betsy takes more supper than she can eat and **Life-of-the-party Lil** tries to hold the floor all night. Lil's "entertaining" with a scene from "Room at the Top," so we finally put her up in the attic!

I am deeply touched when all my guests play an old party game — but with a variation in my honor.

This game is called **pun** the tail on the donkey!

We end up singing birthday songs.

I carol, "Why was I born so **dutiful?**" (A reference to my fearless honesty in exposing girls' faults.)

Everyone else choruses, "Why are you read at all?"

I call a halt when the guests start roaring:

Oh, for Robin's a jolly bad feller,
A professional kisser and teller.
For Robin's a jolly bad feller
Who always makes a fuss.

For all this it seems to be a great success.

As I say goodbye at the door (the show was in the hall where they hold my Hurryville dances, by the way) everyone says they had a good time.

Even that silent partner of mine, **Monosyllable Sybil,** whose vocabulary is usually limited to "Yup" and "Nup," lets her head and tongue go and says enthusiastically that it was "okay."

Well, thanks for coming to the party.

And I'm sincerely grateful for your being with me during the past year.

May I reverse the usual order of birthdays and wish YOU many happy returns — to a second year of column? That way I'll eat my cake — and you'll have "had" it, too!

— Robin Adair

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Origins of sport

Queen was first girl to play golf

By William Joy

● The first girl to have played golf, according to the historians, was Mary Queen of Scots. She called the boys who carried her clubs cadets, from which comes the modern term caddie.

EVERY Scotsman will tell you that the game originated in Scotland, but some authorities believe it was first played by Roman soldiers.

They played a game with a bent stick and a leather ball stuffed with feathers—and if it was not golf it was remarkably like it.

Scotland, however, is clearly the place where the game first became popular.

So many people were playing it by 1457 that is was banned on the ground that is was interfering with the war against England.

Golf, however, conquered the kings who banned it. James IV of Scotland was a fair golfer. He couldn't give it up, he said, because the game fascinated him.

James V also enjoyed a game and taught his daughter Mary.

Her enemies held it against her that a few days after her second husband, Darnley, was killed near Edinburgh, she shamelessly played golf in the fields behind Seton.

James I of England also played golf, as did Charles I till, like Mary, he had his head chopped off.

Mary lifted the ban on golf and in her reign the world's most famous golf course, St. Andrews, was made.

FOOTBALL:

There is dispute also about the origin of football. Some historians say the Greeks and Romans played it, but Englishmen maintain that football began when a Saxon found the head of a dead Dane and kicked it.

Other Saxons joined in and children copied them. In its earliest years football was known as Kicking the Dane's Head.

Heads were hard on the toes and the supply limited. The Saxons substituted an inflated cow's bladder cased in leather for the Dane's head, and football was born.

Early football was a rough game. The active populations of rival towns would meet halfway to play football. Winners were those who kicked the football into the heart of the rival town.

As the game drew near, peaceful citizens would flee for their lives. Shopkeepers hastily put up their shutters.

Eventually the game was prohibited in towns and confined by law to the countryside.

For one game, in 1602, the goals were three miles apart.

King Edward I banned football when he found his soldiers were more ready to play football with the Scots than fight them.

In Midlothian, married women played the spinsters at football and almost always trounced them.

Gradually rules were standardised into the modern soccer.

Rugby football was a breakaway game founded in 1823 when William Webb Ellis violated the rules at Rugby School by picking up the ball and running with it.

Australian Rules football was invented about 1856, when W. T. Wills, son of a pioneer pastoralist, returned from Rugby School and advised his cousin, H. C. A. Harrison, not to take up Rugby football.

"It is not suitable for grown men engaged in earning a living," said Wills.

So Harrison, Wills, and their friends worked out new "Australian Rules" for football, eliminating the scrums and tackling of Rugby.

BASEBALL:

Tell Americans that baseball comes from rounders and most will get angry.

It does appear, however, that the American national sport did evolve from the English game of rounders, with, perhaps, a little bit of cricket thrown in.

Many Americans maintain that baseball was invented by Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, New York, in 1839. Doubleday later became a Civil War general.

In a welter of ballyhoo, American baseball fans celebrated the centenary of the game in 1939 by building a baseball shrine at Cooperstown, complete with a baseball Hall of Fame.

Since then authorities have tended to debunk the Doubleday theory. One went so far as to say that Doubleday probably never played baseball, while Cooperstown may not have seen a baseball till the Civil War.

Baseball was in the doldrums in the 1930s, he suggests, and promoters seized on the Doubleday theory to whip up interest.

The first book referring to baseball in America was the Book of Sports, written by Robin Carver in 1834. In it, Carver credits much of his material to a London publication, the Boy's Own Book, published six years earlier.

Carver copied the English rules of rounders almost word for word, yet called his game baseball, or goalball.

The original game was known as rounders in Western England, baseball in the South of England, and Feeder in London.

Rounders was first played in Tudor days in England.

BOXING:

Boxing and wrestling are the oldest sports, dating from the time when man had only his hands to fight with and defend himself.

About 900 B.C., Thesus, a Greek monarch, turned boxing into a blood sport, binding the hands of boxers with thongs studded with spikes.

He sat boxers almost nose to nose to fight till one was dead. Theagenes of Thasos is probably the all-time champion. He was credited with obliterating 1426 opponents.

Pugilism went into eclipse for centuries till it re-emerged in England with the bare-knuckle boxers of the 17th century.

Other sports go back to antiquity, too.

The first skis and the first skates were the bones of large animals.

A form of polo was played by the Persians in the days of King Darius. The game reached England from India in 1869.

Hockey, too, was played by the Persians, adopted by the Greeks, who passed it on to the Romans.

Badminton was taken from India to England by army officers in 1873.

A DOUBLE FOR ROBERTA

ROBERTA SHORE, who visited Australia recently with the Mouseketeers, met her double when she arrived in Brisbane. Can you tell who's who in the picture? That's Roberta on the left, and with her is Lyndal Lather, a TV programme checker with Brisbane's Channel 7.

Before the Mouseketeers arrived, compere Lee Henderson asked Lyndal to mime Roberta's catch tune, "The Shaggy Dog Song," on his "Happy Hour" show to help publicise their visit.

And when Roberta stepped off the plane at Brisbane Airport she took one look at Lyndal and said, "Wow ! Aren't we alike!"

"It was so exciting meeting someone who's a star at sixteen," said Lyndal, "and we became very good friends."

Like Roberta, Lyndal has laughing brown eyes, and wears her hair in a pony-tail, with a fringe across her forehead.

And she bubbles over with personality.

Already on the "Happy Hour" show she has mimed Carmen Miranda and Eydie Gorme, but her real job is still in Channel 7's theatrette timing movies to see that they run to schedule, and checking that the commercials are in their correct place.

Her favorite hobby is photography, and she takes her own eight-millimetre movies. Her father, Mr. Mervyn Lather, is also a keen movie-maker, and a member of the Queensland Amateur Cine Society, where he has won three prizes for his films.

for triangles.

When joining finished units be sure that light triangles oppose dark ones.

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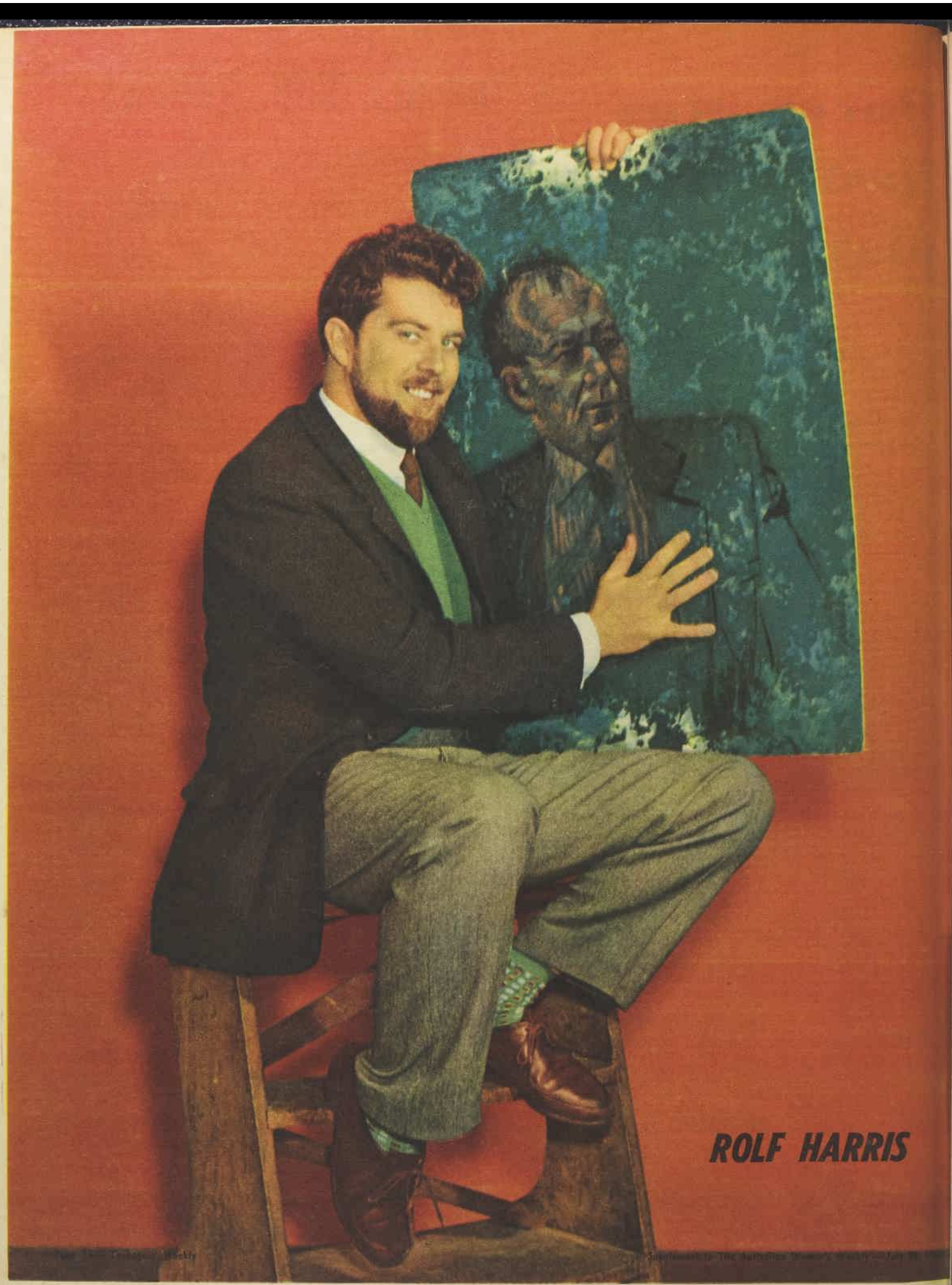

to make a cover for the bolster in the same material as the light stripes.

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Squares and triangles

THE quilt photographed above is made on a machine. It is composed of squares with triangle borders. Each unit contains one large square, six light-colored triangles, and six dark-colored triangles.

Apart from the colors shown in the picture, other good combinations would be light and dark blue triangles with centre squares in purple or wine color, or triangles and squares in varying shades of pink.

You will need quilt wadding (obtainable from the haberdashery department of most large stores), which is opened out and used half thickness, main colored material for lining and large squares, and two shades of material for triangles.

The amount of materials you will require will depend on the size of your bed. See above on opposite page for assessment of quantities.

The quilt photographed above measures 75in. by 90in. when finished and is composed of 30 completed units. There are 30 large squares and 180 triangles in the dark color and 180 in the light.

To make a quilt this size, cut out lining in main colors, allowing extra 1in. all round for turnover. Cut out 30 squares in main color, each measuring 8in. by 8in. (this allows for ½in. hems all round), and 180 triangles in dark and light colors. Triangles are formed from 6½in. by 6½in. squares cut in half diagonally (again these measurements allow for ½in. hems all round).

Each unit is assembled separately and then the completed units are joined together, five across the width and six down the depth.

To assemble a unit, stitch two light triangles on opposite sides of the square and then dark triangles on remaining sides of light triangles. Now stitch dark triangles on remaining sides of square, and light triangles on each side of these dark triangles.

When joining finished units be sure that light triangles oppose dark ones. (See picture above.)

See general story on opposite page for final assembly of quilt.

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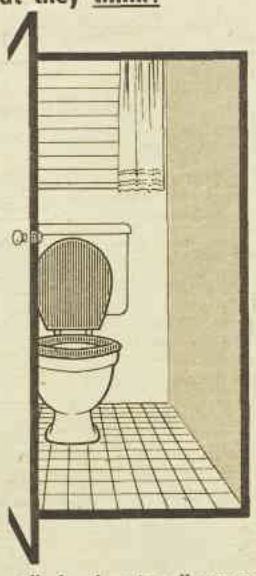
Can friends criticise your most-noticed room?

Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy way to keep your toilet bowl fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling.
Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.
Harpic cleans round the S-bend — where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly **above,** as well as below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC REGD.
LAVATORY CLEANSER
Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HP157

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Within 24 hours of taking the first dose you will have visual evidence De Witt's Pills are working on your kidneys, clearing away impurities that cause you pain.
Get a bottle today, and make sure you always have some on hand.

Prices: 3/-, 5/-, 8/- (In Vic. 5/- and 8/- only)

De Witt's PILLS AP7

CONCLUDING — SEW for Your Home

QUILT INSTRUCTIONS

(from page 32)

• Martha Washington's design

WHEN choosing materials for patchwork be sure never to mix washable and unwashable materials.

Patchwork can be done in silk, satin, or velvet. Silk and velvet together, or satin and velvet combined, but not a mixture of silk, satin, and velvet. Cotton and silk materials should never be used in the same quilt.

Fancy silks with designs of spots, checks, stripes, and florals can be used to advantage with plain materials.

Cottons and linens can be used in several shades of one color.

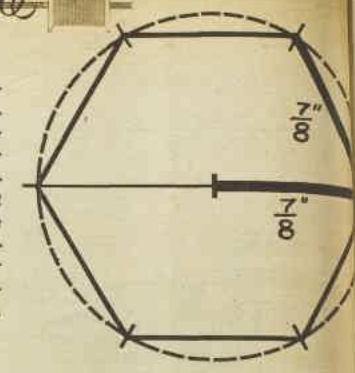
Color has to be studied carefully, as a color in a wrong place can spoil the whole design. See that the shades are evenly distributed to make the most of the work.

Method: Cut "key" pattern in stiff cardboard. See diagram at right. To draw this hexagon you will need a pair of compasses. Draw a circle with a radius of ⅞in. With the compasses still spaced at the same measurement of ⅞in., place them at a point on the circle and mark 6 points evenly around the circumference. Join up all six points. Cut out along lines and you will have a six-sided shape.

Using firm brown paper or thin but firm cardboard, trace and cut out round this shape to make many more shapes exactly the same size. You will need a considerable number of them and they must all be exact in size and shape or the finished work will not lie flat and even.

The quilt is constructed from circular patterns or motifs surrounded with and joined to each other by a white border. The number of completed motifs will depend on the size of your bed. Approximately twelve will be needed for the length and if you work lengthwise in rows you can go on working until you have reached the required width.

***DIAGRAM** for cutting hexagon-shaped key pattern for Martha Washington quilt patches. See detailed instructions for drawing diagram at left.*



Each shape is worked as follows: Place cardboard or brown paper shape on to the material and cut material ¼in. or ⅜in. larger all round. Tack this on to the cardboard, turning the edges over the amount of turning you allowed.

When a number of these sections are prepared, start sewing them together, using, say, a yellow one to form the centre.

Round this, stitch six in a plain material, sewing them together on the wrong side in a fine overcast stitch or fine topsewing so that the stitches are invisible on the right side.

Stitch the next row, 12 shapes in floral or lighter-shade material, round the edge of this shape. A motif has now been completed. Press this and work others in exactly the same way.

Make a large number of white shapes for the border.

Start assembling quilt by joining white shapes around a completed motif. Join in other motifs until you have required length. Work in rows until you have required width. Edge of quilt will be scalloped and have a white border.

When patchwork is finished, snip tacking threads and remove cardboard shapes. Press. Place a thin layer of quilt wadding on the wrong side of patchwork, tack into position and through the wadding work a running stitch ¼in. inside the line of stitching, joining all the patchwork pieces together.

Finish with a lining of suitable material cut to the required shape and sewn on by fine hemming on the wrong side of the work.

• Table of yardage required

DOUBLE BED

36" Material	48" Material
CENTRE PANEL 78" length of bed 12" tuck-in for pillow 9" overhang at foot 5" for scallops 104" total length 36" width	**CENTRE PANEL** 78" length of bed 12" tuck-in for pillow 9" overhang at foot 5" for scallops 104" total length 48" width
OVERHANGS 9" extension over top 9" depth of mattress, bedding 5" for scallops 23" total width 46" width doubled for facings 104" length	**OVERHANGS** 4" extension over top 9" depth of mattress, bedding 5" for scallops 18" total width 36" width doubled for facings 104" length
YARDAGE 104" centre panel 208" 2 partly faced overhangs 104" cord coverings, foot overhang facings to piece facings 416" or 11 2-3rd yards.	**YARDAGE** 104" centre panel 208" 2 partly faced overhangs 312" or 8 2-3rd yards (utilising waste from overhangs for covering cord, foot overhang facings)

TWIN BED

36" Material	48" Material
CENTRE PANEL 75" length of bed 12" tuck-in for pillow 9" overhang at foot 5" for scallops 101" total length 36" width	**CENTRE PANEL** 75" length of bed 12" tuck-in for pillow 9" overhang at foot 5" for scallops 101" total length 40" width
OVERHANGS 3" extension over top 9" depth of mattress, bedding 5" for scallops 17" total width 34" width doubled for facings 101" length	**OVERHANGS** 9" depth of mattress, bedding 5" for scallops 14" total width 28" width doubled for facing 101" length
YARDAGE 101" centre panel 202" two faced overhangs 12" cord coverings 6" facing for scallops at foot 321" or 9 yards	**YARDAGE** 101" centre panel 202" two faced overhangs 303" or 8½ yards (utilising the waste to cover cord and face the foot scallops)

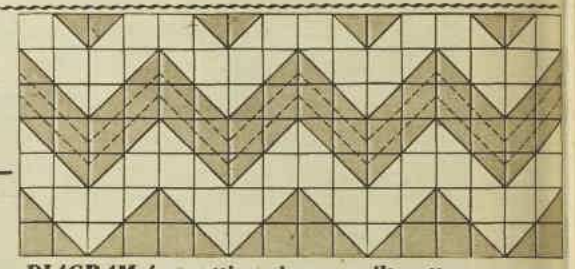


***DIAGRAM** for cutting zig-zag quilt pattern on page 32. Use stiff cardboard. Each square equals 3in. Running marks indicate machine stitching.*

***FOR SCALLOPS** (quilt, page 31), make paper pattern with 10in. dinner-plate, then work on edge of overhang. Mark clearly with a soft crayon.*

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PEANUTS

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and
Cookery
Expert

PIQUANT MARINADE mixture of vinegar, peanut oil, and various other ingredients gives an unusual flavor to Brazilian fish, which is garnished with roasted peanuts. Recipe below.

● There are no limits to the ways in which peanuts, peanut butter, and the other well-known peanut products can be used to add flavor to both sweet and savory recipes.

ADULTS and children both benefit if nutritious nut foods are included in their daily menus. Whether it be peanut butter spread on sandwiches, peanut biscuits, or peanuts used in desserts and savory meat dishes, they all will add variety to your meals.

On this page are some of the many tested recipes which won awards in our recent popular peanut contest. They all feature peanut products.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all our recipes.

GOLDEN CRUNCHY PRINCESS

Six lady sponge fingers, little sweet sherry, glace cherries, 1 large tin evaporated milk made up to 1½ pints with water, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons gelatine (softened in 2 tablespoons water), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 cups crushed peanut brittle (see recipe), ¼ pint whipped sweetened cream, extra ¼ cup crushed peanut brittle.

Grease large shaped ring-mould and line sides with lady sponge fingers which have been dipped in sherry. Arrange cherry halves in base to form attractive pattern. Combine in top half of double saucepan the evaporated milk and water, sugar, and egg-yolks. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add softened gelatine and vanilla; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Allow to cool and, when thickened slightly, fold in peanut brittle and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into prepared mould; chill until required. To serve—unmould on to glass serving-dish and decorate with whipped sweetened cream, cherries, and extra crushed peanut brittle.

Peanut Brittle: One pound sugar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup chopped peanuts.

Place the sugar, water, and vinegar into a saucepan, bring slowly to the boil, stirring occasionally until the sugar dissolves, but do not stir after the syrup reaches boiling point. Cook steadily to 310deg. F. or until syrup is color of honey. Add butter and nuts, allow butter to melt, then stir gently once or twice to mix butter and nuts evenly (too much stirring causes crystallisation). Pour into greased tin and set in cool place.

PEANUTS in this recipe have been combined in a crisp, golden toffee, which is crushed and folded into rich cream mixture to make this attractive and delicious sweet. Details of this recipe—golden crunchy princess — are found on this page.

BRAZILIAN FISH

One and a half to two pounds whole fish or fish fillets, 3 onions, 2 cloves garlic, ¾ cup white wine vinegar, 1 cup peanut oil, ½ chopped green pepper (optional), ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 cup tomato puree or coarsely chopped tomatoes, ½ cup roasted peanuts.

Place fish in salted water, simmer 15 minutes or until cooked. Carefully lift out and pour the marinade mixture (made by combining sliced onions, crushed garlic, tomato pieces or puree, green pepper slices, bay leaves, paprika, sugar, salt, peanut oil, and vinegar) over fish. Leave to marinate overnight. Lift out fish and serve on platter with pieces of onion, tomato, green pepper, and a little of the liquid. Sprinkle over the peanuts, chill thoroughly, and serve with fresh vegetable salad. Remaining liquid can be used in preparation of dressing to accompany salad.

HUNGARIAN COFFEE CAKE

One ounce compressed yeast, 1½ tablespoons lukewarm water, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup butter (chopped into pieces), ½ cup hot milk, 1 egg, 2½ cups sifted flour, ¼ cup melted butter, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup finely crushed peanuts, ½ cup chopped raisins, extra peanuts.

Soften yeast in lukewarm water 5 minutes, stir until blended. Measure sugar, salt, and chopped butter into mixing-bowl, add hot milk, and stir. Cool to lukewarm, stir in 1½ cups flour to make thick batter. Beat until smooth and elastic. Add yeast and egg, stir until blended. Stir in remaining flour. Turn on to floured board, knead until smooth and elastic. Shape into ball and let rise in greased bowl 1½ hours. Punch dough down and shape into balls the size of walnuts. Dip into melted butter, roll in mixture of brown sugar, cinnamon, crushed peanuts, and raisins. Arrange a layer of balls in 9in. greased ring-tin, sprinkle with remaining crushed peanuts and raisins. Add another layer of balls, sprinkle with extra chopped peanuts. Cover, let rise. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes.

MYSTERY FRUIT SLICES

First Mixture: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, ground ginger, and bicarbonate of soda, 8oz. plain flour.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then golden syrup; beat well. Sift flour, ginger, and cinnamon twice, fold into creamed mixture alternately with soda dissolved in milk. Fill into greased 7in. tin, bake in moderate oven. Cool.

Second Mixture: One teaspoon gelatine, ¾ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon brandy.

Dissolve gelatine in water, add sugar and brandy. Bring to the boil, simmer 15 minutes.

Third Mixture: One cup glace cherries, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup each currants, chopped peel, and peanuts.

Crumble cooked and cooled spice cake into fine crumbs. Place in large basin with chopped fruits and peanuts. When No. 2 mixture begins to thicken slightly, beat until white and thick. Pour over fruit and crumbs in basin, mix. Press mixture into slab-tin. Place in refrigerator. Serve in finger-lengths.

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EVEN Woollens Wash Wonderfully

IN THE

SIMPSON *Two-Speed*

PROVED IN ACTUAL TESTS BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL TESTING AUTHORITY

NOW you can wash every item from your finest cashmere twin set to your heaviest woollen blankets! Rigid tests conducted by the Australian Wool Testing Authority proved beyond all doubt that the mild slow-speed action of Simpson 2-Speed washing means perfectly reliable and safe washing for all your woollens. Now you can whisk through your whole week's laundry with confident ease, knowing that all your lovely fabrics can be machine-washed with all the gentleness and care they need. Imagine what this means – no more hand washing!

COMPARE THESE OTHER WASHING ADVANTAGES OF SIMPSON *TWO-SPEED*

1 NO TANGLING!

Simpson's superior agitator gives you exclusive four-way washing action that keeps clothes from tangling. Lets them move freely about so no hidden dirt is left in them. Clothes come out tangle-free and sparkling clean.

2 EXCLUSIVE TWO-SPEED WRINGING:

What a difference! New slow speed means complete wringing for all your heavier items. Normal speed is just right for convenient, easy handling. Super Instinctive wringer adjusts to every pressure — releases in a flash.

3 NO MORE HAND WASHING:

The new low speed of Simpson two-speed means nylons, your laciest lingerie, precious woollens receive the same care as hand washing. Normal speed gives the brisk action necessary to remove deep dirt from all your heavier wash.

4 FULL 10 LB. CAPACITY:

Your wash is sooner done with Simpson two-speed. You eliminate the "repeat performances" that are required with a smaller tub. The big Simpson bowl takes a full 10-lb. of clothes — washes them with maximum efficiency and ease.

5 SUPER FILTER GIVES LINT FREE WASH:

Simpson's Super-Filter removes fluff, lint and fuzz as it cleans and re-cleans water while the clothes are in the tub. Lifts off top of agitator for quick and simple rinsing and cleaning. This Super-Filter means a cleaner, sweeter wash!

DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS THAN A SIMPSON! PRICED FROM 79 GNS.

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SIMPSON—MAKERS OF QUALITY WASHERS, DRYERS, GAS AND ELECTRIC RANGES

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A SPICY LAMB DISH

Lamb steaks marinaded in a rich savory mixture, then grilled to perfection and served on a bed of spicy rice, form our £5 prizewinning recipe.

"A BUSY day dish" which can be prepared and baked well ahead of time wins our consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

LAMB STEAKS WITH GINGER RICE

Four lamb steaks (cut about 1 inch thick), 1 cardamom pod, 1½ cups pineapple juice, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 1 teaspoon curry powder.

Remove seeds from cardamom pod and crush with a rolling-pin. Place steaks in single layer in a shallow dish. Combine pineapple juice, ginger, curry powder, and crushed seeds, pour over steaks, cover, chill, turning once in 12 hours. Drain, reserve liquid for ginger rice. Grill steaks 6 minutes on each side or until cooked through. Serve on a bed of ginger rice.

Ginger Rice: Measure reserved pineapple spice liquid, make up to 3 cups with water. Place in saucepan and heat until boiling, stir in 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ cups rice. Cover and simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Spoon rice on to heated platter and arrange lamb steaks on top. Garnish and serve.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Thornton, 82 Bruce Street, Nedlands, W.A.

LAMB STEAKS with ginger rice is our prize-winning recipe in this week's popular cookery contest. See recipe at left.

SPAGHETTI JOE MAZZOTTI

One pound spaghetti, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 large chopped onion, 1 small red pepper (finely chopped), 1½ cups tomato puree, 1 egg, 4 frankfurts, salt, pepper, milk, 1 cup grated cheese, parsley.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Heat oil in pan, add chopped onion and pepper, saute until lightly cooked; drain. Combine spaghetti with onion and pepper mixture, tomato puree, beaten egg, sliced frankfurts, salt, pepper, enough milk to make a wet mixture. Mix in three-quarters of the cheese. Spoon mixture into a greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle remaining cheese over top. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Hunter, Post Office, Lavington, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

• The refreshing flavor of pineapple predominates in this week's family dish. Shortcrust or biscuit pastry may be used for the tart-case.

THE sweet serves 4 or 5 persons and costs approximately 4/6.

PINEAPPLE MARSHMALLOW TART

One tin crushed pineapple or pineapple pieces chopped finely, pineapple syrup, hot water, 1 packet lemon jelly, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case.

Drain syrup from pineapple, make up to ¾ pint with hot water. Pour on to jelly crystals mixed with gelatine, stir until dissolved. Allow to become cold but not set. Beat until thick and creamy, fold in pineapple and lemon juice. Pour into pastry-case, chill until set. Serve cold with cream, ice-cream, or custard.

STOP pastry making START using

GOLDEN PUFFS

Pastry making takes time—

For the busy housewife Golden Puffs are the answer—a golden crisp topping in seconds for steak and kidney and all delicious kinds of savoury and fruit pies. Just pop on the Golden Puffs, heat and serve . . . to the cheers of your family!

Peek Frean's

ORIGINAL GOLDEN PUFFS

the biscuits with 1,000 delicious uses . . . Buy Golden Puffs today . . . and send for the new **FREE RECIPE LEAFLET.**

Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 28, Ashfield.
Please send me your new Golden Puff Recipe leaflet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Now! ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

the new *pre-cooked* weaning food
. . . in powder form

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING
When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal. Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, basic diet requirements necessary during the weaning period.

READY IN AN INSTANT
Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS, TOO!
Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

ROBINSON'S
Baby Rice Cereal

By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

FREE SAMPLE OFFER.
Send for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

M190B

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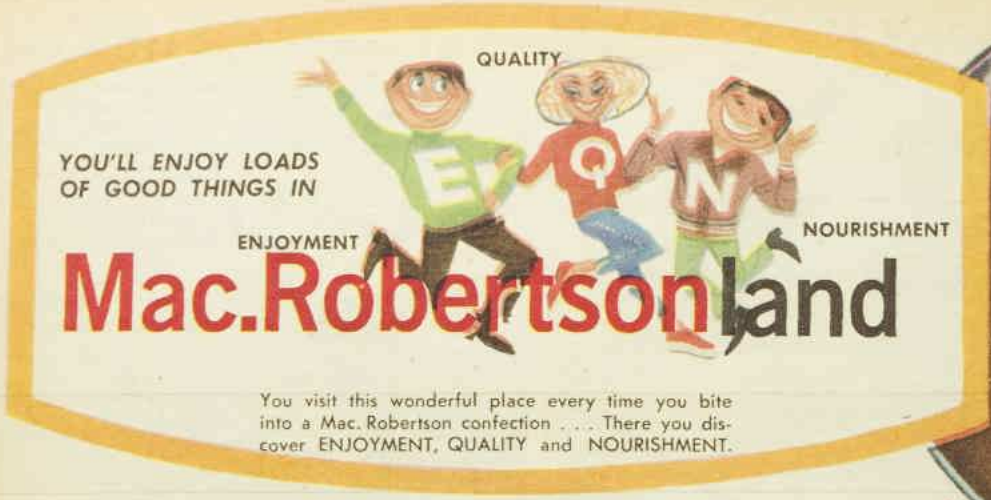

take "Snack" for instance

- ENJOYMENT—six true flavour centres.
- QUALITY—twelve novelty shaped pieces in all.
- NOURISHMENT—all coated with creamy milk chocolate.

2/- or 1/- blocks.

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Don't make marriage a misery

● To marry the man she loves, a girl gives up her career and in many cases cuts adrift from old friends and interests. Often she does not realise that the most difficult part of her life has begun.

FOR, if she neglects to find substitute interests and fails to tackle the job of marriage in a happy, constructive way, her days ahead can become a succession of meaningless hours, full of endless chores.

The permanency of marriage seems to make the housework monotonous and futile. The prospect of a joyless road into the future deadens the personality and slowly destroys zest for life.

Boredom

It becomes easy for a young wife to feel desperately lonely and bored.

You may argue, "What about children? You couldn't possibly be bored or lonely when they arrive."

Although children do fill a vital part in life, they also add their share of duties.

Even if a woman begins a family immediately, her children will be her responsibility for one-third of her life at the most.

What will happen to her when they have grown up and gone? Can she slip back easily into her old life, or will she feel that her world has ended?

Yet, if a woman takes stock of her position, there is no need for the future to seem bleak.

The town woman who marries a man on the land will perhaps feel loneliness most.

Most of the time, her husband's mind is with his stock or crop. He comes home tired at night ready for early bed, without much energy for talking.

It is up to his wife, right from scratch, to become self-sufficient and busy.

Some people, when the time comes to give up picture-shows, dates with friends, and the routine of business hours, are lost souls.

But, if they can find amusement and interest from within, from their own creative minds and hands, they will be far happier than ever before.

Most unhappy women tend to look around for somebody to blame, and husbands are usually the scapegoats.

by
ELIZABETH GIBBS

But did he kidnap you forcibly? No, you were willing, so please let's absolve the poor man from all blame.

He loves you, and he gives a sympathetic ear.

But his love for you will slowly but surely change, if you fall prey to the greatest ravager of the human female — SELF-PITY.

Recently the backyard psychologists have put out a completely unsound theory that outbursts of tears and temper are good for the nervous system.

But the tragedy of such emotional displays is written in the divorce courts.

Never forget how to THINK.

When a woman gives up her career, particularly if it was one that required her to use her head, she does well to continue to study something. Study is a good counter to emotionalism, irritation, and discontent.

To be able to **manage** housework instead of **muddling** it is as good as a tonic. Muddle is always depressing.

To get time for a creative hobby, work to a timetable which allows two free afternoons a week.

Treat your housework as a form of physical exercise and you will automatically do it more briskly and eagerly.

Don't let your home become shabby. Keep a good supply of bright paints on hand; re-dye curtains, re-upholster furniture. Your spirits will lift with the new bright colors.

Be pretty

Even more important is your own personal appearance. Make yourself as attractive as you can. Keep your figure slender. To a woman, an attractive reflection in the mirror is better than any medicine.

The main cry amongst married women is: "But I haven't the time — what with the house and the children."

The fact is, you can't afford to be slow, inefficient, and lazy if you want to enjoy living.

Keep in good health. An unhealthy person is not happy; equally true, an unhappy person is not healthy.

Buy a diet book and study it, so that you understand the proteins, fats, etc., necessary to the body.

Enjoy yourself

Good diet will pay great dividends by improving family health and tempers.

And make sure you get enough sleep.

Finally, it is most important to think and believe you are healthy.

Don't expect a cold or the flu because you "always get one at this time of the year."

If you wish to be sick (and many women do), your life must be lacking in interest.

Don't neglect social recreation. Go out and enjoy yourself.

But perhaps the most effective cure of all for a woman's loneliness or boredom with her chores is to seek, find, and use her own native talent.

It may be painting, writing, or politics; gardening, sculpture, or photography; breeding Siamese cats, sewing, organising clubs, sports, or charities.

But, whatever it is, it will be something she likes doing, something that will absorb her interest and release her innate creative skill.

MOTORING

● Now that winter is with us, we wear warmer clothes, take hot drinks, and so on. But how many of us give a moment's thought to the family car?

IT feels the cold change and, unless given reasonable care, can hardly be blamed if it shows your neglect.

The effect can be annoying and sometimes even dangerous. So a few tips now may be useful:

The battery is often called the heart of a car, and winter places a greater strain than usual on this "heart."

It has to work harder to turn over the cold, sluggish engine; it has more drain on it because you use your starter, lights, wipers, fan boosters, etc., more in winter.

Family motorists go less and less for long weekend drives, and the battery is denied these rejuvenating runs.

So have your garageman test the battery. Should he recommend a replacement you'll probably save expense in the long run.

While at the garage, ask about changing to a lighter grade of engine oil during the cold weather.

Generally speaking, the family motorist can use a "30" oil —both summer and winter—in more temperate regions.

By
BETTY McKAY

Note any dimness of your lights, any erratic behaviour of your wipers. Have them fixed without delay.

Your tyres should be in good condition always, but especially in winter. Check pressures weekly, and keep an eye on the tread depth. Cars involved in accidents nearly always have badly worn tyres.

"Cold starts" are even more detrimental in winter. Take a load off the starter (and, in turn, off the battery) by depressing the clutch pedal. This isolates the gear-box.

Practise using just enough choke, and push the choke control well in as soon as possible. Warm the engine for several minutes before taking off.

Don't warm-up by idling too slowly. A fairly fast idle—I don't mean "roaring" your engine, which is very bad—is better, because it gets the oil circulating sooner.

But the heavier oil in the gearbox and differential housing is still cold. So do the first couple of miles at a moderate speed.

HINT FOR THE WEEK:

Cars that are not garaged at night collect heavy dew on the windows. A flick or two of the wipers clears the windscreen, but the rear window is generally forgotten. This means you have no rear vision (a cardinal safety note). Before driving off, dry the rear window, too.

Collectors' Corner—

● Mrs. Russell's candlesticks.

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, an expert, of Sydney, answers readers' questions about antiques.

SEND a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of markings, one question only, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Collectors' Corner," G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W.

The stamped envelope is for the return of used photographs.

No evaluations of objects will be made.

Question —

"I have a pair of rather handsome candlesticks. There is no indication of the date they were made and I wondered if you could give me some information about them. They have been in our family for some years and are about sixteen inches high."—Mrs. F. W. Russell, Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

Answer —

They are a good example of early electro-plate and were made about 1850.

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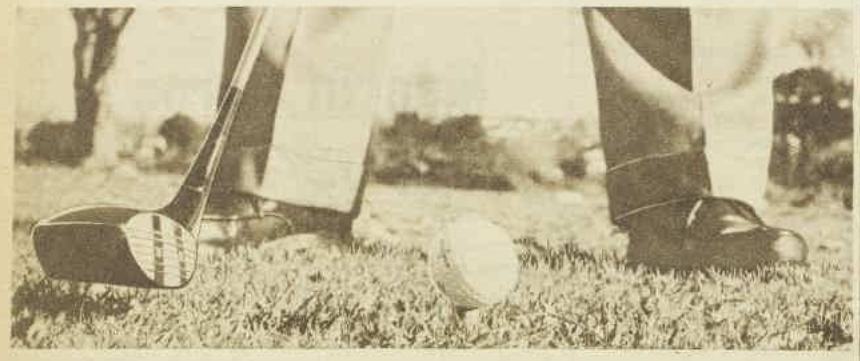
OVER 35?

It's 4-to-1 you don't get enough exercise!



No ! say doctors, that weekend round of golf is not enough to keep you fit !

MAYBE you play grade tennis . . . or handicap golf . . . or swim a couple of miles each weekend. It's not enough say doctors, to compensate for a sit-down job all week. If you're like four men out of five, headachy tiredness and half-health will keep you below par.

The reason four out of five men over 35 need more exercise lies in the food we eat to-day!

If we ate the same food as grandfather, we would need little exercise to stay fit, because Nature puts a "safety device "in normal food. It is "bulk."

Nature's "bulk"

This "bulk" is designed to keep our *internal* muscles fit and active, to grip waste matter and move it through the system. But, to-day's food *often lacks this bulk*! It is soft, highly refined, often over processed. By the time it reaches us, the "safety device" is missing.

With nothing to grip, our intestinal muscles grow flabby, the system becomes clogged, and we suffer from the distressing symptoms of irregularity.

Three answers

There are three possible ways to compensate for this lack of "bulk" in to-day's diet:

One: Vigorous exercises every day, to aid the internal muscles in their work. For most busy men, this exercise isn't always possible and in many cases it could be dangerous.

Two: Medicines or laxatives. This can also cause harm, because laxatives are unnatural. In fact, the magazine of the British Medical Association issued a warning on this subject, which was distributed to doctors and clinics:

"The constant use of purgatives may do more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation.

This fact was known in A.D.100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

Three: The obvious way is to work with Nature, not against it, by putting Nature's "bulk" back into your diet.

Replacing the bulk.

In no other food is "bulk" so ideally found as in Bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat. Kellogg's process and shred this bran into a delicious breakfast cereal flavoured with malt, sugar, and salt. Its name is All-Bran.

Sprinkle it over your present cereal, or enjoy it by itself with milk and sugar.

Gently but firmly, your internal muscles will respond to All-Bran's natural bulk. Your system will function again, the way Nature intended.

Besides its "bulk", All-Bran is rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorous, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one!

No need to take extra exercise. No need to give up your favourite foods. For new health and fitness, take advantage of Kellogg's promise to you.

Enjoy delicious, nut sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and double your money will be gladly refunded.

For men who don't get enough exercise — All-Bran made by Kellogg's.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Limited. K6

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

DS412. — Party dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● The fresh and feminine look of a flower-garden print is an important spring fashion.

THIS fashion item answers a reader who asked me:

"Please help me with a dress to wear for my 21st birthday party. I want the frock to be suitable later for dancing and going to the theatre. I have 4yds. of floral taffeta I bought last season, and if it is still being worn I would like to use it. I will need a pattern in a 34in. bust. My birthday is September 24."

You couldn't have a more delightful or newer spring party dress than one made in floral taffeta. The dress I have chosen is illustrated above. The bare arms and all-round pleated skirt are both signs of spring.

If you would like the skirt ultra-bouffant, bolster it out with a stiffened petticoat.

Beside the illustration are further details and how to order the pattern.

"I AM going to a relative's wedding in August, and as it is at a leading hotel in Brisbane I wondered would it be correct to wear a hat and gloves. I wish to be smart and correctly dressed. The wedding is at 4 p.m."

The correct attire for a guest at a 4 p.m. wedding is a street-length afternoon dress or ensemble worn with a hat and gloves. The hat and gloves should harmonise with the outfit.

"WHAT is the correct length for a wedding veil in tulle? My gown is made with tiers of ruffles from the waist to the hem at the back."

The length of a wedding veil must be chosen for flattery and balance. As your dress has back interest, it should not be hidden. This being the case, a short veil is the correct choice.

"WOULD you please advise me about a separate top to wear with an all-round knife-pleated skirt?"

In this fashion category there is nothing newer than an overblouse. The blouse can be fitted with a self-band or just have a loose, easy fit.

"DO you think it necessary to include a topcoat in a winter-cruise wardrobe?"

You would be well advised to take a light coat—or at least a wool cardigan. Sea breezes are apt to be cool, especially at night.

"IN my circle of friends, outings such as barbecues, informal parties, etc., are casual. Most of the girls wear slacks and 'flatties,' a combination that gives me a very unflattering appearance. Is there any other fashion I could wear besides a blouse and a skirt?"

The culotte dress—a dress with a divided skirt—is new again in fashion, and I think this idea may solve your problem. The culotte combines the freedom and ease of slacks with the charm and grace of a skirt.

"I READ the helpful advice you give other women and am now hoping you can assist me. I am having a frock made for a semi-formal occasion and wondered would a cotton fabric be correct."

Yes, it would. Numbers of cotton fabrics now rank as high fashion. Cotton is available in prints and colors patterned as extravagantly as silk. In fact, it is often difficult to distinguish cotton from silk.

"I WOULD be grateful if you would solve a dressmaking problem for me. Slim, straight skirts which fit perfectly when I am standing work into a fold across the front when I walk. My figure is normal—32 bust, 25 waist, and 35 hips. I am very flat across the stomach."

Your skirts could be wrinkling across the front because they are too tight; slim skirts should always have two inches of "ease" so you can walk freely. Try taking in a little more material on the skirt darts at the front—about an inch altogether. This will give more walking room.

A lining (in a firm material such as taffeta or satin) also helps the hang of a skirt. The lining should be separate and joined to the dress only at the waist. It should be one inch tighter than the skirt.

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AN IMPOSING VIEW of Wentworth House at Bothwell, Tasmania, built by Captain D'Arcy Wentworth. The stone stairway (below), which spirals around the wall to the upper floor, is keyed into the wall on one side, but has no supports on the other. These pictures were taken by Mr. N. R. Harvey, Launceston, Tasmania.

AUSTRALIAN HOMES

THE Georgian-style house built for Captain D'Arcy Wentworth at Bothwell, Tasmania, in 1833 was originally called Inverhall, and later Schawfield, but today it is known as Wentworth House. For 100 years the house was an Anglican rectory. Two years ago it was bought by Mr. K. G. Downie, a pastoralist, and he and Mrs. Downie have restored a great deal of it.

Author Michael Sharland, in his book "Stones of a Century," writes about the maids' quarters in Wentworth House:

"The windows and the ceiling had been so constructed that no one could possibly look out unless he stood on a step-ladder.

"The sills were more than six feet above the floor. Captain Wentworth is said to have been animated by a keen sense of propriety, and deemed it his duty to safeguard the moral welfare of his servants. Therefore, this room which the maids occupied was so designed that they should be discouraged from fraternising, by visual or other means, with handsome members of the regiment stationed in the town."

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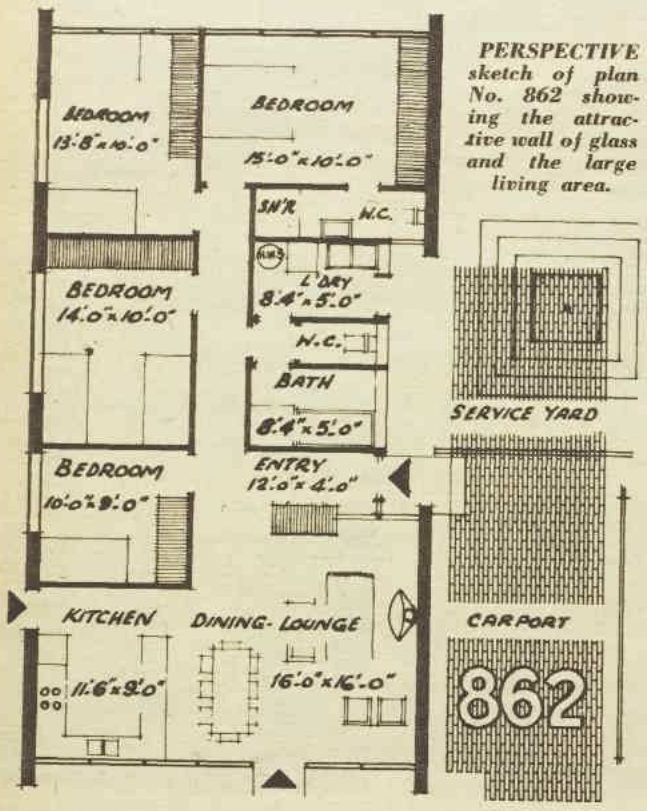
A TWO-STAGE PLAN

—designed to grow



PERSPECTIVE sketch of plan No. 862 showing the attractive wall of glass and the large living area.

FLOOR PLAN for design No. 862 shows how the hou can have extra bedrooms and toilet added later.

• This week's house can be extended as the family grows.

PLAN No. 862 in our series, it was designed under the direction of architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack. Complete plans of this house can be bought for £10/10/- the complete set from any of our Home Planning Centres.

The first stage consists of a two-bedroom house of 8.5 squares. A master bedroom, adjoining toilet and shower, and fourth bedroom can be added later on. The small bedroom opposite the entrance can then be converted to a dining-room or study.

Separate toilet and shower recess for the master bedroom is a new trend in home design, and costs around £125, plus the cost of the room, which, in this design, would be about £150.

The house features a spacious living area with one complete wall of windows—ideal for the site with a view or for a secluded block.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street P.O. Box No. 79. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: Fitzgerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

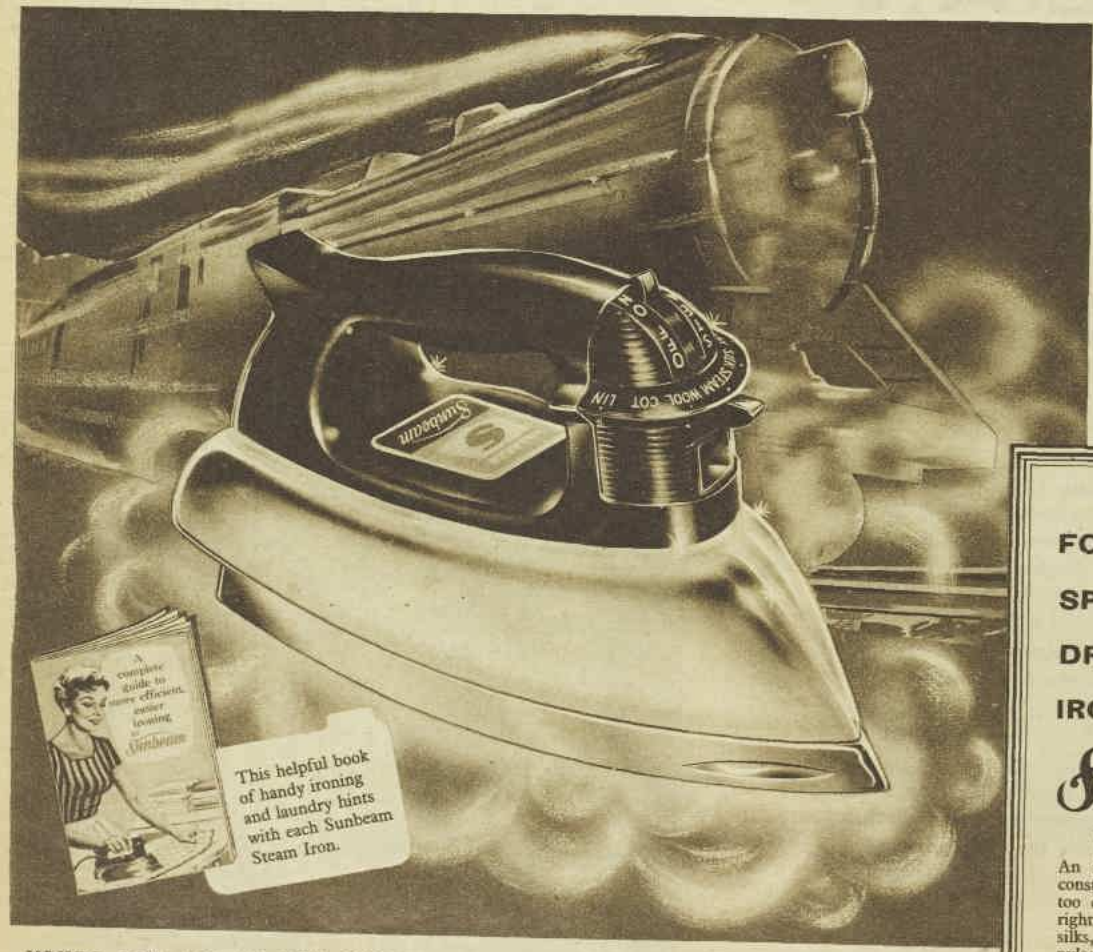
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

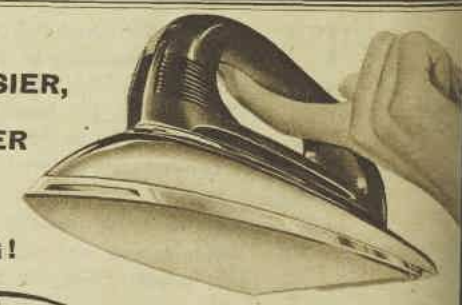
STEAM EASILY THROUGH YOUR IRONING WITH A *Sunbeam* STEAM IRON



Heats fastest—steams longest
The swiftest steam iron of all!

Roll along on a cushion of steam with a SUNBEAM STEAM IRON — the *only* iron that leaves fabrics impeccably refreshed — so perfectly pressed. Give that streamlined finish to your suits, uniforms, pleated skirts, loose-covers — in fact, to anything you usually send to dry cleaners. The Sunbeam Steam Iron heats in just 30 seconds, steams in 2 minutes — no messy damp cloth needed—and converts to a dry iron whenever you wish. Finger-tip control, too! You'll be really proud of your pressing when you use a SUNBEAM STEAM IRON!

FOR EASIER, SPEEDIER DRY-IRONING!



***Sunbeam* IRONMASTER**
with Double Thermostat Control

An ironing heat that is always constant — never too hot, never too cool — a heat that is *exactly* right for every kind of fabric — silks, cottons, woollens, rayons, nylons — that is what the SUNBEAM IRONMASTER gives you with Double Thermostat Control. No scorching either! The SUNBEAM IRONMASTER weighs only 2½ lbs. — its perfectly balanced handle puts pleasure into ironing!

YOURS FOR JUST A FEW SHILLINGS A WEEK FROM YOUR SUNBEAM RETAILER

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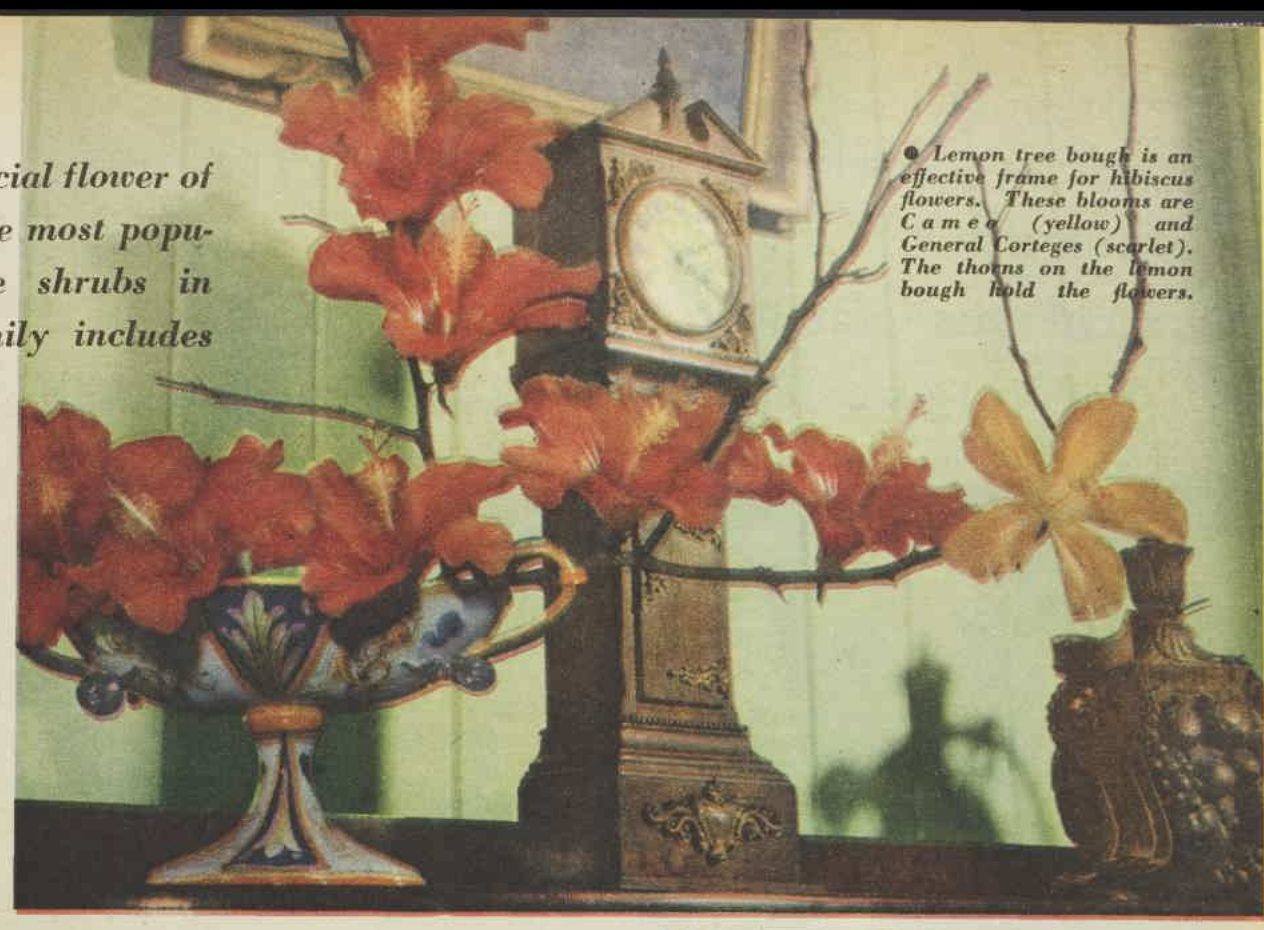
● Hibiscus, the official flower of Hawaii, is one of the most popular and decorative shrubs in Australia. The family includes evergreens, some of which flower almost all the year round.



● Lemon tree bough is an effective frame for hibiscus flowers. These blooms are Cameo (yellow) and General Corteges (scarlet). The thorns on the lemon bough hold the flowers.

HIBISCUS

GARDENING

MORE than 5000 varieties of hibiscus are sold in Hawaii, and new hybrids are constantly being developed. Nurserymen in Australia are improving their stocks, and will help you select varieties, colors, and sizes for your locality.

Hibiscus are divided into annual and herbaceous perennial species and two shrubby types known as Syriacus and Mutabilis.

The Syriacus variety is popular in cold districts, and Mutabilis produces large white to pale pink double blooms which turn red as they age.

But the sinensis (Chinese) hibiscus are the most popular in Queensland, N.S.W., W.A., and S.A. These are magnificent shrubs that bear either single or double flowers almost the year round in the warmest spots.

The large number of hybrids in many colors have helped make the shrub popular.

Although hibiscus can be planted any time during the year in warmer parts of Australia the most successful results come from spring planting.

All varieties and hybrids root readily from cuttings taken in autumn. They should be raised under glass and given mild heat. Cuttings thrust into sand or vermiculite take root easily. They should not be disturbed for at least a year.

For strong, bushy growth, prune hibiscus in September by topping and reducing the main stems and cutting out laterals.

Some good varieties to grow include: RED—Camdenii, General Corteges, Archeri, Dareyie, Fireglow, Island Empress, Lambertii, Julius Camfield.

PINK—Peachbloom, Dawn, Apple Blossom, Agnes Galt, Mrs. Tomkins, Rosalie, Rose Scott, Mrs. Davis, and Pink Gen.

ORANGE — Orangeman, Auriole, D. J. O'Brien.
WHITE — Wilder's White, Wrightii.
CREAM — Cameo Queen.
YELLOW—Cameo, Lord of the Isles, Johnsoni.

Single blooms from Narrabeen Nursery, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

● Mrs. Davis, the most popular hibiscus, grows to 10 feet and spreads 10 feet across. Blooms all the year round and is vigorous.

● Fuchsionides is a rare form of hibiscus from Madagascar. It has small blooms like a fuchsia flower borne on long, arching branches.

● Mrs. Tomkins (below) is a dwarf grower—four feet high by three feet across. It has pink blooms and flowers prolifically.

● Brucei is frost-tender and does best in Queensland or the warmer parts of New South Wales. It grows to five feet and spreads three feet across. Brucei is a medium bloomer.

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"Young", soft, dewy skin in days! Quick-acting Coty Moisture Balancer supplies vital moisture . . . plus Vitamins A, D and E, helps to retard ageing process, minimises sagging skin—works for you all day under make-up, without dulling!

Healthy skin *must* have a properly balanced moisture content if it is to resist the attacks of time, climate and other destroyers of beauty.
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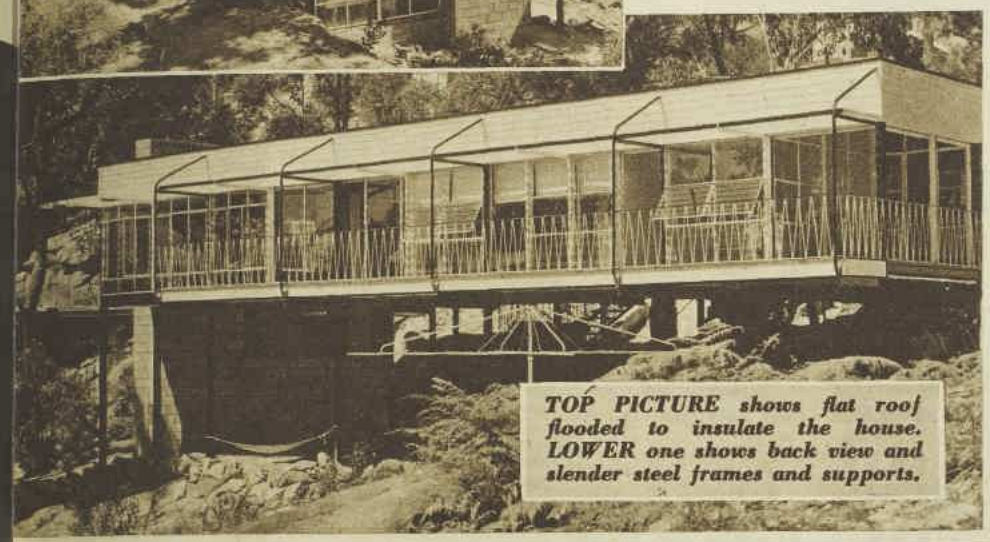
● Level sites within easy distance of Sydney's centre are expensive and scarce. But with steel frames houses can be built on less costly, sloping land.



TOP PICTURE shows flat roof flooded to insulate the house. LOWER one shows back view and slender steel frames and supports.

WHEN architect Michael Court was asked by Mr. and Mrs. John Simon to design a house for their steeply sloping site in Middle Cove, N.S.W., he suggested an exposed steel frame construction which he had seen used for schools and prestige office blocks in Canada.

One of Sydney's go-ahead young architects, he was apprenticed for some time to the famous American architect the late Frank Lloyd Wright, and also worked in Canada.

Mr. Court designed Mr. and Mrs. Simon's house to cover an area of 14 squares.

The advantages of the steel construction on this site were enormous. A brick construction would have cost 10 per cent. more, and the design would have been heavy in appearance because of expansive load-bearing walls.

Steel frames and supports give a light, gracious appearance. The foundations are simple, because only a small area of concrete is needed to anchor each column.

Made at a factory to the architect's specifications and assembled on the site, the steel frames increase building speed. The Simons' house was put up in only three months.

This type of construction can be used only for a two-storey building, but it can be built in stages.

Because 65 per cent. of the house is composed of manufactured parts and these have a pre-determined price, it is much easier for a builder to give an accurate building estimate. Finance can then be arranged without fear of last-minute increases.

At the moment the layout of the house includes a large living-dining area, divided from the kitchen by a serving bar, entrance hall, bathroom, and three bedrooms. The house has been designed so that all the dividing walls can be re-arranged without structural alterations to provide a completely different layout of rooms.

The roof is only a few feet above the level of the road and the front door is approached by a downward flight of steps.

A built-up waterproof membrane of tarred felts laid on a compressed strawboard decking forms the roof. This is topped with marble chips and flooded when necessary with an inch of water to keep the house cool in summer and warm in winter. (See picture above left.)

Windows form most of the wall at the rear and sides of the home, taking advantage of the good view. Grey concrete blocks have been used for solid walls.

A laundry is situated under the house, and this part can be developed at any time. Aluminium insulation under all the rooms stops any chilly draughts.

Continuing . . . DESIRE OF THE MOTH

from page 21

ual method of deputising business?" he asked, surprised.

Miss Leslie smiled. "Not at l. But 'Traumeri' is always exception. It tends to follow a certain pattern, if you now what I mean, and Mr. orme finds it rather trying, prefers to let me deal with ."

Over a simple but elegant ttle luncheon, Lawrence set imself to win his companion ver to his side of the dilemma. I'm hoping that you'll be able use your inside knowledge 'Traumeri' affairs to find me way for me to take over e farm," he said. "I'm given understand the ultimate owns are two schoolgirls. Surely ey've no active interest in e place? Provided they get good price, of course. Miss innipins can still live there, course. And she'll see to that her nieces get the money the end, no doubt."

He told her about his long, reary illness. About the docs' decree that he must give p his studies and settle for open-air career. He told er just what "Traumeri" had ome to mean to him, and all is hopes for it, provided he ould be free to put them into ffect. Miss Leslie sat listeng and attending to her eal. Telling her of Miss innipins' unpredictable and ften disastrous impulses that hreatened to subvert all his fforts, Lawrence found that e was having difficulty in eeping his thoughts from raying. He would have liked ust to sit and look at her.

"Miss Winnipins has always een the same, you know," the irl remarked at last. "A darng, but quite unreliable. You'd e wise not to build too much n her promises unless they're egally endorsed. And even hen, of course, since she's ure to remain at 'Traumeri'—"

"Oh, I'm resigned to that!" Lawrence assured her. "I'm eally quite fond of the old irl. She always means well. All I ask is control of the olace, to give me the right to stop all this continual funny usiness!" He added, "Would it help, do you think, if I applied direct to the owners? Would they consent to a sale over her head?"

"They're not eligible to do so at present," Miss Leslie said. "That was made quite plain the last time when Miss Winnipins actually signed a contract with a firm of speculators who wanted to turn 'Traumeri' into a Cottage Estate and build a Motel and Fun Fair there for tourists."

"But my case is distinctly different!" he contended.

"Oh, I know," she agreed. "I've been thinking it over, you know, and Mr. Corme and I both feel that a lease would be your best hope at this stage. The executors can arrange this, and if you're prepared to accept a five-year term the owners will be of age by the time it expires and able to settle with you one way or the other. Though, of course, Miss Winnipins remains as long as she wishes to."

LAWRENCE was very glad for this hint and said so gratefully. Documents were drawn up and executed by the trustees on the owners' behalf, aided and abetted heartily by Miss Winnipins, whose ideas on the legal aspects were definite if hazy.

Placing his own copy of the precious lease in the local bank for safekeeping, Lawrence breathed a sigh of relief and began to plan ahead with vigor and optimism.

Infused with excitement at so much new activity on the farm, Miss Winnipins was fired with the thought of transforming the old homestead as well.

"All I want," Miss Winnipins declared, gesturing largely, "is a brick terrace and a built-in sun patio. I've always longed for them, the place needs them! And perhaps a swimming-pool and a sunken garden with a fountain."

Lawrence sent an urgent appeal to Mr. Corme's secretary, begging her to meet him for lunch again. He had been thinking of her constantly. Wondering if she had ever considered becoming a farmer's wife.

He and Alwyn met at the same quiet little restaurant and at the same secluded table.

Over the meal, she confessed that Miss Winnipins was the bane of Mr. Corme's busy life. He handled all her monetary arrangements. Cash simply wasn't safe with her; she had a mercurial generosity that would have beggared her in a week. But the office had prepared an estimate of the present-day cost of the improvements to the house that she had asked for, and this was to be forwarded. It was hoped that this would serve to quieten her down.

> **The best introduction to astronomy is to think of the nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's own homestead.**
>
> *— George Eliot*

"I suppose some people," Lawrence murmured, whistling below his breath as he studied an intimidating copy of the estimate, "would say Miss Winnipins is rather nutty. But I like her awfully. She's always so full of beans, and, of course, she spoils me, and I like that."

Alwyn's pretty hands played for a moment with the rearrangement of a flower in the vase in front of her.

Lawrence wondered what would happen if he suddenly imprisoned her hand in one of his. Conversation became spasmodic. He suddenly thought of a question he wanted to ask her. "But couldn't I at least write to the legal owners of 'Traumeri'? I'd like to put my case to them direct.

"You see, if I can't get Miss Winnipins out of my hair and under my control, so to speak, I doubt if I'll survive the next five years! Only last week she blithely let a fellow into the place without consulting me, to fell all our best milling timber. We had a heck of a row over it! She contended that he was out of work and had a large family. Said, 'What are a few trees? They'll always grow again'!"

Alwyn sighed. "But, Lawrence, I keep telling you they're only minors! Of course you can write to them, care of the office, if you like. Mr. Corme is in charge of their affairs. They couldn't possibly sell, though, without his consent, and he couldn't authorise it except in extreme conditions."

Her eyes, big and concerned, looked straight into his. He said, dreamily, dizzily, almost without volition: "You called me Lawrence! Does that mean that you——"

She stubbed out her cigarette and reached for her gloves. She was laughing, but without losing a fraction of her poise.

A reply to Lawrence Avery's letter to the owners of "Traumeri" arrived promptly. In a neat, round, schoolgirl hand it informed him that all business relating to this property was in the hands of Messrs. Hartledge, Corme, and Strought, solicitors, to whom he must apply for information. It was signed "Diana Proud," and addressed from an exclusive boarding school for girls. Well, at least I tried, Lawrence told himself, not confiding in Miss Winnipins. And now, he thought, I'd better get busy and try again on some other tack.

To placate Miss Winnipins over their latest disagreement, and with the rather forlorn hope of pegging her interest to a safe device, Lawrence began to paint the old homestead inside and out in his spare time. Miss Winnipins, delighted with the effect and suddenly fired with enthusiasm for the project, at once took the job out of his hands and into her own because it didn't proceed fast enough for her liking. So Lawrence turned his energies to the several repairs on the house that now became indicated.

He was now writing a weekly account of his progress at "Traumeri" to Mr. Corme's secretary, just for the record. Actually, of course, this was merely to relieve his own feelings; though he was very careful always — or so he imagined — to keep these under control. But when, like a sudden bombshell out of a clear sky, Miss Winnipins announced at breakfast one morning that, since the house was looking so attractive now, it seemed a shame for only two persons to be sharing it, and she had decided to take paying guests, Lawrence sent an immediate appeal for help to Alwyn.

"Honestly, something's got to be done this time!" he agitated when they met together for lunch at their usual spot. "Do you know that she's all set to turn 'Traumeri' into a country guesthouse and wants me to give up all this messing about, as she calls it, and build a nine-hole golf-course, and stock the creek with fish, and arrange for shooting over the paddocks?"

ALWYN said, "If I were you, I'd just let her go ahead. She'll soon tire of the idea and dream up something else. She suffers from hyperactivity of the imaginative faculties, you know; but she's pretty weak on pursuit and perseverance."

"What! And have her guests pot-shotting my young stock?" Lawrence exclaimed, aghast. "And looking for golf balls all through my growing crops?"

Alwyn buttered a roll. "Of course," she remarked, "what you really need is a wife. The right kind of wife would soon find some really useful channel for Miss Winnipins' energies."

"Oh, I know that!" Lawrence agreed readily. "But who is going to marry me when I haven't even a home of my own to offer? A woman can come to a man with nothing but herself. But society today expects a lot more than that from a man when he marries!"

Alwyn looked up suddenly, dazzling him. "Well, here's another suggestion. As far as I can see, your best hope of becoming owner of 'Traumeri' is to marry one of the heirs. The elder Miss Proud is nearly twenty, you know. Why not lay siege in that direction and solve both your problems in one stroke?"

She was laughing at him. But Lawrence was in no mood for a joke on this sacred theme. "Thanks for the hint!" he said. "But there's only one girl in this world I want for my wife, and that's you. And I'm not likely to change my mind on that issue, even if I never own 'Traumeri'! You know that, don't you, Alwyn? You're part of my dream, part of my hope for the future, just as the farm is. That's what makes it all so hard! I love you both so much that it hurts." He quoted bitterly, "'The desire of the moth for the star, of the day for the morrow.'"

"But, nevertheless, 'Traumeri' comes first with you!" Alwyn reminded him gently.

He took a deep, shaken breath. "If you'll marry me," he said, "and give me a few years to make something of myself for you, Miss Winnipins can turn 'Traumeri' into a museum of antiques for all I'll care! There are other farms — but there can never be anyone else but you for me where marriage is concerned."

She looked up at him and he saw that she was laughing. "Oh, Lawrence, you really are a dunderhead!" she told him softly.

The room swam round him briefly as the truth penetrated. "But — But that's impossible!" he stammered. "Your name—"

"Alwyn Lesley Proud," she explained. "Diana is my young sister. And if you hadn't been so blinded by your obsession with 'Traumeri'—"

They were still holding hands and gazing at each other raptly when the waiter coughed discreetly behind them.

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Continuing . . .

EARTH CREATURE

from page 17

After a few seconds Dolly drew away. "How dare you?" she said vaguely.

Bill Jones looked thunderstruck. "I'm . . . I'm sorry," he said. "Something terrible came over me . . ."

". . . and in all likelihood our Martian," continued the professor, "would make his subtlest and most determined effort to win over our young people. It is with the next generation that the invaders will be chiefly concerned. A determined campaign to influence and indoctrinate . . ."

Alertness, that was what was needed! Resistance. Dolly pulled herself together.

"Where did you get that scar on your cheekbone?" she demanded severely.

"My brother clouted me with a hatchet he had. We were playing Indians."

"In the woods at Broadway and Forty-sixth Street?"

"This was later. Do you get on this Torquenmada kick with all your roomers?"

"You don't mind a few friendly questions, do you, friend?"

"You talk as though you don't believe anything I say."

"Pish tush and all that jazz. How did you know my aunt rents rooms?"

"They told me at the station. Do you use a home permanent?"

DOLLY said briefly, "No, I was born with this dreamy natural wave. Are you going to stay long?"

"It all depends." Now Bill Jones began to look crafty. "I'm just . . . ah . . . resting, you might say. Resting from the hurly-burly of city life."

"Just what do you hurl and burl in the city?"

"Oh, nothing that would interest you," said Bill Jones, waving his hand in a light-hearted way. "I potter. That's just a natural wave in your hair, you say?"

"You know, you're kind of a hair nut, aren't you, friend?"

Bill Jones smiled mysteriously. "Woman's crowning glory and all that jazz," he said. "This jasper on the television, is he your uncle or something?"

"No. Why?"

"He strikes me as a little on the gassy end."

"I'll bet he strikes you that way," said Dolly, with a penetrating look. "He makes it easier to do my homework. But he seems to make you kind of nervous, doesn't he, friend? I wonder why."

Bill Jones shook his head "No, you're the one who makes me nervous," he said gravely. "You'd better show me my room."

"Up the stairs. You go first."

Dolly watched Bill Jones pick up his bag and start up the stairs ahead of her. Every desirable male quality she had ever been able to imagine was in this man — but that was part of their plan. She made her voice cold as she turned on the light in Bill Jones' room and waved him in. "My aunt's asleep next door," she said. "So when you sleep — if you do sleep — don't snore. Good night."

An hour later, Dolly was still lying awake in her own room at the end of the hall, thinking hard about Bill Jones, when she suddenly bounced upright in bed. She thought she heard his voice outside. In fact, she was sure of it.

She sneaked to her door and opened it a crack. Bill Jones was standing at the end of the hall speaking very quietly into the upstairs telephone extension.

". . . established myself here without any difficulty," Bill Jones was saying. "A typical house for this community — middle-middle. No, sir. They don't suspect anything. I've only talked to the girl. She's eighteen. Yes. Fits right in with the plan, doesn't it? I just wanted to report, sir."

Goose bumps rose all over Dolly. Her blood ran cold. Her spine tingled. How did a girl get the President on the phone? J. Edgar Hoover?

Bill Jones continued in a barely audible voice. "You're sending her here tomorrow? Shall I pretend not to recognise her? I see. All right. I'll be in a drugstore near the high school. Of course. First thing in the morning. In depth, don't worry about that, sir. When our frame of reference is widened, we can pinpoint our final target. What? The girl here in the house? About typically other-directed, I think. Good study. No, I've already found out something about her."

Dolly, straining her ears at the crack in the door, shifted her position and a hinge squeaked. Quickly, Bill Jones looked over his shoulder.

"I've got to go now, sir," he whispered. "I'll keep in touch. Ciao." He disappeared into his room.

Dolly shut her door and leaned against it, her heart pounding away crazily. There was no shred of doubt left now. She had actually heard the whole plan with her own ears. Oh, the fiend in human form! Even if it was such a beautiful human form. But who would believe her story? She was now in the same boat with the old lady over in Pottsville. She could see J. Edgar Hoover patting her on the head and telling her to go gather her marbles.

Evidence — that was it. Proof. Find out their plan. Spy on Bill Jones night and day. She must be able to present a case to J. Edgar Hoover that was so open and shut it would look like a swinging door.

The next day was Saturday. No school, a good spying day. Bill Jones got up late — which struck Dolly as a little on the sluggish end for a dedicated space scout — but when he finally came down he looked dreamy.

"I thought I'd just go downtown," said Bill Jones. "I noticed a drugstore near the high school. Is that a good place to go?"

"It depends on what you're looking for. The school kids hang out there a lot."

"They won't bother me."

"I'll bet they won't."

"I hope you're not sore at me about last night. I mean, kissing you in what you might call that impulsive way."

"Just watch yourself is all."

"Thanks. Well, ciao."

"What's with this chow?" asked Dolly.

"Italian for goodbye. That's an absolutely natural thing in your hair?"

"Hair, hair . . ."

"I know, I know. Well, see you later."

After a judicious interval Dolly followed. She eased into the drugstore near the high school and, armed with a notebook and pencil, she took up an inconspicuous post behind the popcorn machine. Bill Jones was seated at the counter eating a couple of fried eggs and smiling at the teenage girl who was waiting on him.

"You must take a lot of trouble with your hair to get that oh-so-natural-looking wave in it," Bill Jones said.

Hair again. Dolly could figure missile-launching areas, radar stations, maybe power dams — but hair?

Maybe they had some

To page 48

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Continuing . . . EARTH CREATURE

from page 46

electrical way of getting into your brains through your hair. Dolly made her first note on her pad: "Beware hair."

A young woman came into the drugstore. She wore a black tailored suit, a little hat, an enormous handbag, and slanty dark glasses with purple rims. She had a bash-o figure and a beautiful face, that is, if you think snakes have beautiful faces. She sat down at the opposite end of the counter from Bill Jones.

After a while Bill Jones caught sight of her, and Dolly dug the look that passed between them. Dolly knew in a flash who this was from the phone conversation of last night. She wrote in her pad: "11.27 a.m. — reinforcement. She assigned to boys? Undermine their hair?"

This new one got up and wandered over to the cosmetics counter just like someone with nothing on her mind, and finally sloped on out the front door. Bill Jones got up a moment later and hurried toward the door. He stepped sideways into Dolly behind the popcorn machine. He smiled his devastating smile. "Hi," he said, studying her appreciatively. "Spying on me?"

Oh, the devilish cleverness of him. He was talking about spying. "I'm making notes for a novel I'm about to write, if you've got to know my innermost secret," Dolly said, with a lightning-like cunning that took her breath away. "What are you holding my hand for?"

"I'm not—I don't think," said Bill Jones, quickly dropping her hand. "I've got to go now."

"You'd better not keep her waiting. They might not like it—upstairs." Dolly pointed straight at the ceiling.

He rushed out the door. Dolly pasted her face to the glass. Bill Jones hurried up the street for half a block, looked over his shoulder in both directions like an escaping prisoner, then darted into a slinky black convertible.

In the car, Bill Jones shot a look out the back window. "That girl," he said, "that Dolly in the house I live in—I think she suspects something."

"Is she the pretty one by the popcorn machine with the sort of insane look?" asked beautiful snake-face.

"That's the one. She keeps asking me peculiar questions. I'm afraid she might have overheard some of the conversation I had with your father last night, Penelope."

This Penelope gave Bill Jones a sharp look. "That wasn't very clever of you, was it, dear?" she said. "As Daddy has pointed out to you dozens of times, if our subjects are aware that we are researching their subjective buying motivations, our effectiveness in eventually engineering their consent will be reduced in precise arithmetical ratio to their phychological comprehension of the basic process to which they are being subjected. Hasn't Daddy told you that dozens of times?"

"He's told me," Bill Jones sighed.

"Darling, I really think," Penelope continued, "that sometimes you're a little careless about your work. Daddy's been very generous in offering to take such a young man into the firm after we're married, so he very naturally is expecting some high performance from you."

"Sure," said Bill Jones, sighing again.

"That's why Daddy sent me up here."

"He certainly has a lot of faith in me, has Daddy-O."

"He has, Bill. He just wonders sometimes whether you have enough faith in yourself."

"Do you wonder, too, Penelope?"

Penelope's throaty laugh filled the car. "About you?" she said. "Not any more, darling. But when I first met you, you were such a paradigm of individualism."

"A what?"

"You were so inner-directed. You did whatever you wanted to do without relating yourself to the group. I wondered then, naturally."

"Naturally," said Bill Jones dully.

"There you were, just out of college, wasting yourself running that ridiculous little gun shop. Why don't you kiss me?"

"Okay," Bill Jones said, and when Penelope had stopped the car he kissed her.

Penelope smoothed her hair and sat up straight. "Now," she said briskly, "let's get on with the challenging job ahead. I'll review the story. Statistics show us that in this county the sales of home permanent wave products are 80 per cent. below the national average. If we can depth-probe the cause of this customer resistance and reverse the sales picture, we'll have a six-figure national account for keeps."

RATHER sadly Bill said, "I thought I was going to do this job alone, Penelope."

"You are, darling. After I've checked just a few routine chemical run-throughs over in Pottsville I'm going straight back to New York. I just want to help you all I can, Bill.

"Since the youth market is our logical target, why don't you start with this Dolly girl?"

"Okay," said Bill Jones.

"You know Daddy's techniques. Dig down to her subconscious motivations — her prejudices, her psychological resistances. Use the ink-blot, the word association, the sentence completion."

They drove to Dolly's house. Bill Jones got out of the car. "I'll keep in touch," he said.

Bill Jones walked into the house and up to his room. His step was determined. From his suitcase he took the tools of his trade. He concentrated on the word-association tests — words subtly calculated to evoke responses from Dolly that would reveal her prejudices and attitudes towards home permanent waves.

Bill Jones studied the list until he had it by heart. Then he set his jaw and marched downstairs. Dolly was on the front porch staring at her notebook. When she saw him she quickly shut the notebook and sat on it.

"Hi," said Bill Jones, "have you got a minute?"

"I don't know. Have I?" said Dolly. "What was the report from you-know-where?"

"Don't start talking crazy again. You want to play a word game?"

"What for?"

"Pass the time of day. I'll say a word and then you say a word — the first word that comes into your head, right?"

"We're off."

"Wave."

"Tidal."

"Permanent."

"Temporary."

"Home."

"Sweet home."

"Hair."

"Lip."

"What?"

"Not."

"No, no . . ." Bill Jones protested.

"Yes, yes."

"Wait!"

"For me."

"Oh, all right. Hair."

"Crazy."

"Mars."

"Hair."

"Curly."

"Whose?"

"Yours."

"What about it?"

Dolly's face grew scarlet. Oh, what an insidious game! She must keep her head. Think before she spoke. She stared back defiantly at Bill Jones. "Nothing about it. Go ahead," she said. "I get to do you next."

"Charm," said Bill Jones.

"Farm."

"Beauty."

"Duty."

"Love."

"J. Edgar Hoover."

"J. Edgar Hoover?" Bill Jones echoed.

"You bet."

"Attraction."

"Subtraction."

"Woman's crowning glory."

"Shmory."

"Wave."

"Some."

"Sexy."

"Dark-blue eyes, cleft chin, square white teeth, scar . . . No, no!" Dolly clamped her jaws shut. She was out of control again. Firm. Stop that jazz! "Now, you," she said. "Ready?"

"But that's not . . ."

"Black," Dolly said firmly.

"White."

"Planet."

"Mars."

"Ho-ho. Spy."

"Business."

"Invasion."

"Started."

Dolly's skin crept. "Hair."

"Lustrous natural - looking wave."

"Happiness."

"Guns."

"How much do you have?"

"Guns!"

"Any kind of guns. What are you looking at me like that for?"

"Then . . ." Dolly was staring at him with bug-eyed awe unconcealed. " . . . then you admit it?"

"Admit what?"

"What . . . what you're here for. I heard you on the telephone."

Now it was Bill Jones who was staring. "You mean," he said, "you mean, you know?"

Dolly nodded her reeling head. Her heart was hammering violently. She'd actually trapped him into a confession! What was her next move? She went on staring into the beautiful dark blue eyes — and suddenly she knew that she couldn't just turn him in to J. Edgar Hoover, not without giving him a chance.

"Oh, Bill Jones," she said, "or whoever you are, I beg you, don't do this thing! You're too fine and good for this. I can tell by your eyes."

"You really think so?" he said.

"Oh, I do! Trying to take us over in that spying way. Undermining our hair. How could you do it!"

"But you make it sound as though I were some kind of monster. It's just a business."

"Business! You mean you've done it before? And you're not ashamed?"

"Well, sometimes. I've thought maybe . . . No!"

"Hey, you holding my hand again."

"I know. It won't hurt you."

"You're only saying what they want you to say!" Dolly said, taking his other hand.

"Isn't there something you really want to do?"

"Well . . . I shouldn't say . . ."

"I know it! What is it?"

"Guns."

Dolly jerked upright, dropping his hands. "You're only pretending! You just want to shoot, shoot, shoot!"

"No, no, you don't understand," Bill Jones said, grabbing her hands again. "Not to shoot. There's something about guns. I used to have a little place—" He stopped himself severely. "What am I telling you this for? You have a kind of funny effect on me. I must be crazy. I've got to go on. I have a great future. Some day I'll be—"

Dolly rushed again into the breach. "Oh, be strong, Bill Jones!" she cried. "Let me be strong with you!"

"Dolly," Bill Jones said, looking very worried. "Dolly, I—I think I'd better . . ." And then he kissed her again and she kissed him, and while they were kissing there on the front porch a car drove up in front of the house, only they didn't notice it.

"Well, Bill," said Penelope's voice, making a sound like two icicles being rubbed together, "researching in depth?"

Bill Jones looked up, somewhat glassy-eyed. "Hello, Penelope," he said. "I seem to be kissing Dolly here."

"I suppose I should say I'm shocked," said Penelope. "But I'm not really. Only hurt. You bring that side out in girls. What I can't forgive you for is your inattention to the all-consuming job at hand. Oh, Bill, you make me wonder if Daddy isn't right about you."

"You mean you don't mind if I kiss Dolly?" said Bill Jones.

"I'd mind if I thought it meant anything, but of course I know it doesn't. In spite of everything, I have too much faith in your intelligence to think you'd throw away your opportunity with Daddy and me on this child."

"Just where," Dolly interrupted, addressing Bill Jones in a voice of deadly calm, "does this character fit into the overall picture?"

"Why, she's . . ."

"You can tell her the truth, Bill," said Penelope. "The jig's up, anyhow. That's what I came back to tell you."

"You mean," said Dolly, "that the invasion is off?"

"The preliminary motivation-research assault is cancelled, if that's what you mean," Penelope said coldly. She turned to Bill Jones. "I've just seen the chemist's analysis of the local water supply. There's an unusual combination of chemicals in the water around here. If a person grows up drinking it, it gives a natural wave to his hair. It's a marketing challenge."

"I could have told you that," said Dolly, "but I don't see . . ."

"Well, the manufacturers of a home permanent wave, Dolly," said Bill Jones, "you know, the people we're working for, they . . ."

"Uh, if you'll just hold on for a moment," said Dolly. "Now, that part about permanent waves—would you mind just repeating that part."

"You said you knew about it, Dolly," said Bill Jones. "You know — the people who sent us up here to find out why girls around here don't buy home permanents. That's why . . . Hey, if you didn't think that, what did you think?"

For a moment Dolly's face went as empty of expression as a fresh-laid egg. Then, very gradually, came a change — a look of unbridled, frenzied ecstasy. "Do you mean," she said, a sort of strangulation obscuring her words, "you're not . . . you know . . . from . . ." Dolly gestured vaguely in an upward direction.

"This girl," commented Penelope, "is a paradigm of disassociation. Come on, Bill, darling. Daddy can't hold this little failure against you once I've explained the facts to him."

"I guess you're right," said Bill Jones. He held his hand out to Dolly. "I hope you're not mad at me on account of my depth-probing. It's just my living. Well, goodbye, Dolly."

Dolly stared at him wretchedly. "No, I'm not mad," she said. "Are you going now?"

"Naturally we're going now," said Penelope briskly. "The broad highway of psychological marketing lies ahead of us. Come, Bill darling."

She got into the car and Bill Jones got into the car, and they drove out of sight.

Dolly sat for a long time on the steps before she went into the house. It was her considered judgment that her life now lay in shattered fragments. Fate had miraculously dumped the man of her dreams into her lap and she had managed to dump him right out again. She wondered if her uncle's hunting rifle in the hall closet was loaded.

Dusk turned to dark. Her aunt came out of the house and said she was going to the movies. Dolly finally got up and went into the house. Mechanically she turned on the television. There was the professor again. There had been reports of further landings, it seemed. The professor had been asked to expand on his earlier broadcast. It was quiet. You could hear a pin drop. She heard an anvil drop. Anyway, it sounded like an anvil, upstairs.

DOLLY tiptoed to the hall closet and got out the hunting rifle. Holding her breath, she sneaked up the stairs.

A slit of light shone under the guestroom door. Dolly held the rifle out and charged, crying in a quavering voice, "Stick - em - up - help - police-murder-get-out!"

Bill Jones looked up from where he was packing a suitcase on the bed. "It's only me," he said. "I came up a tree and through the window."

"Why didn't you come in the front door?"

"Frankly, I didn't want to see you. You have a peculiar effect on me. For instance, you've just ruined my life."

"I have?" asked Dolly. "Where's old beautiful snake-face?"

"If you mean Penelope, she's through with me. And so will her father be. Something happened to me and I told her I didn't think depth-probing was the most important thing in the world."

"How did she take that?"

"It was a terrible sight. Finally, I told her I was finished. And here I am. The chance of a lifetime gone. A ruined man."

Dolly's heart leapt up into her throat. The hunting rifle shook in her hands. The voi of the professor drifted up stairwell. He was still talki about antennae and webbe feet.

"Well, that's too bad," Doll said. "But I don't see just wh it's my fault."

"It's because," began Bi Jones, looking around him a trapped kind of way, "whe I'm with you there's this craz illogical . . . I've got to go."

"But where are you going?"

"I don't know yet. You ca put that gun down now. Good bye." Bill Jones picked up hi suitcase and started out th window. Then he stopped turned slowly back, and let hi suitcase clatter to the floor He was pointing. His voic was unsteady. "That gun," he said, "where did you ge it?"

"Oh, it's just an old huntin rifle. My Uncle Fred left it t me in his will. He used to sh girls . . ."

"Dolly," Bill said, in th tone of voice people use i cathedrals, "that rifle you' holding in your hands is a .6 calibre rim-fire Merganser ten shot lever-action repeater mad in Esthonia at the end of 194 and embodies a unique bor part cone and part cylinde with a special flanged bulle the flanges folding back again . . ."

"Wait!" Dolly said. "All th jazz, that's good or bad?"

"Good or . . . Dolly," sai Bill Jones, trembling all ove "the Merganser factory ble up after they'd made only tw hundred of the .60 calibe Merganser ten-shot. Nobod has ever produced — Why, if like finding another Mona Li or a great auk. Could I ju hold it a second?"

"Sure," said Dolly. "I don' think it's loaded."

"It couldn't possibly b loaded," said Bill Jone "Why, the ammunition is scarce as the gun. Watch." H pulled the trigger, blasting hole the diameter of a cant loupe in the wall.

"I guess Uncle Fred didn hunt much," Dolly said.

But Bill Jones wasn't listen ing. "I've fired a Mergans .60!" he cried madly. "It's lik saying I've been to the moo Dolly! Just look at that hole!

"Yes, yes," Dolly said dull

"Just to have done that, I' buy your aunt a new house, n just a new wall! Dolly," Bi Jones said, "you say th Merganser .60 is yours?"

Dolly nodded. "You mean it valuable, worth some money?

"A Merganser .60," sa Bill Jones, "is beyond pric It should be lived with, che ished, loved, like a wife, n thrown into the comme marketplace. Dolly . . ."

"Ho-ho."

Bill Jones turned his fa from the Merganser to Doll "Is there a shop in this town he asked. "A gun shop?"

"No."

Now that he had final looked directly at Dolly, whic he had been careful not to d before, he moved towards h like a sleepwalker. With infini tenderness he set the Mergans .60 on the bed and with equ tenderness he took Dolly in h arms.

"Dolly," he said, "there's n use in my fighting it an longer. To find the beautifu Brilliant girl you've alwa wanted with naturally wav hair who owns a Mergans .60. It's like . . ."

"Yeah, yeah?" said Doll smiling up at Bill Jones co tentedly.

". . . but I think we need n necessarily assume comple invincibility for our Bill Jones continued the voice of the pr fessor downstairs. "It is perha even possible that one of o earth creatures could manip late the emotions of Bill Jon until he became as tame any Earth husband. W knows? But let us not assu too much for one night . .

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PEG-LEG TUMBLER

● Bill Wareham's career really began way back in the cradle, when he got polio as a baby.

NOW, at 36, Bill's a peg-legged balancing buccaneer in an unusual act with his young English wife, Marcia, at the Tivoli in Sydney.

He uses a varnished peg-leg for his act — he made it himself — but for his private use he has an artificial one.

He is broad-shouldered, wears a beard, and has happy, twinkling eyes.

Bill, who is from New Zealand, has got to the top through courage, determination, and humor — but it's been hard going at times.

Until he was 13, Bill was too ill to do anything much, and his legs were in irons. Then he started weight-lifting, hand-balancing, and acrobatics to develop his upper body.

"Eventually I was good enough to join a troupe as a hand-balancer, and we toured New Zealand," he said. "Then came the war, and I joined the Army as a Grade 2 dental mechanic."

Years of pain

All this time Bill was having trouble with his paralysed leg, and finally in 1951 he was given the choice of having it amputated or waiting for possible new treatment.

"I'd been through five years of pain with it, and I thought anything would be better than going on and just waiting," he said.

"For a long time after the amputation I was depressed, and wondered whether I'd done the right thing. I'm quite sure now that I did."

Then began the job of getting a suitable artificial leg. He finally made one himself for practice work in his acrobatics, sold everything he had, and went to England to the Queen Mary Hospital, Roehampton, for a rehabilitation course.

As a result of the course, Bill has only a slight limp when he walks with his artificial leg.

Bill was short of money by the time he left hospital, but finally managed to get into the Forces' Show just before the Coronation.

From then, Bill got jobs in variety shows up and down England.

That's where tall, slender Marcia came into the picture.

"I was singing in musical comedy when I was offered a job with Bill for one week," she said. "He was getting very despondent, and talked about giving it up and coming back to Australia.

"I raced around to agents and got us work for 11 weeks."

By this time they were engaged.

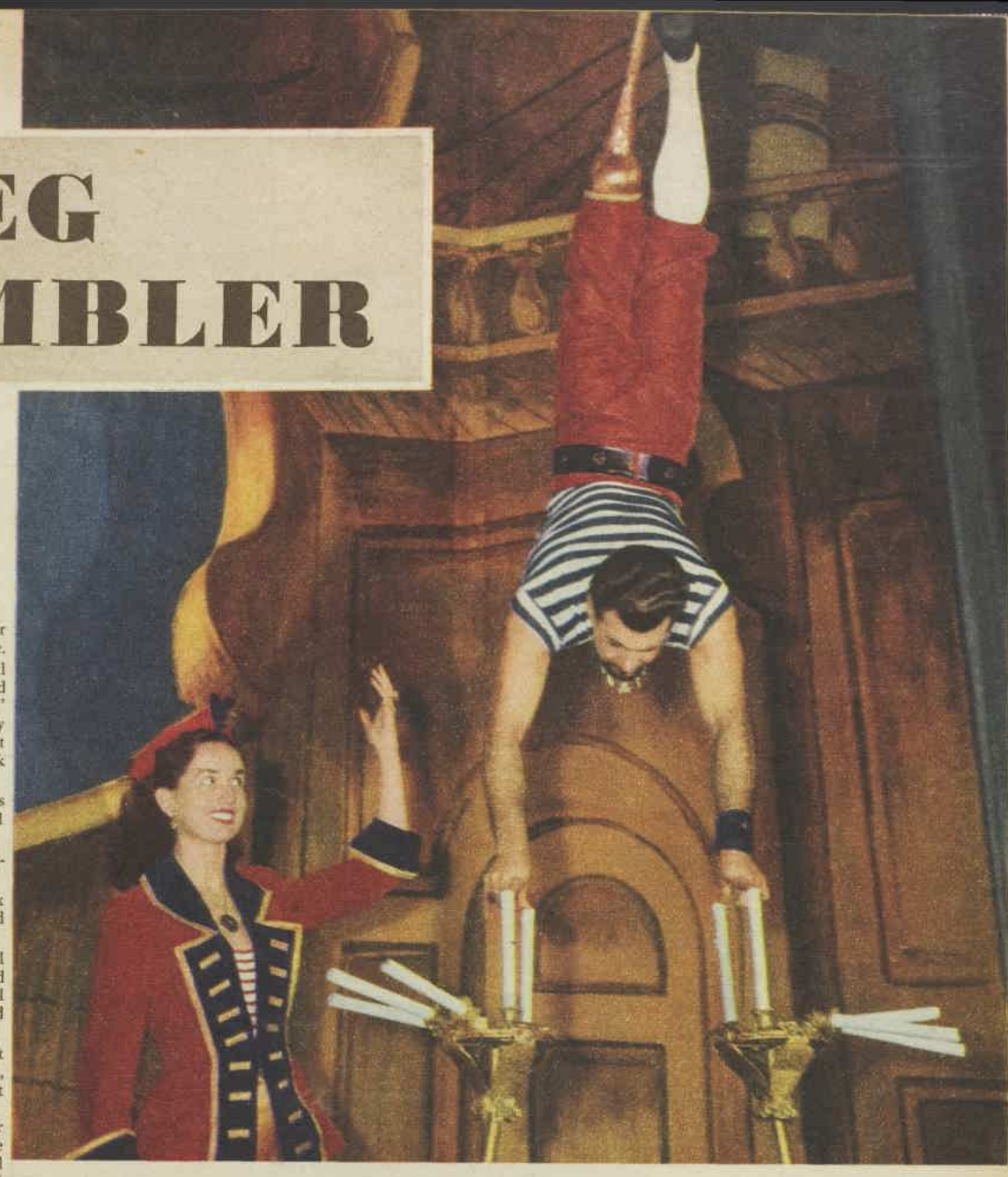
Then bad luck struck again — Marcia fell ill, and had to give up the act.

"Bill got other work, to fill in. In 1958 we were married and everything's gone all right since then," Marcia said happily.

The pair are hoping to get to New Zealand on this trip, when their Tivoli contract ends.

"My parents have never seen Marcia, and they've never seen the act. So we'll get home somehow, even if we have to swim," Bill said, laughingly.

And that's about as far into the future as they've looked.



BILL WAREHAM balances on four candles, with wife Marcia in attendance. Bill made nearly all the stage props.

PARTNERS Bill and Marcia wear these buccaneer costumes, with flamboyant jewellery, in their balancing act.

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New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average
★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ THE ROYAL BALLET

Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

FILMED by Dr. Paul Czinner (of Bolshoi Ballet fame) on the stage at Covent Garden, the Royal Ballet Company gives enthralling performances of three ballets: the second act of "Swan Lake," "Firebird," and "Ondine."

Dancing the three title roles, Dame Margot Fonteyn is on stage — with her partner, Michael Somes — for the greater part of the film.

Budding ballerinas will be glad of the camera close-ups of Margot's magnificent footwork.

But while these close-ups (the result of 11 expert cameras all shooting from different angles) seat the viewer on the stage itself, they tend to destroy the overall effect and balance of the ballet.

New to the Royal Ballet repertoire is "Ondine," first produced in 1958.

This is a spectacle of ingenious costumes and brilliant sets, highlighted by the stormy shipwreck sequence. The rolling of the ship, the flashing lightning, and pounding waves are sensational.

But perhaps the gem of the film is Fonteyn in her "Firebird" solo, with her crackling red tu-tu against a blue-black backdrop picked out by an amber spot.

Music is consistently good under the direction of Hugo Rignold.

In a word . . . CLASSICAL.

★★ THE GAZEBO

Comedy, with Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds. Liberty, Sydney.

A WACKY murder farce, this film version of the Broadway comedy hit is full of laughs.

Glenn Ford, writer and director of TV mysteries, is so victimised by a nasty blackmailer he stages a real-life murder set.

With shattered nerves, shifty glances, and crazy purchases (including a miner's helmet for after-dark vision and a grave-digger's shovel), he prepares his crime in hilarious detail—takes a shaky potshot at his target—and almost passes out.

All is confusion when Ford's six-by-four hole, dug in the fresh foundations of his gazebo (summerhouse), is filled in by a friendly contractor (John McGiver), and when Ford learns his "stiff" is not the blackmailer.

Hilarity rises to a peak in what to do with the strange "bod."

But it's the zany plot and clever dialogue which give the humor. The actors are no match for this material.

Ford's a nice guy but no comedian. He tries to explain every joke. And Debbie Reynolds, his baffled wife, is so saccharine she sickens.

In a word . . . ROLLICKING.

★★ LOVE IS MY PROFESSION

Drama, with Brigitte Bardot, Jean Gabin, Edwige Feuillere. Prince Edward, Sydney.

BASED on Georges Simenon's controversial novel, this sexy story of a respectable man's fling with a cheap young beauty is technically and subtly well told.

Bardot is a "semi-professional street woman." As business is slow, she holds up a jewellery store with another street-walker.

Caught in the act, B.B. runs off to hire famous lawyer Jean Gabin. He agrees to accept B.B.'s favors as payment.

At the risk of his professional standing, Gabin gets his client acquitted with a trumped-up defence, then calls to collect his fee.

Despite his wife's (Edwige Feuillere) discreet pleadings, the stolid lawyer falls under the girl's spell, establishing her in an elegant apartment. The end is sudden, violent and squalid.

With deft camera play under the slick guidance of French director Claude Autant-Lara, even the most suggestive love scenes do not offend. The series of amours, spiced with French wit, are punctuated with humorous little episodes.

Gabin is stonily superb as the old sugar-daddy who knows he'll pay plenty and doesn't care. Edwige Feuillere excels in her interpretation of the shrewd French woman who fully understands what's happening. And love Number 2, Franco Interlenghi is fierce and touching as he pits his youth against money.

But Bardot is just Bardot with another script. She lacks the weight her role demands.

In a word . . . FRANK.

★★ FRAULEIN ROSEMARIE

Drama, with Nadja Tiller, Peter Van Eyck, Mario Adorf, and Carl Raddatz. Savoy, Sydney.

THIS tense and artistically photographed film is based on the notorious 1956 murder of Rosemarie Nitribitt, a German call-girl.

Blond Nadja Tiller, who plays the part of Rosemarie, uses her beauty to enchant tycoons.

She rises from the gutter but oversteps the mark when she uses her charms and apartment to trick the businessmen into giving away private and business secrets.

Nadja Tiller is as fascinating as she is talented.

Peter Van Eyck plays the French business spy who eventually causes Nadja's downfall—and death.

Two basement - dwelling minstrels, Horst and Walt (Mario Adorf and J. Herbst), add a light touch as they wander the back streets of Frankfurt idly stealing and blackmailing.

Unfortunately, much of the meaning of the dialogue is lost in the translation.—P.J.

In a word . . . PROVOCATIVE.

Studio gossip

THE Oriental craze, which began in Hollywood, is fast catching on in British studios. At Shepperton, Richard Quine has completed "World of Suzie Wong," starring Nancy Kwan, Michael Wilding, and William Holden, while at Bray Studios work has begun on "Terror of the Tongs." Their film doesn't go as far east as "Suzie Wong," being concerned more with the outbreak of Tong warfare around London's East End at the beginning of the century.

★ ★ ★

FRANCE may soon have a national film censor, replacing the scores of municipal and prefect censorship boards that now dot the country. Film circles in Paris have mixed feelings about this possibility. One school of thought is all for the idea because it will bring all censorship problems under the one roof. The opposite view is that national censorship will make it even harder for so-called "questionable" and "adult" stories to be filmed. Under the present system, a film may be banned in one city and shown in another.

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD hears that Liz Taylor may need all the millions of dollars she'll reap from her next few movies. Liz personally underwrote a one-and-a-half-million - dollar loan floated by her stepson, Mike Todd, jun., for his "smell-o'-vision" film, "Scent of Mystery." The picture's first showings proved disappointing, with the prospect now that the film may be recalled, purged of his scent gimmicks, and released again as a regular feature.

★ ★ ★

EDDIE FISHER has become the editor of Liz Taylor's biography. Months ago Liz sold her story to a London newspaper—for a reported 125,000 dollars. Liz, of course, hasn't time to read every line, so she's turned the job over to Eddie.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

SENTIMENTAL journey with a historic link for Mrs. Ernest Quick, of Burradoo—she was the guest of the Commonwealth Government at the recent unveiling of a plaque to her great-grand-uncle, explorer John McDouall Stuart, at Attack Creek, near Tennant Creek, in the Northern Territory.

She's come home laden with specimens from local mines ("but not much gold unfortunately"), aboriginal weapons and a very warm spot in her heart for Territoreans.

"The population of Tennant Creek is only 1400, yet £1200 was raised by the Centenary Ball Queen competition," she said.

Lively highlights of the celebrations recalled by Mrs. Quick include a walking race won by Mrs. Julie Baird, who covered six miles in eighty minutes; a corroboree by Warrabri natives; and a hilarious walking-running duel by two Tennant Creek identities who raced each other down the main street.

★ ★ ★

MY Melbourne spy says there were laughs in the foyer as well as on stage, at the gala first night of "The Pleasure of His Company," at the Comedy Theatre, when glamorously gowned theatregoers confided how they were keeping warm during the "big freeze." Mrs. Claudia Creswick lifted the hem of her soignee midnight-blue chiffon frock to reveal thick black woollen stockings, and Mrs. Peter Gray, the daughter of Chief of the Air Staff Sir Frederick Scherger, and Lady Scherger, of Canberra, was snug in black matador pants under her japonica-red bouffant frock. Lady Lloyd Jones and decorative Mrs. Hector Livingston were also among first-nighters applauding stars Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner.

★ ★ ★

CHIC South American newcomer is petite, titian-haired, blue-eyed Mrs. Louis Burke, wife of the new Assistant Trade Commissioner for Canada. Until they find a three-bedroom house or flat in the eastern suburbs, with rooms, too, for entertaining, they are living at Kinneil. Mrs. Burke, who is from Buenos Aires, speaks four languages. And I hear she shines at making dishes from down Argentine way.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a year at Mon Fertile, the noted finishing school in the Swiss Alps, and several months of travel abroad, Virginia Carpenter is flying home on July 15. Incidentally, on the eve of sailing in Oronsay to "finish" at Mon Fertile, are Trangie friends Deidre Mack and Sarah Croudace.

★ ★ ★

SO they could arrive home feeling they had seen not only the world, but Australia's wide open spaces, too, Mary Conlon, of Wollstonecraft, and Robin Ritchie, of St. Ives, made an impromptu decision to leave their ship from England at Fremantle, and hitch-hike across the Nullarbor Plain. From Ceduna, in far west South Australia, they flew to Melbourne, where they reboarded the ship they had left, and made a conventional return to Sydney in the liner.

★ ★ ★

FORMER Sydneysiders Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elsworth are beaming to be back here after a long exile in the United States and Melbourne. They have taken the John Bovills' flat at Bellevue Hill for six months. They explain they are only "half here" until the end of the year because they are still keeping their Toorak home, too, so there is no untimely break in the studies of their schoolboy son Frank and daughter Joy, who is doing art in Melbourne. They are shopping round for land to build a contemporary-design house near an anchorage for their 38ft. cruiser Eileen Marie. During their Melbourne residence they flew up at weekends to sail her.

INTERESTING WEDDING. Ross Field and his bride, formerly Anne Campbell, leaving St. Paul's Church, Wahroonga, for small family reception given by the groom's mother, Mrs. T. A. Field, of "Mahratta," Wahroonga. The bride wore an orchid satin coat over her matching frock.

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People and Parties

SYDNEY VISITOR to Melbourne for the Grand National Meeting was Mrs. Sam Hordern (on right) snapped with her daughter Mrs. Baillieu Myer and Lady Clarke (centre) between races at Flemington. Beautiful furs and tailored tweeds were worn by women racegoers to combat the bitterly cold weather.

SMILES from David ("Beau") Robinson, of "Cumalong," Brocklehurst, and his bride, formerly Jane Persse, leaving St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, by car for reception at the Queensland Club given by Jane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Persse, of "Eskdale West," Esk, Queensland. Jane wore an antique veil with her white satin wedding gown.

BETWEEN DANCES. David Allen, of Lindfield, and Barbara Franks, of Lane Cove, at the Fourth of July Ball arranged by the American Society at the Trocadero to celebrate American Independence Day. Barbara wore a pale pink nylon organza gown with shoestring straps.

SHOWER of rose petals greeted Neville Male and his bride, formerly Helen Ferguson, as they left St. Aidan's Church, Longueville. After a caravan honeymoon they will live on Neville's property, "Woodlawn," Henty. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ferguson, of Longueville.

JUST WED. Michael Burston, of "Yallambee," Mulwala, and his bride, formerly Lois Bott, of "Moreland," Yarrawonga, Victoria, after their wedding at Christ Church, South Yarra, Melbourne. A reception at 9 Darling Street followed the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bott.

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THE CHAMP . . . PERRY MASON

PERRY MASON, blue-eyed, 6ft. 2in. Raymond Burr in real life, is all-time undefeated champion lawyer. He has never lost a case, although every week of his career in the entertaining TV show he battles against tough opposition. Some viewers complain, but Perry explains blandly that he can't lose. "All my clients are innocent," he says. Perry, back on Australian TV after an absence of six months, quickly ran up a top rating that matched the pre-eminence he enjoyed before his long vacation.

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Dreams for winners and losers

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Australia's richest cash quiz, "Coles £3000 Question," is sure to skyrocket to popularity with televiewers. Everyone dreams of riches, and this show has dreams for both winners and losers.

GOOD-LOOKING TRIO who make the "Coles £3000 Question" Quiz show go, with a lot of youthful charm. From left: Janet Mead, Malcolm Searle, and Beverley Robbins.

THE top prize in the show is £3000 cash. If you get that far and fall down on the final question, the consolation prize is a Zephyr Fordomatic sedan car—which is consolation with a capital C.

The show is a simple question-and-answer quiz, with 10 questions answered over six shows. Four people appear in every show, and any of them is able to withdraw at any stage, taking with him the money he has already won.

It's all beyond the wildest dreams of cash for knowledge, and already has a waiting list of contestants.

Money and the happiness that goes with success seem to surround the new quiz.

The beaming smile of its compere, Malcolm Searle, 28, comes from ambition realised.

Searle is a newcomer to TV. He was chosen from more than 100 auditioned applicants, and when he got the big job of compere he was a feature disc jockey on a Brisbane radio station.

He's good-looking, married, 6ft. tall, with auburn hair worn in a short-back-and-sides cut. He is mad about summer sports—water ski-ing, swimming, rowing—and about his new job.

Assisting him, as on-camera hostesses, are two young Melbourne housewives with glamor-plus. They are Mrs. Beverley Robbins and Mrs. Janet Mead, both 23.

Contestants come from all over Australia, and are flown to Melbourne, where the programme originates, to take part.

* * *

EVERY so often Australia's live TV comes good in a big way. It did this recently in ABC-TV's live drama "Mine Own Executioner."

"Mine Own Executioner" has always been one of my favorite books. Written by Nigel Balchin, it is the story of a successful London psychiatrist, Felix Milne, whose personal life and marriage are disordered and unhappy.

His professional life is difficult, too, because he is not medically qualified. He is a brilliant lay analyst, unacceptable to many conservative medical men.

The heart of the story is Milne's attempt to treat Adam Lucian, a schizophrenic ex-war pilot, who is apparently sane, but who has twice attempted to murder his wife.

Lucian's mental trouble stems from his relationship with his mother, with whom, as a child, he fell in love. The unfolding of his case history by the psychiatrist made a fascinating book.

It made a woeful movie. The film-writers pussy-footed round the story obviously afraid to offend, until the focus of the story changed and became completely different.

When "Mine Own Executioner" was advertised as an ABC-TV drama, I groaned, expecting painful viewing. I thought it would be impossible to translate into acceptable TV form, and impossible, too, to accept Brian James as Milne. I could only think of him as irascible Captain Bligh, of "Stormy Petrel."

TELEVISION PARADE

But how wrong I was. The adaptation of the book for TV by John Hopkins was skilful, acceptable, and on an adult level rarely seen on TV.

Brian James gave a polished performance, without the slightest hint of Bligh. The difficult role of the patient was played by Edward Brayshaw, and was sometimes frighteningly real.

I'd vote "Mine Own Executioner" the best live TV drama yet.

A domestic tribute to the excellence of the production came from a busy mother of four little children.

"It was the first TV show I've ever seen that made me forget the washing-up," she told me.

"I can never get all my chores finished by 8.30, and if I watch something at that time I always have an uncomfortable niggle at the back of my mind.

"I didn't have a niggle once in this. At the end I was shocked to find it was 10 o'clock and the washing-up was still waiting."

* * *

ANOTHER unexpectedly good piece of TV came from "This Is Television," a documentary presented live by Melbourne's Channel 9.

It lasted an hour and took viewers behind the TV screen.

When TV started nearly four years ago, stations did quite a bit of this sort of thing, and the unrelated mess of cords, lights, camera, and action on the studio floor was often hard to unscramble.

But "This Is Television" had a tight script, well delivered, and gave a clear and interesting picture of what goes on.

Viewers saw the rehearsal of live shows, including bits from "The Grey Nurse Said Nothing," the producer in his eagle's nest above the floor surrounded by monitor sets and technicians, the backroom boys, the director on the floor of the studio laying down the law per inter-com, and the general frenzy that results in hours of entertainment.

It was notable, too, for an Australian "Small World" type segment in which critics in Melbourne and Sydney talked by telephone to a moderator in Melbourne about what is wrong with Australian TV. What the critics had to say was most interesting.

"This Is Television" was good TV. It had nothing wrong with it at all.

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

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picked up his homicide bag, and went whistling to the car.

"A lady of the theatre," he told his subordinates, "appears to have looked upon herself as a common or garden pest and sprayed herself out of this world. She was mistaken as far as her acting was concerned. Miss Mary Bellamy. A comedienne of the naughty darling school and not a beginner. It's Mr. Fox's considered opinion that somebody done her in."

When they arrived at 2 Pardoner's Place, the tidying-up process had considerably advanced. Fox had been shown the guest list with addresses. He had checked it, politely dismissed those who had stayed throughout in what he called the reception area, and mildly retained the persons who had left it "prior," to quote Mr. Fox, "to the unfortunate event." These were Timon Gantry, Pinky Cavendish, and Bertie Saracen, who were closeted in Miss Bellamy's boudoir on the ground floor.

Hearing that Colonel Warrender was a relation, Mr. Fox suggested that he join Charles Templeton, who had now come down to his study. Showing every sign of reluctance but obedient to authority, Warrender did so. Dr. Harkness had sent out for a corpse-reviver for himself and gloomily occupied a chair in the conservatory. Florence having been interviewed and Old Ninn briefly surveyed, they had retired to their sitting-room in the top storey. Gracefield, the maids and the hired men had gone a considerable way towards removing the debris.

Under a sheet from her own bed on the floor of her locked room, Miss Bellamy lay undisturbed.

Alleyn approached the front door to the renewed activity of the cameramen. One of them called out, "Give us a break, won't you, Super?"

"All in good time," he said.

"What d'you know, Mr. Alleyn?"

"Nothing," Alleyn said and rang the bell.

He was admitted by Fox. "Sorry you've been troubled, sir," Fox said.

"I daresay. What is all this?"

Fox told him in a few neatly worded sentences.

"All right," Alleyn said. "Let's have a look, shall we?"

They went upstairs to Miss Bellamy's bedroom.

He knelt by the body. "Did she bathe in scent?" he wondered.

"Very strong, isn't it, sir."

"Revolting. The whole room stinks of it." He uncovered the head and shoulders. "I see."

"Not very nice," Fox remarked.

"Not very," Alleyn was silent for a moment or two. "I saw her a week ago," he said, "on the last night of that play of Richard Daker's that's been running so long. It was a flimsy, conventional comedy, but she filled it with her own kind of gaiety. And now—to this favor is she come." He looked more closely. "Could the stuff have blown back in her face? But you tell me they say the windows were shut?"

"That's right."

"The face and chest are quite thickly spattered."

"Exactly. I wondered," Fox said, "if the spray-gun mechanism on the Slaypest affair was not working properly and she turned it towards her to see."

"And it did work? Possible, I suppose. But she'd stop at once, and look at her. Just look, Fox. There's a fine spray such as she'd get if she held the thing at arm's length and didn't use much pressure. And over that there are great blotches and runnels of the stuff, as if she'd held it close to her face, and pumped it like mad."

"People do these things."

"They do. As a theory I don't fancy it. Nobody's handled the Slaypest tin? Since the event?"

"They say not," Fox said.

"Bailey'll have to go over it for dabs, of course. Damn this scent. You can't get a whiff of anything else."

Alleyn bent double and advanced his nose to the tin of Slaypest. "I know this stuff," he said. "It's about as highly concentrated as they come, and in my opinion shouldn't be let loose on the public for all the warnings on the label. The basic ingredient seems to be hexa-ethyl-tetra-phosphate."

"You don't say," Fox murmured.

"It's a contact poison and very persistent." He replaced the sheet, got up and examined the bank of growing plants in the bay window. "Here it is again. They've got thrips and red spider." He stared absently at Fox. "So what does she do, Br'er Fox? She comes up here in the middle of her own party wearing her best red wisp of tulle and all her diamonds and sets about spraying her azaleas."

"Peculiar," Fox said. "What I thought."

"Very rum indeed."

He wandered to the dressing-table. The central drawer was pulled out. Among closely packed ranks of boxes and pots was an open powder-bowl. A piece of cotton-wool colored with powder lay on the top of the table near a lipstick that had been imperfectly shut. Nearby was a bunch of Parma violets, already wilting.

"She did have a fiddle with her face," Alleyn pointed out. "She's got a personal maid, you say. The woman that found her."

"Florence."

"All right. Well, Florence would have tidied up any earlier goes at the powder and paint. And she'd have done something about these violets. Where do they come in? So this poor thing walks in, pulls out the drawer, does her running repairs, and, I should say from the smell, has a lavish whack at her scent."

He sniffed the atomiser. "That's it. Quarter full and stinks like a civet cat, and here's the bottle it came from, empty. 'Formidable.' Expensive maker. 'Abominable' would be more like it. How women can use such muck passes my understanding."

"I rather fancy it," said Mr. Fox. "It's intriguing."

Alleyn gave him a look. "If we're to accept what appears to be the current explanation, she drenches her azaleas with hexa-ethyl-tetra-phosphate and then turns the spray-gun full in her own face and kills herself. D'you believe that?"

"Not when you put it like that."

"Nor I. Bailey and Thompson are down below and Dr. Curtis is on his way. Get them up here. We'll want the complete treatment. Detailed pictures of the body and the room, tell Thompson. And Bailey'll need to take her prints and search the spray-gun, the dressing-table, and anything else that may produce dabs, latent or otherwise. We don't know what we're looking for, of course."

The bathroom door was open, and he glanced in. "Even this place reeks of scent. What's that on the floor. Broken picture." He looked more closely. "Rather nice tinsel picture. Madame Vestris, I fancy. Corner of the wash-basin freshly chipped.

"Somebody's tramped broken glass over the floor. Did she drop her pretty picture? And why in the bathroom? Washing the glass? Or what? We won't disturb it." He opened the bathroom cupboard.

"The things they take!" he muttered. "The tablets. For insomnia. One with water on retiring. The unguents! The lotions! Here's some muck like green clay. Lifting mask. 'Apply with spatula and leave on for ten minutes. Do not move lips or facial muscles during treatment.' Here is the spatula with some nice fresh dabs. Florence's, no doubt. And in the clothes basket a towel with greenish smears. She had the full treatment before the party. Sal volatile bottle by the hand-basin. Did someone try to force sal volatile down her throat?"

"Not a chance, I should say, sir."

"She must have taken it earlier in the day. Why? All right, Fox. Away we go. I'd better see the husband."

"He's still in his study with a Colonel Warrender, who seems to be a relative. Mr. Templeton had a heart-attack after the event. The doctor says he's subject to them. Colonel Warrender and Mr. Gantry took him into his dressing-room there, and then the Colonel broke up and went downstairs. Mr. Templeton was still lying in there when I came up, but I suggested the Colonel should take him down to the study. They didn't seem to fancy the move, but I wanted to clear the ground.

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Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

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t's awkward," Mr. Fox said, having people next door to he body."

Alleyn went into the dressing-room, leaving the door open. "Change of atmosphere," Fox heard him remark. "Very masculine. Very simple. Very good. Who gave him a hot bottle?"

"Florence. The doctor says the old nurse went in later to take a look at him. By all accounts she's a bossy old cup-of-tea and likes her drop of port wine."

"This," Alleyn said, "is the house of a damn rich man. And woman, I suppose."

"He's a big name in the city, isn't he?"

"He is indeed. C. G. Templeton. He brought off that coup with Eastland Transport two years ago. Reputation of being an implacable chap to run foul of."

"The servants seem to fancy him. The cook says he must have everything just so. One slip and you're out. But well liked. He's taken this very hard. Very shaky when I saw him but easy to handle. The Colonel was tougher."

"Either of them strike you as being the form for a woman-poisoner?"

"Not a bit like it," Fox said cheerfully.

"They tell me you never know."

"That's right. So they say."

They went out. Fox locked the door. "Not that it makes all that difference," he sighed. "The keys on this floor are interchangeable. As usual. However," he added, brightening, "I've taken the liberty of removing all the others."

"You'll get the sack one of these days. Come on." They went downstairs.

"The remaining guests," Fox said, "are in the second room on the right. They're the lot who were with deceased up to the time she left the conservatory and the only ones who went outside the reception area before the speeches began. And by the way, sir, up to the time the speeches started there was a photographer and a movie-camera unit blocking the foot of the stairs, and for the whole period a kind of bar with a man mixing drinks right by the backstairs. I've talked to the man concerned, and he says nobody but the nurse and Florence went up while he was on duty. This is the deceased's sitting-room. Or boudoir. The study is the first on the right."

"Where's the quack?"

"In the glasshouse with a hangover. Shall I stir him up?"

"Thank you."

They separated. Alleyn tapped on the boudoir door and went in.

Pinky sat in an armchair with a magazine, Timon Gantry was finishing a conversation on the telephone, and Bertie, petulant and flushed, was reading a Restoration comedy. When they saw Alleyn the two men got up and Pinky put down her magazine as if she was ashamed of it.

Alleyn introduced himself. "This is just to say I'm very sorry to keep you waiting about."

Gantry said, "It's damned awkward. I've had to tell people over the telephone."

"There's no performance involved, is there?"

"No. But there's a new play going into rehearsal. Opening in three weeks. One has to cope."

"Of course," Alleyn said, "one does, indeed," and went out.

"What a superb-looking man," Bertie said listlessly, and returned to his play.

Warrender and Charles had the air of silence about them. It was not, Alleyn fancied, the kind of silence that falls naturally between two cousins united in a common sorrow; they seemed at odds with each other. He could have sworn his arrival was a relief rather than an annoyance.

He noticed that the study, like the dressing-room, had been furnished and decorated by a perfectionist with restraint, judgment, and a very great deal of money. There was a kind of relationship between the reserve of these two men and the setting in which he found them. He thought that they had probably been sitting there for a long time without speech. A full decanter and two untouched glasses stood between them on a small and exquisite table.

Charles began to rise. Alleyn said, "Please, don't move," and he sank heavily back again. Warrender stood up. His eyes were red and his face patched with uneven color.

"Bad business, this," he said. "What?"

"Yes," Alleyn said. "Very bad." He looked at Charles. "I'm sorry, sir, that at the moment we're not doing anything to make matters easier."

With an obvious effort Charles said, "Sit down, won't you? Alleyn, isn't it? I know your name, of course."

WARRENDER pushed a chair forward.

"Will you have a drink?" Charles asked.

"No, thank you very much. I won't trouble you longer than I can help. There's a certain amount of unavoidable business to be got through. There will be an inquest and, I'm afraid, a post-mortem. In addition to that we're obliged to check, as far as we're able, the events leading to the accident. All this, I know, is very distressing and I'm sorry."

Charles lifted a hand and let it fall.

Warrender said, "Better make myself scarce."

"No," Alleyn said. "I'd be glad if you waited a moment."

Warrender was looking fixedly at Alleyn.

He tapped himself above the heart and made a very slight gesture towards Charles. Alleyn nodded.

"If I may," he said to Charles, "I'll ask Colonel Warrender to give me an account of the period before your wife left the party and went up to her room. If, sir, you would like to amend or question or add to anything he says, please do so."

Charles said, "Very well. Though heaven knows what difference it can make."

Warrender straightened his back, touched his Brigade-of-Guards tie, and made his report, with the care, and, one would have said, the precision of experience.

He had, he said, been near to Mary Bellamy from the time she left her post by the door and moved through her guests towards the conservatory. She had spoken to one group after another. He gave several names. She had then joined a small party in the conservatory.

Alleyn was taking notes. At this point there was a pause. Warrender was staring straight in front of him. Charles had not moved.

"Yes?" Alleyn said.

"She stayed in there until the birthday cake was brought in," Warrender said.

"And the other people in her group stayed there, too?"

"No," Charles said. "I came out and—I spoke to two of our guests who—who were leaving early."

"Yes? Did you return?"

He said wearily, "I told Gracefield, our butler, to start the business with the cake. I stayed in the main rooms until they brought it in."

Alleyn said, "Yes. And then . . .?"

"They came in with the cake," Warrender said. "And she came out and Marchant—her management is Marchant & Company—Marchant gave the birthday speech."

"And did the other people in the conservatory come out?"

"Yes."

"With Miss Bellamy?"

Warrender said, "Not with her."

"After her?"

"No. Before. Some of them. I expect all of them except Marchant."

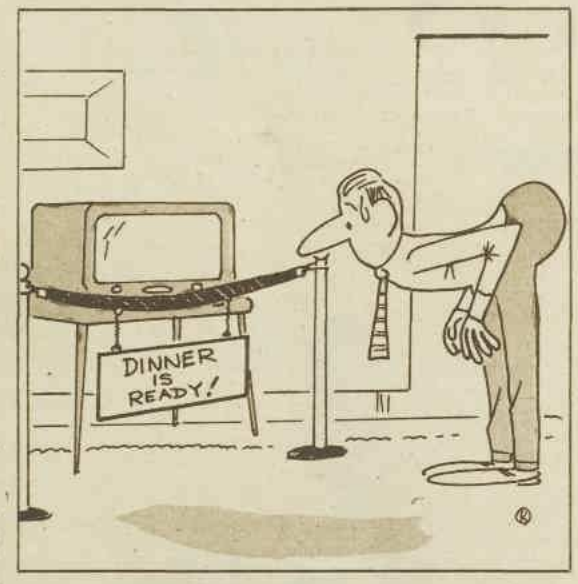
"You yourself, sir? What did you do?"

"I came out before she did."

"Did you stay in the main rooms?"

"No," he said. "I went into the hall for a moment." Alleyn waited. "To say goodbye," Warrender said, "to the two people who were leaving early."

"Oh yes. Who were they?"



"Feller called Browne and his niece."

"And having done that you returned?"

"Yes," he said.

"To the conservatory?"

"No. To the dining-room. That's where the speech was made."

"Had it begun when you returned?"

Still looking straight before him, Warrender said, "Finished. She was replying."

"Really? You stayed in the hall for some time then?"

"Longer," he said, "than I'd intended. Didn't realise the ceremony had begun."

"Do you remember who the other people were? The ones who probably came out before Miss Bellamy from the conservatory?"

"Miss Cavendish and Saracen. And Timon Gantry, the producer-man. Your second-in-command went over all this and asked them to stay."

"I'd just like, if you don't mind, to sort it out for myself. Anyone else? The two guests who left early, for instance. Were they in the conservatory party?"

"Yes."

"And left . . . ?"

"First," Warrender said loudly.

"So you caught them up in the hall. What were they doing in the hall, sir?"

"Talking. Leaving. I don't know exactly."

"You don't remember to whom they were talking?"

"I cannot," Charles said, "for the very life of me see why these two comparative strangers, who were gone long before anything happened, should be of the remotest interest to you."

Alleyn said quickly, "I know it sounds quite unreasonable, but they do at the moment seem to have been the cause of other people's behaviour."

He saw that for some reason this observation had disturbed Warrender. He looked at Alleyn as if the latter had said something outrageous and penetrating.

"You see," Alleyn explained, "in order to establish accident, one does have to make a formal inquiry into the movements of those persons who were nearest to Miss Bellamy up to the time of the accident."

"Oh!" Warrender said flatly. "Yes. Possibly."

"But — Mary — my wife — was there. Still there! Radiant. There, seen by everybody — I can't imagine . . ." Charles sank back in his chair. "Never mind," he murmured. "Go on."

Warrender said, "Browne and his nicce had, I think, been talking to Saracen and Miss Cavendish. When I came into the hall . . . They were — saying goodbye to Gantry."

"I see. And nobody else was concerned in this leavetaking? In the hall?"

There was a long silence. Warrender looked as if somebody had tapped him smartly on the back of the head. His eyes started and he turned to Charles, who leant forward, grasping the arms of his chair.

"Where is he?" Warrender said. "What's become of him? Where's Richard!"

Alleyn had been trained over a long period of time to distinguish between simulated and involuntary reactions in human behaviour. He was perhaps better equipped than many of his colleagues in this respect, being fortified by an instinct that he was particularly careful to mistrust. It seldom let him down.

He thought now that, whereas Charles Templeton was quite simply astounded by his own forgetfulness, Warrender's reaction was much less easily defined. Alleyn had a notion that Warrender's reticence was of the formidable kind which conceals nothing but the essential.

It was Warrender, now, who produced an explanation.

"Sorry," he said. "Just remembered something. Extraordinary we should have forgotten. We're talking about Richard Dakers."

"The playwright?"

"That's the man. He's — you may not know this — he was . . ." Warrender boggled inexplicably and looked at his boots. "He's — he was my cousin's — he was the Templetons' ward."

For the first time since Alleyn had entered the room, Charles Templeton looked briefly at Warrender.

"Does he know about this catastrophe?" Alleyn asked.

"No," Warrender said, "he can't know. Be a shock."

Alleyn began to ask about Richard Dakers and found that they were both unwilling to talk about him. When had he last been seen? Charles remembered he had been in the conservatory. Warrender, pressed, admitted that Richard was in the hall, when Browne and his niece went away.

Odd Alleyn thought that as the climax of the party approached no less than five of Miss Bellamy's most intimate friends should turn their backs on her to say goodbye to two people whom her husband had described as comparative strangers. He hinted as much.

Warrender glanced at Charles and then said "Point of fact they're friends of Richard Dakers. His guests in a way. Naturally he wanted to see them off."

"And having done so, he returned for the speeches and the cake-cutting ceremony?"

"I — ah . . . Not exactly," Warrender said.

"No?"

"No. Ah, speaking out of school, isn't it, but I rather fancy there's an attraction. He — ah — he went out — they live in the next house."

"Not," Alleyn ejaculated, "Octavius Browne of the Pegasus?"

"Point of fact yes" Warrender said looking astonished.

"And Mr. Dakers went out with them?"

"After them."

"But you think he meant to join them?"

"Yes," he said woodenly.

"And is perhaps with them still?"

Warrender was silent.

"Wouldn't he mind missing the ceremony?" Alleyn asked.

Warrender embarked on an incomprehensible spate of broken phrases.

"If he's there," Charles said to Alleyn, "he ought to be told."

"I'll go," Warrender said and moved to the door.

Alleyn said, "One minute, if you please."

"What?"

"Shall we just see if he is there? It'll save trouble, won't it? May I use the telephone?"

He was at the telephone before they could reply and looking up the number.

"I know Octavius quite well," he said pleasantly. "Splendid chap, isn't he?"

RESENTFULLY Warrender looked at him. "If the boy's there," he said, "I'd prefer to tell him about this myself."

"Of course," Alleyn agreed heartily. "Ah, here we are." He dialled a number. They heard a voice at the other end.

"Hullo," Alleyn said. "Is Mr. Richard Dakers there by any chance?"

"No," the voice said. "I'm sorry. He left some time ago."

"Really? How long would you say?"

The voice replied indistinguishably.

"I see. Thank you so much. Sorry to have bothered you."

He hung up. "He was only with them for a very short time," he said. "He must have left, it seems, before this thing happened. They imagined he came straight back here."

Warrender and Templeton were, he thought, at peculiar pains not to look at each other or at him. He said lightly, "Isn't that a little odd? Wouldn't you suppose he'd be sure to attend the birthday speeches?"

Perhaps each of them waited for the other to reply. After a moment Warrender barked out two words. "Lovers' tiff," he suggested.

"You think it might be that?"

"I think," Warrender said angrily, "that whatever it was it's got nothing to do with this — this tragedy. Why should it!"

"I really do assure you," Alleyn said, "that I wouldn't worry you about these matters if I didn't think it was necessary."

"Matter of opinion," Warrender said.

"Yes. A matter of opinion and mine may turn out to be wrong."

He could see that Warrender was on the edge of some outburst and was restrained, it appeared, only by the presence of Charles Templeton.

"Perhaps," Alleyn said, "we might just make quite sure that Mr. Dakers didn't, in fact, come back. After all, it was a biggish party. Might he not have slipped in, unnoticed, and gone out again for some perfectly explainable reason? The servants might have noticed. If you would . . ."

Warrender jumped at this. "Certainly! I'll come out with you excuse me for a moment?" "D'you mind, Charles?"

With extraordinary vehemence Charles said, "Do what you like. If he comes back I don't want to see him. I . . ." He passed an unsteady hand across his eyes. "Sorry," he said, presumably to Alleyn. "This has been a bit too much for me."

"We'll leave you to yourself," Alleyn said. "Would you like Dr. Harkness to come in?"

"No. No. No. If I might be left alone. That's all."

"Of course."

They went out. The hall was deserted except for the constable who waited anonymously in a corner. Alleyn said, "Will you excuse me for a moment?" and went to the constable.

"Anybody come in?" he asked under his breath.

"No, sir."

"Keep the Press out, but admit anyone else and don't let them go again. Take the names and say there's been an accident in the vicinity and we're doing a routine check."

"Very good, sir."

Alleyn returned to Warrender. "No one's come in," he said. "Where can we talk?"

Warrender glanced at him. "Not here," he muttered, and led the way into the deserted drawing-room, now restored to order but filled with the flower-shop smell of Bertie Saracen's decorations and the faint reek of cigarette smoke and alcohol.

The connecting doors into the dining-room were open and beyond them, in the conservatory, Dr. Harkness could be seen, heavily asleep in a canvas chair and under observation by Inspector Fox. When Fox saw them he came out and shut the glass door.

"He's down to it," he said, "but rouseable. I thought I'd leave him as he is till required."

Warrender turned on Alleyn. "Look here!" he demanded. "What is all this? Are you trying to make out there's been any — any . . ." he boggled, "any hanky-panky?"

"We can't take accident as a matter-of-course."

"Why not? Clear as a pike-staff."

"Our job," Alleyn said patiently, "is to collect all the available information and present it to the coroner. At the moment we are not drawing any conclusions. Come, sir," he said, as Warrender still looked mulish, "I'm sure that, as a soldier, you'll recognise the position. It's a matter of procedure. After all, to be perfectly frank about it, a great many suicides as well as homicides have been rigged to look like accidents."

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Continuing . . .

FALSE SCENT

from page 57

"Either suggestion's outrageous."

"And will, we hope, soon turn out to be so."

"But, good heavens, is there anything at all to make you suppose . . ." He stopped and jerked his hands ineloquently.

"Suppose what?"

"That it could be — either? Suicide — or murder?"

"Oh, yes," Alleyn said. "Could be. Could be."

"What? What evidence . . . ?"

"I'm afraid I'm not allowed to discuss details."

"Why the hell not?"

"Do consider," Alleyn exclaimed. "Suppose it was murder — for all I know you might have done it. You can't expect me to make you a present of what may turn out to be the police case against you."

"I think you must be dotty," said Colonel Warrender profoundly.

ALLEYN shrugged. "Dotty or sane, I must get on with my job. Inspector Fox and I propose to have a word with those wretched people we've cooped up over the way. Would you rather return to Mr. Templeton, sir?"

"No!" Warrender ejaculated with some force and then looked hideously discomforted.

"Why not?" Alleyn asked coolly. "Have you had a row with him?"

"No!"

"Well, I'm afraid it's a case of returning to him or staying with me."

"I . . . damn it, I'll stick to you."

"Right. Here we go, then."

Bertie, Pinky, and Timon Gantry seemed hardly to have moved since he last saw them. Bertie was asleep in his chair, Pinky had been crying. Gantry was reading. He laid the book aside and rose to his feet.

"I don't want to be awkward," Gantry said, "but I take leave to ask why we're being mewed up in this interminable and intolerable fashion."

He used what was known in the theatre as the Terrifying Tone. He moved towards Alleyn, who was almost his own height.

"This room," Bertie faintly complained as he opened his eyes, "would appear to be inhabited by angry giants."

"You're being mewed up," Alleyn said with some evidence of toughness, "because of death. Death, for your information, with what are known as unexplained features. I don't know how much longer you'll be here. If you're hungry, we shall arrange for food to be sent in."

"If you're stuffy you may walk in the garden. If you want to talk you may use the telephone and the usual offices are last on the right at the far end of the hall."

"And the worst of it is Timmy," Bertie said, "you can't tell him the casting's gone wrong and you'll let him know if he's wanted."

Pinky was staring at Alleyn. "I never" she muttered, "could have thought to see the day."

There can be no dictator whose discomfiture will not bring some slight degree of pleasure to his most ardent disciples. Bertie and Pinky, involuntarily, had given this reaction. There was a suggestion of repressed glee.

Gantry gave them the sort of look he would have thrown at an inattentive actor. They made their faces blank.

He drew in a breath. "So be it," he said. "One submits. Naturally. Perhaps one would prefer to know a little more, but elucidation is evidently not an ingredient of the Yardly mystique."

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Your Bookshelf

by Joyce Halstead

"The Crime of Giovanni Venturi"

Howard Shaw (Peter Davies).

An amiable Roman cafe owner is threatened with bankruptcy when a new restaurant, one of a large chain serving mass-produced meals at cut prices, opens in his quiet street. If it had not been for his stubbornness and the brilliant idea of his friend the bookseller for double-crossing the competitors, he would have gone right out of business. Instead they all grow very rich.

In carrying out the bookseller's plan, Giovanni inadvertently found a new outlet for his hobby, archaeology. In fact, it was his great love of Etruscan art which first put the police on the scent. The author has used his own knowledge of Etruscan culture, and gastronomy, to good account.

A beautiful maiden, an eccentric widow, and two peasant types are accomplices in this deliciously zany crime, with which the reader, no matter how law-abiding, can hardly fail to be in sympathy.

"Steps in Time" **Fred Astaire** (Heinemann).

From small-town vaudeville as children, Fred Astaire and his sister Adele grew up dancing their way across the United States, to Broadway, thence to London, to become the best and most popular dancing team on either side of the Atlantic. After Adele married (Lord Charles Cavendish), Fred danced on to world fame in movies with a succession of glamorous partners, notably Ginger Rogers. Fred has chronicled his success story stolidly and faithfully. But if the magic in his footwork is missing from his penmanship, at least this account does convey his own innate "niceness" and decency, as well as a quiet charm. He has had intense personal happiness, and his private life has been so impeccable and so discriminatingly directed that even royalty seem proud to call him friend.

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From his ramrod station inside the door, Warrender said, "Foul play. What it amounts to. They're suggesting foul play."

"Oh!" cried Pinky and Bertie in unison. They turned sheet-white and began to talk at the tops of their voices. Fox took out his notebook.

Alleyn raised his hand and they petered out. "It doesn't," he said crossly, "amount to anything of the sort. The situation is precisely as I have tried to define it. There are unexplained discrepancies. They may add up to accident, suicide, or homicide, and I know no better than any one of you what the answer will be. And now if you please, we will try to arrive at a few possibly unimportant facts."

To his surprise he found himself supported.

Timon Gantry said, "We're being emotional and tedious. Pay no attention. Your facts?"

Alleyn said patiently, "Without any overtones or suggestions of criminal intention, I would rather like to trace exactly the movements of the group of people who were in conversation with Miss Bellamy during the last ten minutes or so of her life. You have all heard, ad nauseam, I daresay, of police routine.

"This is an example of it. I know you were all with her in the conservatory. I know each one of you before the climax of her party, came out into the hall with the intention. Colonel Warrender tells me, of saying goodbye to two comparative strangers who for some reason that has not yet been divulged, were leaving just before this climax.

"Among you was Mr. Richard Dakers, Miss Bellamy's ward. Mr. Dakers left the house on the heels of those two guests. His reason for doing so may well be personal and, from my point of view completely uninteresting. But I've got to clear him up. Now, then. Any of you know why they left and why he left?"

"Certainly," Gantry said promptly "He's keen on Anelida Lee. No doubt he wanted to see more of her."

"At that juncture? All right!" Alleyn added quickly. "We leave that one, do we? We take it that there was nothing remarkable about Octavius Browne and his niece sweeping out of the party, do we, and that it was the most natural thing in the world for Miss Bellamy's ward to turn his back on her and follow them? Do we? Or do we?"

"Oh, dear," Bertie wavered. "The way you put things."

Pinky said, "I did hear the uncle remind her that they had to leave early."

"Did he say why?"

"No."

"Had any of you met them before?"

Silence.

"None of you? Why did you all feel it necessary to go into the hall to say goodbye to them?"

Pinky and Bertie looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes and Warrender cleared his throat. Gantry appeared to come to a decision.

"I don't usually discuss this sort of thing outside the theatre," he said, "but under the circumstances I suppose I'd better tell you. I've decided to hear Miss Lee read the leading role in . . ." he hesitated fractionally, "in a new play."

"Really? Wonderful luck for her," Alleyn said. "What play?"

"It's called 'Husbandry in Heaven'."

"By . . . ?"

Warrender barked, "Does it matter?"

"Not that I know," Alleyn murmured. "Why should it? Let's find out."

Pinky said boldly, "I don't see a bit why it should matter. We all heard about it."

"Did you?" Alleyn asked. "When? At the party?"

She blushed scarlet. "Yes. It was mentioned there."

"In the conservatory?"

Bertie said in a hurry, "Mentioned. Just mentioned."

"And we haven't had the author's name yet, have we?"

Pinky said, "It's a new play by Dicky Dakers, isn't it, Timmy?"

"Yes, dear," Gantry agreed and refrained with some difficulty, Alleyn thought, from casting his eyes up to heaven. "In the hall I had a word with her about reading the part for me," he said.

"Right. And," Alleyn pursued, "might that not explain why Dakers also wanted to have a further word with Miss Lee?"

They agreed feverishly.

"Strange," he continued, "that this explanation didn't occur to any of you."

Bertie laughed musically. "Weren't we silly?" he asked.

"Perhaps you all hurtled into the hall in order to offer your congratulations to Miss Lee?"

"That's right!" Bertie cried, opening his eyes very wide. "So we did! And anyway," he added, "I went to the lav. That was really why I came out.

"It got cold during the night."

Anything else was purely incidental. I'd forgotten."

"Well," Alleyn remarked, "since you're all so bad at remembering your motives I suppose I'd better go on cooking them up for you."

Pinky Cavendish made a quick expostulatory movement with her hands. "Yes?" Alleyn asked her. "What is it?"

"Nothing. Not really. Only — I wish you wouldn't make one feel shabby," Pinky said.

"Do I? I'm sorry about that."

"Look!" she said. "We're all of us shocked and horrified about Mary. She was our friend—a great friend. No, Timmy, please let me. She was tricky and temperamental and exacting and she said and did things that we'd rather forget about now. The important thing to remember is that one way or another, at one time or another we've all loved her. You couldn't help it," Pinky said, "or I couldn't. Perhaps I should only speak for myself."

Alleyn asked gently, "Are you trying to tell me that you are protecting her memory?"

"You might put it like that," Pinky said.

"Nonsense, dear," Gantry said impatiently. "It doesn't arise."

Alleyn decided to dig a little further.

"The farewells being accomplished," he said, "and the two guests departed, what did you all do? Miss Cavendish?"

"Oh dear! What did I do? I know! I tried to nip upstairs, but the cameramen were in the way, so I returned to the party."

"Mr. Saracen?"

"The gents. Downstairs. Last, as you've observed, on the right. Then I beetled back, bright as a button, for the speeches."

"Mr. Gantry?"

"I returned to the drawing-room, heard the speeches, and helped Templeton clear the way for the . . ." he jibbed for a moment, "for what would have been the last scene. The opening of the presents."

"Colonel Warrender?"

Warrender was staring at some part of the wall above Alleyn's head. "Went back," he said.

"Where?"

"To the party."

"Oo!" Bertie said.

"Yes, Mr. Saracen?"

"Nothing," Bertie said hurriedly. "Pay no attention."

Alleyn looked round at them all. "Tell me," he said, "hasn't Richard Dakers, up till now, written his plays exclusively for Miss Bellamy? Light comedies? 'Husbandry in Heaven' doesn't suggest a light comedy."

He knew by their silence that he had struck home. Pinky's face alone would have told him as much. It was already too late when Warrender said defensively, "No need to put all his eggs in one basket, isn't it?"

"Exactly," Gantry agreed.

"Did Miss Bellamy hold this view?"

"I still fail to understand . . ." Warrender began, but Bertie Saracen cried out in a sort of rage:

"I really don't see, I don't for the life of me see why we should fiddle and fuss and fabricate! Honestly! It's all very well to be nice about poor Mary's memory and Dicky's dilemma and everybody madly loving everybody else, but sooner or later Mr. Alleyn's going to find out and then we'll all look peculiar and I for one won't and I'm sorry, Timmy, but I'm going to spill beans and unbag cats galore and announce in a ringing head tone that Mary minded like hell and that she made a scene in the conservatory and insulted the girl and Dicky left in a rage and why not, because suppose somebody did do something frightful to Mary, it couldn't be Dicky because Dicky flounced out of the house while Mary was still fighting fit and cutting her cake.

"And one other thing. I don't know why Colonel Warrender should go all cagy and everything, but he didn't go straight back to the party. He went out. At the front door. I saw him on his way back from the lav. Now then!"

He had got to his feet and stood there, blinking, but defiant.

Gantry said, "Oh, well!" and flung up his hands.

Pinky said "I'm on Bertie's side."

But Warrender, purple in the face, advanced upon Bertie.

"Don't touch me!" Bertie shouted angrily.

"You little rat!" Warrender said, and seized his arm.

Bertie gave an involuntary giggle. "That's what she called me," he said.

"Take," Warrender continued between his teeth, "that damned impertinent grin off your face and hold your tongue, sir, or else I'll give you something to make you."

He grasped Bertie with his left hand. He had actually drawn back his right and Alleyn had moved in, when a voice from the door said: "Will somebody be good enough to tell me what goes on in this house?"

Warrender lowered his hand and let Bertie go. Gantry uttered a short oath and Pinky a stifled cry. Alleyn turned.

A young man with a white face and a distracted air confronted him in the doorway.

"Thank heaven!" Bertie cried. "Dicky!"

. . . .

The most noticeable thing about Richard Dakers was his agitation. He was pale, his face was drawn, and his hands were unsteady. During the complete silence that followed Bertie's ejaculation, Richard stood where he was, his gaze fixed with extraordinary concentration upon Colonel Warrender. Warrender, in his turn, looked at him with, as far as his soldierly blueprint of a face could express anything, the same kind of startled attention. In a crazy sort of way, each might have been the reflection of the other.

Warrender said, "Can I have a word with you, old boy? Shall we . . .?"

"No!" Richard said quickly, and then, "I'm sorry. I don't understand. What's that damned bobby doing in the hall? What's happened? Where's everybody? Where's Mary?"

Alleyn said, "One moment," and went to him. "You're Mr. Richard Dakers, aren't you? I'm from Scotland Yard—Alleyn . . . At the moment I'm in charge of a police inquiry here. Shall we find somewhere where I can tell you why?"

"I'll tell him," Warender said.

"I think not," Alleyn rejoined, and opened the door. "Come along," he said, and looked at the others. "You will stay here, if you please."

Richard put his hand to his head "Yes. All right. But—why?" Perhaps out of force of habit he turned to Timon Gantry. "Timmy," he said, "what is this?"

Gantry said, "We must accept authority, Dicky. Go with him."

Richard stared at him in amazement, and walked out of the room, followed by Alleyn and Fox.

"In here, shall we?" Alleyn suggested, and led the way into the deserted drawing-room.

There he told Richard, as briefly as possible and without emphasis, what had happened. Richard listened distractedly, making no interruption but once or twice wiping his hand over his face as if a cobweb lay across it. When Alleyn had finished he said haltingly, "Mary? It's happened to Mary? How can I possibly believe it?"

"It is hard, isn't it?"

"But — how? How did it happen? With the plant spray?"

"It seems so."

"But she's used it over and over again. For a long time. Why did it happen now?" He had the air, often observable in people who have suffered a shock, of picking over the surface of the matter and distractedly examining the first thing he came upon. "Why now?" he repeated, and appeared scarcely to attend to the answer.

"That's one of the things we've got to find out."

"Of course," Richard said, more, it seemed, to himself than to Alleyn "it is dangerous. We were always telling her." He shook his head impatiently. "But — I don't see — she went to her room just after the speeches and . . ."

"Did she? How do you know?"

Richard said quickly "Why, because . . ." and then, if possible, turned whiter than he had been before. He looked desperately at Alleyn, seemed to hover on the edge of an outburst, and then said, "She must have. You say she was found there."

"Yes. She was found there."

"But why? Why would she use the plant spray at that moment? It sounds so crazy."

"I know. Very strange."

Richard beat his hands together. "I'm sorry," he said. "I can't get hold of myself. I'm sorry."

Looking at him, Alleyn knew that he was in that particular state of emotional unbalance when he would be most vulnerable to pressure. He was a nice-looking chap, Alleyn thought. It was a sensitive face and yet, it reminded him of one much less sensitive. But whose?

He said, "You yourself have noticed two aspects of this tragic business that are difficult to explain. Because of them and because of normal police procedure, I have to check as fully as possible the circumstances surrounding the event."

"Do you?" Richard asked vaguely, and then seemed to pull himself together. "Yes. Very well. What circumstances?"

"I'm told you left the house before the birthday speeches. Is that right?"

Unlike the others, Richard appeared to feel no resentment or suspicion. "I?" he said. "Oh, yes, I think I did. I don't think they'd started. The cake had just been taken in."

"Why did you leave, Mr. Dakers?"

"I wanted to talk to Anelida," he said at once and then: "Sorry. You wouldn't know. Anelida Lee. She lives next door and . . ." He stopped.

"I do know that Miss Lee left early with her uncle. But it must have been a very important discussion, mustn't it? To take you away at that juncture?"

"Yes. It was. To me. It was

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Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

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private," Richard added. "A private matter."

"A long discussion?"

"It didn't happen."

"Not?"

"She wasn't — available." He produced a palpable understatement. "She wasn't — feeling well."

"You saw her uncle?"

"Yes."

"Was it about her part in your play — 'Husbandry in Heaven,' isn't it? — that you wanted to talk to her?"

Richard stared at him and for the first time seemed to take alarm. "Who told you about that?" he demanded.

"Timon Gantry."

"He did!" Richard exclaimed and then, as if nothing could compete with the one overriding shock, added perfunctorily, "How extraordinary." But he was watching Alleyn now with a new awareness. "It was partly to do with that," he muttered.

Alleyn decided to fire point-blank. "Was Miss Bellamy displeased with the plans for this new play?" he asked. Richard's hand made a sharp involuntary movement which was at once checked. His voice shook.

"I told you this was a private matter," he said. "It is entirely private."

"I'm afraid there is very little room for privacy in a police inquiry."

Richard surprised him by suddenly crying out, "You think she did it herself! She didn't! I can't believe it! Never!"

"Is there any reason why she should?"

"No!"

Alleyn waited for a little, visited, as was not unusual with him, by a distaste for this particular aspect of his job.

He said, "What did you do when Miss Lee couldn't receive you?"

Richard moved away from him, his hands thrust down in his pockets. "I went for a walk," he said.

"Now, look here," Alleyn said, "you must see that this is a very odd story. Your guardian, as I believe Miss Bellamy was, reaches the top moment of her birthday party. You leave her cold, first in pursuit of Miss Lee and then to go for a stroll round Chelsea. Are you telling me that you've been strolling ever since?"

Without turning, Richard nodded.

Alleyn walked round him and looked him full in the face.

"Mr. Dakers," he said. "Is that the truth? It's now five to nine. Do you give me your word that from about seven o'clock when you left this house you didn't return to it until you came in, ten minutes ago?"

Richard, looking desperately troubled, waited for so long that to Alleyn the scene became quite unreal.

The two of them were fixed in the hiatus-like figures in a suspended film sequence.

"Are you going to give me an answer?" Alleyn said at last.

"I—I—don't—think—I did actually—just after—she was . . ." A look of profound astonishment came into Richard's face. He crumpled into a faint at Alleyn's feet.

. . . . . .

"He'll do," Dr. Harkness said, relinquishing Richard's pulse. He straightened up and winced a little in the process. "You say he's been walking about on an empty stomach and two or three drinks. The shock coming on top of it did the trick for him, I expect. In half an hour he won't be feeling any worse than I do and that's medium to awful. Here he comes."

Richard had opened his eyes. He stared at Dr. Harkness and then frowned. "I'm sorry," he said. "I passed out, didn't I?"

"You're all right," Dr. Harkness said. "Where's this sal volatile, Gracefield?"

Gracefield presented it on a tray. Richard drank it down and let his head fall back. They had put him on a sofa there in the drawing-room. "I was talking to somebody," he said. "That man—"

"It's all right," Alleyn said. "I won't worry you. We'll leave you to yourself for a bit."

He saw Richard's eyes dilate. He was looking past Alleyn towards the door. "Yes," he said loudly. "I'd rather be alone."

"What is all this?"

It was Warrender. He shut the door behind him and went quickly to the sofa. "What the devil have you done to him? Dicky, old boy . . ."

"No!" Richard said with exactly the same inflexion as before. Warrender stood above him. For a moment, apparently, they looked at each other. Then Richard said, "I forgot that letter you gave me to post. I'm sorry."

Alleyn and Fox moved, but Warrender anticipated them, stooping over Richard and screening him.

"If you don't mind," Richard said, "I'd rather be by myself. I'm all right."

"And I'm afraid," Alleyn pointed out, "that I must remind you of instructions, Colonel Warrender. I asked you to stay with the others. Will you please go back to them?"

WARRENDER stood like a rock for a second or two and then, without another word, walked out of the room. On a look from Alleyn, Fox followed him.

"We'll leave you," Alleyn said. "Don't get up."

"No," Dr. Harkness said. "Don't. I'll ask them to send you in a cup of tea. Where's that old Nanny of yours? She can make herself useful. Can you find her, Gracefield?"

"Very good, sir," Gracefield said.

Alleyn, coolly picking up Richard's' dispatch case, followed Gracefield into the hall.

"Gracefield."

Gracefield, frigid, came to a halt.

"I want one word with you. I expect this business has completely disorganised your household and I'm afraid it can't be helped. But I think it may make things a little easier in your department if you know what the form will be."

"Indeed, sir?"

"In a little while a mortuary van will come. It will be better if we keep everybody out of the way at that time. I don't want to worry Mr. Templeton more than I can help, but I shall have to interview people and it would suit us all if we could find some place that would serve as an office for the purpose. Is that possible?"

"There is Mr. Richard's old study, sir, on the first floor. It is unoccupied."

"Splendid. Where exactly?"

"The third on the right along the passage, sir."

"Good." Alleyn glanced at the pallid and impassive face. "For your information," he said, "it's a matter of clearing up the confusion that unfortunately always follows accidents of this sort. The further we can get, now, the less publicity at the inquest. You understand?"

"Quite so, sir," said Gracefield with a slight easing of manner.

"Very well. And I'm sorry you'll be put to so much trouble."

Gracefield's hand curved in classic acceptance. There was a faint crackle.

"Thank you, Gracefield."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Gracefield. "I will inform Mrs. Plumtree and then ascertain if your room is in order." He inclined his head and mounted the stairs.

Alleyn raised a finger and the constable by the front door came to him.

"What happened," he asked, "about Mr. Dakers? As quick and completely as you can."

"He arrived, sir, about three minutes after you left your instructions, according to which I asked for his name and let on it was because of an accident. He took it up it was something about a car. He didn't seem to pay much attention. He was very excited and upset. He went upstairs and was there about eight to ten minutes. You and Mr. Fox were with the two gentlemen and the lady in that little room, sir. When he came down he had a case in his hand. He went to the door to go out and I advised him it couldn't be done. He still seemed very upset, sir, and that made him more so. He said, 'What is all this?' and went straight to the room where you were, sir."

"Good. Thank you. Keep going."

"Sir," said the constable.

"And Philpott."

"Sir?"

"We've sent for another man. In the meantime I don't want any of the visitors in the house moving from room to room. Get them all together in the drawing-room and keep them there, including Colonel Warrender and Mr. Templeton, if he's feeling fit enough. Mr. Dakers can stay where he is. Put the new man on the door and you keep observation in the dining-room. We can't do anything about the lavatory, I suppose, but everywhere else had better be out of bounds. If Colonel Warrender wants to go to the lavatory, you go with him."

"Sir."

"And ask Mr. Fox to join me upstairs."

The constable moved off.

A heavy thumping announced the descent of Old Ninn. She came down one step at a time.

When she got to the bottom of the stairs and saw Alleyn she gave him a look and continued on her way. Her face was flaming and her mouth drawn down. For a small person she emanated an astonishingly heavy aura of the grape.

"Mrs. Plumtree?" Alleyn asked.

"Yes," said Old Ninn. She halted and looked into his face. Her eyes, surprisingly, were tragic.

"You're going to look after Mr. Richard, aren't you?"

"What's he been doing to himself?" she asked.

"He fainted. The doctor thinks it was shock."

"Always takes things to heart," Old Ninn said.

"Did you bring him up?"

"From three months." She continued to look fixedly at Alleyn. "He was a good child," she said, as if he was abusing Richard, "and he's grown up to a good man. No harm to him and never was."

"An orphan?" Alleyn ventured.

"Father and mother killed in a motor accident."

"And of course Miss Bellamy—Mrs. Templeton — took him over."

"She," Old Ninn said, "was a different type of child altogether. If you'll excuse me I see what ails him." But she didn't move at once. She said very loudly, "Whatever it is, it'll be no discredit to him," and then stumped heavily and purposefully on to her charge.

Alleyn waited for a moment, savoring her observation. There has been one rather suggestive remark, he thought.

Dr. Harkness came out of the drawing-room looking wan.

"He's all right," he said, "and I wish I could say as much for myself. The secondary effects of alcoholic indulgence are the least supportable. By the way, can I go out to the car for my bag? It's just opposite the house. Charles Templeton's my patient, you know, and I'd like to run him over. Just in case. He's had a bad knock over this."

"Yes, of course," Alleyn said and nodded to the constable at the door. "Before you go, though — was Mrs. Templeton your patient, too?"

"She was," Harkness agreed.

"Would you have expected anything like this? Supposing it to be a case of suicide?"

"No. I wouldn't."

"Not subject to fits of depression? No morbid tendencies? Nothing like that?"

HARKNESS looked at his hands. "It wasn't an equable disposition," he said carefully. "Far from it. She had 'nervous' spells. The famous theatrical temperament, you know."

"No more than that?" Alleyn persisted.

"Well — I don't like discussing my patients and never do, of course, but . . ."

"I think you may say the circumstances warrant it."

"I suppose so. As a matter of fact I have been a bit concerned. The temperaments have become pretty frequent and increasingly violent. Hysteria, really. Partly the time of life, but she was getting over that. There was some occasion for anxiety. One or two little danger signals.

"One was keeping an eye on her. But nothing suicidal. On the contrary. What's more, you can take my word for it she was the last woman on earth to disfigure herself. The last."

"Yes," Alleyn said. "That's a point, isn't it? I'll see you later."

"I suppose you will," Harkness said disconsolately, and Alleyn went upstairs to Miss Bellamy's room.

Dr. Curtis, the police surgeon, had finished his examination of the body. Sergeant Bailey squatted on the bathroom floor employing the tools of his trade upon the tinsel picture, and as Alleyn came in Sergeant Thompson, whistling between his teeth, uncovered Mary Bellamy's terrible face and advanced his camera to within a few inches of it. The bulb flashed.

Fox was seated at the dressing-table completing his notes.

"Well, Curtis?" Alleyn asked.

"Well, now," Dr. Curtis said, "it's quite a little problem, you know. I can't see a verdict of accident, Alleyn, unless the coroner accepts the idea of her presenting this spray-gun thing at her own face and pumping away like mad at it to see how it works. The face is pretty well covered with the stuff. It

To page 62

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"LOUISE."—Attractive velvet dress for informal parties is available with either three-quarter or short sleeves. The material is silicon velveteen in red, royal-blue, turquoise, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/9/5; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/17/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/9/6. Postage 4/-.

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on opposite page. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart; New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5880. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make brunch coat for a little girl. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Requires 2¾-3½ yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. lace edging. Price 3/-.

F5813. — Simple frock for an informal party has a princess-line bodice and full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5824. — Elegant sheath for the working girl is button-through, with contrasting trim. Sizes 32 to 38in bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F5816.—Knife-edged pleats and a wide boat neckline are features of this sleeveless party frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5821.—Wide-collared sheath dress requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5825.—Full-skirted summer frock for the white-collar girl has embroidered pocket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 299. — CHILD'S FROCK

Pretty party frock for a sub-teen is available cut out ready to make in red, turquoise, and royal-blue velveteen. Sizes 4 to 6 years 49/6, 8 to 10 years 54/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 300. — BABY'S PILLOW-CASE

Scallop-edged pillow-case for baby is available clearly traced to embroider on white, cream, pink, blue, and green Irish linen. Price is 7/6. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 301. — DUCHESSE SET

Duchesse set for the bride is available clearly traced to embroider on white, cream, pink, and blue Irish linen. Price 8/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 302. — FROCK

Simple slim-styled frock is available cut out ready to make in red, American beauty, green, royal-blue, and tan corduroy velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/11, 36 and 38in. bust 63/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

• ***Needlework notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.***

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 18

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck within yourself.

★ Depending on others for spare-time interests, amusements, etc., can be risky. People may be sick, unable to keep their social appointments, so be ready to cultivate pleasures you can pursue by yourself. The wider your interests the richer your life and the finer your personality. Others will be attracted when you are not dependent on them.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a hobby.

★ Indoor pastimes have a certain appeal. Whether you get a thrill out of playing table tennis or squash, or whether you are knitting a sweater for a loved one, you can make rapid progress on your project. Turn your reading to account by choosing books along a definite line. "How To Do It" books send you into fresh pastures.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in commonsense.

★ There is the danger of being involved in crackpot schemes through your own too-active imagination. Your head can be safely in the clouds only if you keep your feet on the ground. If in love, you and your beloved can solve a tough problem in a practical way, provided you let your head rule and keep your wishes under control.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in love.

★ If quite young, this could bring your first romance, which will give you a touch of poetry, idealism. Whether it will blossom into a life-long love story, only time will tell. For some a little older, this could be your marriage time, although the path of true love may have its ups and downs. If much older, good fortune through the opposite sex.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in independence.

★ Don't be shy in offering to pay your share when you are out with a crowd; be businesslike about it. Don't be under obligation to those who are not close friends. It's better to get the bus than to hang round waiting for a lift which would take acquaintances out of their way. Favors granted will have to be repaid.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in self-confidence.

★ Volunteer to help organise a stunt for a group to which you belong, approach that stranger and introduce her to those around. Scrap timidity in favor of a positive attitude if you rise to speak at a gathering. Whether you are making a frock or talking to an attractive boy at a party, you're defeated before you start if you're scared stiff.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in self-advertising.

★ Favorable publicity can help you attain an ambition; you could be passed over simply because no one thought of you in connection with the job. An impression of indifference on your part could spoil your chances. Show you are eager to compete for the prize. A touch of the dramatic could do no harm and is likely to attract attention.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in long-term plans.

★ If you live from day to day you'll be in a muddle. Your meals are apt to be ill-balanced, improvised at the last moment, or guests arrive who catch you unprepared. Your finances can be an unknown quantity if you just drift. Try looking ahead, foreseeing emergencies, your probable needs, and your mind will be free from worry.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday. Luck in a challenge.

★ Whatever the wish of your heart, don't give in or give up. If it concerns a person who attracts you, go where he is likely to be present, invite him to your home along with the crowd. If it concerns your surroundings, consider self-help methods where your cash will not stretch far enough. If it's an expensive gadget or amenity, save for it.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, lt. blue. Gambling colors, lt. blue, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in leaving action to others.

★ Accept leadership where offered. Give other people's ideas a try-out. You may be able to suggest amendments later. Give loyal support to those who are active in group affairs; if things go wrong, give them credit for good intentions. If your beloved takes you out, let him choose the form of entertainment. Your chances to run things will come later.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in the daytime.

★ Social engagements are likely to be limited to your own sex. Luncheons, teas are well aspected, also routine shopping or a matinee. If you have important business to transact, an early start will speed matters; the morning is favorable for interviews, medical or dental appointments. The evenings may be quiet with book, radio, or TV.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a speculation.

★ Whether your venture be on a big scale or a few shillings, your hopes of cashing in should be high. You may buy a pair of gloves on spec., only to discover they are a perfect match for what you wish to wear them with, or a remnant which is ideal for new cushions or curtains. Some of you buy a present for your beloved.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817293

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

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in the nostrils and mouth and all over the chest and dress."

"Suicide?"

"I don't see it. Have to be an uncommon determined effort. Any motive?"

"Not so far, unless you count a suspected bout of tantrums, but I don't yet know about that. I don't see it, either. Which leaves us with homicide. See here, Curtis. Suppose I picked up that tin of Slaypest, pointed it at you, and fell to work on the spraygun—what'd you do?"

"Dodge."

"And if I chased you up?"

"Either collar you low or knock it out of your hands or bolt, yelling blue murder."

"Exactly. But wouldn't the immediate reaction, particularly in a woman, be to throw up her arms and hide her face?"

"I think it might, certainly. Yes."

"Yes," said Fox, glancing up from his notes.

"It wasn't hers. There's next to nothing on the hands and arms. And look," Alleyn went on, "at the actual character of the spray. Some of it's fine, as if delivered from a distance. Some, on the contrary, is so coarse that it's run down in streaks. Where's the answer to that one?"

"I don't know," said Dr. Curtis.

"How long would it take to kill her?"

"Depends on the strength. This stuff is highly concentrated. Hexa-ethyl-tetra-phosphate of which the deadly ingredient is TEPP: tetra-ethyl-pyro-phosphate. Broken down, I'd say, with some vehicle to reduce the viscosity. The nozzle's a very fine job: designed for indoor use.

"In my opinion, the stuff shouldn't be let loose on the market. If she got some in the mouth, and it's evident she did, it might only be a matter of minutes. Some recorded cases mention nausea and convulsions. In others the subject has dropped down insensible and died a few seconds later."

FOX said, "When the woman—Florence—found her, she was on the floor in what Florence describes as a sort of fit."

"I'll see Florence next," Alleyn said.

"And when Dr. Harkness and Mr. Templeton arrived she was dead," Fox concluded.

"Where is Harkness?" Dr. Curtis demanded. "He's pretty damn casual, isn't he?"

"He was flat out with a hangover among the exotics in the conservatory," Alleyn said. "I stirred him up to look at Mr. Richard Dakers, who was in a great tizzy before he knew there was anything to have a tizzy about. When I talked to him he fainted."

"What a mob!" Curtis said.

"Curtis, if you've finished here I think you'll find your colleague in reasonably working order downstairs."

"He'd better be. Everything is fixed now. I'll do the p.m. tonight."

"Good. Fox, you and I had better press on. We've got an office. Third on the right from here."

They found Gracefield outside.

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure, sir," he said, "but the keys on this landing appear to have been removed. If you require to lock up . . ."

" 'T, 't!" Fox said and dived in his pocket. "Thoughtless of me! Try this one."

Gracefield coldly accepted it. He showed Alleyn into a small pleasantly furnished study and left Fox to look after himself, which he did very comfortably.

"Will there be anything further, sir?" Gracefield asked Alleyn.

"Nothing. This will do admirably."

"Thank you, sir."

"Take a look at this room," said Alleyn. It was Mr. Richard Daker's study. I suppose he now inhabits a bachelor flat somewhere, but he was adopted and brought up by the Templetons. Here you have his boyhood, adolescence, and early maturity in microcosm. The usual school groups on one wall. Note the early dramatic interest.

"On the other three, his later progress. Signed photographs of lesser lights succeeded by signed photographs of greater ones. Sketches from unknown designers followed by the full treatment from famous designers and topped up by Saracen. The last is for a production that opened three years ago and closed last week. Programme of Command Performance. Several framed photographs of Miss Mary Bellamy, signed with vociferous devotion. One small photograph of Mr. Charles Templeton. A calendar on the desk to support the theory that he left the house a year ago. Books from E. Nesbit to Samuel Beckett. 'Who's Who in the Theatre' and 'Spotlight' and cast an eye at this one, will you?"

He pulled out a book and showed it to Fox. "Handbook of Poisons by a Medical Practitioner." Bookplate: "Ex Libris C. H. Templeton." "Let's see if the medical practitioner has anything to say about pest-killers. Here we are. Poisons of Vegetable Origin. Tobacco. Alkaloid of."

He read for a moment or two. "Rather scanty. Only one case quoted. Gentleman who swallowed nicotine from a bottle and died quietly in thirty seconds after heaving a deep sigh. Warnings about agricultural use of. And here are the newer concoctions including HETP and TEPP. Exceedingly deadly and to be handled with the greatest care. Ah, well!"

He replaced the book.

"That'll be the husband's," Fox said. "Judging by the bookplate."

"The husband's. Borrowed by the ward and accessible to all and sundry. For what it's worth. Well, Foxkin, that about completes our tour of the room. Tabloid history of the tastes and career of Richard Dakers. Hullo! Look here, Fox."

He was stooping over the writing-desk and had opened the blotter.

"This looks fresh," he said. "Green ink. Ink on desk dried up and anyway, blue."

There was a small Georgian glass above the fireplace. Alleyn held the blotting-paper to it and they looked at the reflected image:

"I e ck to y at it w u d e o se my te ding I n't n ven a rible shock that I t get t rted t t I'm sure t ll e ter if we do t me t. I c t hin clea now ut at ast I now I'll n for e your tr ment of An d this after on I ould ave been told everything from the beginning. R."

Alleyn copied this fragmentary message on a second sheet of paper, carried the blotter back to the desk and very carefully removed the sheet in question.

"We'll put the experts on to this," he said, "but I'm prepared to take a sporting chance on the result. See if you can find Florence, will you? I'll take a flying jump while you're at it."

Fox went out. Alleyn put his copy of the message on the desk and looked at it.

WITHOUT allowing himself any second thoughts, he wrote rapidly within the copy and stared with disfavor at the result. He then opened Richard Daker's dispatch case and found it contained a typescript of a play, "Husbandry in Heaven." He flipped the pages over and came across some alterations in green ink and in the same hand as the letter.

"Miss Florence Johnson," said Fox, opening the door and standing aside.

Alleyn saw an unshapely little woman, with a pallid tear-stained face and hair so remorselessly dyed that it might have been a raven wig.

She wore that particular air of disillusionment that is associated with the cockney and she reeked of backstage.

"The Superintendent," Fox told her, "just wants to hear the whole story like you told it to me. Nothing to worry about."

"Of course not," Alleyn said. "Come and sit down."

Florence looked as if she might prefer to stand, but compromised by sitting on the edge of the chair Fox had pushed forward.

"This has been a sad business for you," Alleyn said.

"That's right," Florence said woodenly.

"And I'm sure you must want to have the whole thing cleared up as soon and as quietly as possible."

"Clear enough, isn't it? She's dead. You can't have it much clearer than that."

"You can't indeed. But, you see, it's our job to find out why."

"Short of seeing it happen you wouldn't get much nearer, would you? If you can read, that is."

"You mean the tin of Slaypest?"

"Well, it wasn't perfume," Florence said impertinently. "They put that in bottles." She shot a glance at Alleyn and seemed to undergo a slight change of temper. Her lips trembled and she compressed them. "It wasn't all that pleasant," she said. "Seeing what I seen. Finding her like that. You'd think I might be let alone."

"So you will be if you behave like a sensible girl. You've been with her a long time, haven't you?"

"Thirty years, near enough."

"You must have got along very well to have stayed together all that time."

Florence didn't answer and he waited. At last she said, "I knew her ways."

"And you were fond of her?"

"She was all right. Others might have their own ideas. I knew 'er. Inside out. She'd

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."***
—Proverbs 15: 1.

Solomon, who had received wisdom as a special gift from God, reminds us that a soft, kind reply prevents anger and strife, whereas harsh words cause trouble and division.

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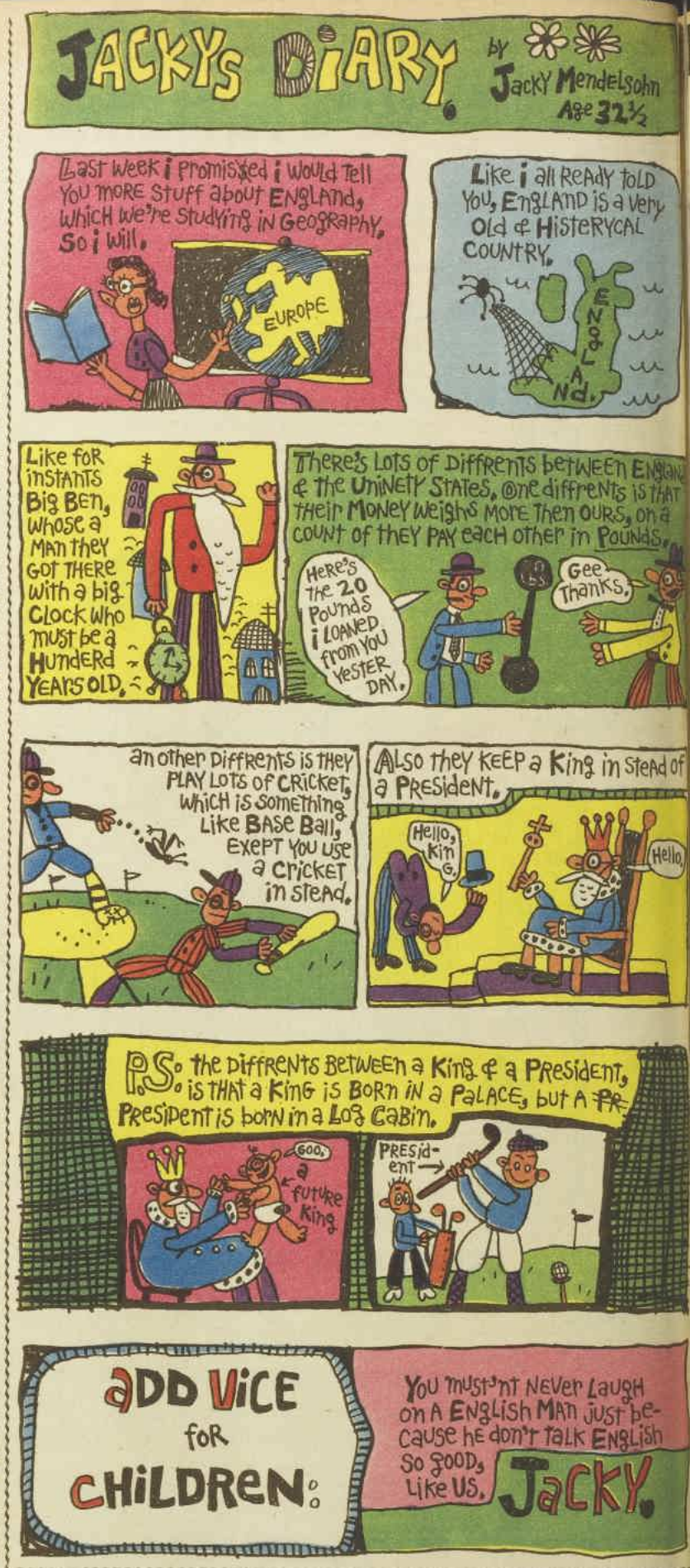


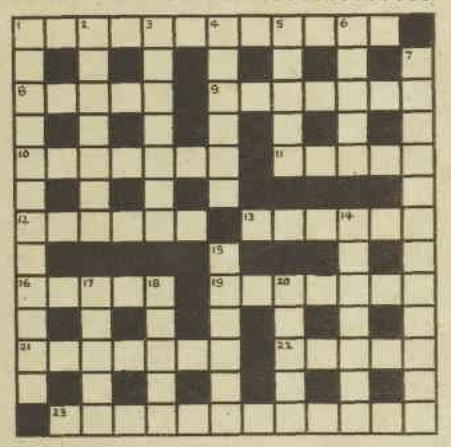
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4817294

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. He chases a large furry creature into a cave, but discovers the "creature" is a beautiful girl disguised in a snow suit. She leads him to a strangely glowing city in the heart of a mountain, where he is taken before Zeus, the fabled ruler of Olympus. Zeus tells Mandrake an amazing tale of how early man came to regard him and his people as gods. NOW READ ON.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Not correct attire for formal dinner, but you may have them later (5-7).
8. You can find the lowest point in a rind (5).
9. The capital of this S.W. Madras province is Calicut (7).
10. Burdensome and a sour one (7).
11. The teaching of a fable is mostly oral (5).
12. Condemn to exile a graduate to a Yugoslav city (6).
13. Eatable overheated canine (3, 3).
16. Time for music (5).
19. Laic Mac (Anagr., 7).
21. Metals each is worth five cents (7).
22. Perform on a jacket of quilted cotton (5).
23. A big van one can't pinch (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. He is not a fighter (12).
2. Small fish, easily taken in (7).
3. And these are large fishes (7).
4. Negligent about a young girl (6).
5. American town in a non-comformist chapel (5).
6. Remnant of still-burning fire in a Brummagem beryl (5).
7. Poor men with no leg as a preliminary (12).
14. It's card, can be vigorous (7).
15. Famous French wine with a drinking place on a sac (6).
17. Eastern holy city (5).
18. Public with nothing green in the forest (5).
20. Connected series of links with an aspirate in a murderer (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

talk to me like she wouldn't to others. She was all right."

He said, "Florence, I'm going to be very frank indeed with you. Suppose it wasn't an accident. You'd want to know, wouldn't you?"

"It's no good you thinking she did it deliberate. She never! Not she. Wouldn't."

"I didn't mean suicide."

"If you mean murder," she said flatly, "that's different."

"You'd want to know," he repeated. "Wouldn't you?"

"That's right," she said.

"So do we. Now, Inspector Fox has already asked you about this, but never mind, I'm asking you again. I want you to tell me in as much detail as you can remember just what happened from the time when Miss Bellamy dressed for her party up to the time you entered her room and found her—as you did find her. Let's start with the preparations, shall we?"

SHE was a difficult subject. She seemed to be filled with some kind of resentment and everything had to be dragged out of her. After luncheon, it appeared, Miss Bellamy rested.

At half-past four Florence went in to her. She seemed to be "much as usual."

"She hadn't been upset by anything during the day?"

"Nothing," Florence muttered, after a further silence, "to matter."

"I only ask," Alleyn said, "because there's a bottle of sal volatile left out in the bathroom. Did you give her sal volatile at any stage?"

"This morning."

"What was the matter this morning? Was she faint?"

Florence said, "Overexcited."

"Very well," he said patiently. "Let's go on with the preparation for the party. Did you give her a facial treatment of some kind?"

She stared at him. "That's correct," she said. "A mask."

"And then?"

"She made up and dressed. The two gentlemen came in and I went out."

"That would be Mr. Templeton and—who?"

"The Colonel."

"Did either of them bring her Parma violets?"

"Vi'lets? Them? No. She didn't like vi'lets."

"There's a bunch on her dressing-table."

"I never noticed," she said.

"And you saw her again—when?"

"At the party."

"Well, let's hear about it."

For a second or two he thought she was going to keep mum. But she began to speak as if somebody had switched her on. She said that from the time she left her mistress and during the early part of the party she had been with Mrs. Plumtree in their sitting-room.

When the gong sounded they went down to take their places in the procession. After the speeches were over Old Ninn had dropped her awful brick about candles.

"Fifty candles," Florence said grimly. "What a remark to pass!" It was the only piece of comment, so far, that she had proffered. She had realised, Alleyn gathered, that her mistress had been upset and thinking she might be wanted had gone into the hall. She heard her mistress speak for a moment to Mr. Templeton, something about him asking her not to use her scent.

Up to here Florence's statement had been about as emotional as a grocery list, but at this point she appeared to boggle.

Alleyn said, "That's all perfectly clear so far. Then did

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Miss Bellamy and the nanny—Mrs. Plumtree, isn't it—go upstairs together?"

"No."

"They didn't? What happened exactly?"

Ninn, it appeared, had gone first.

"Why? What delayed Miss Bellamy?"

"A photographer come butting in."

"He took a photograph of her, did he?"

"That's right. By the front door."

"Alone?"

"He came in. The chap wanted him in, too."

"Who?"

After waiting for a moment he asked, "Don't you want to answer that one?"

"I want to know," Florence burst out, "if it's murder. If it's murder I don't care who it was, I want to see 'er righted. Never mind who! You can be mistaken in people, as I often told her. Them you think nearest and dearest are likely as not the ones that you didn't ought to trust."

He said, "I believe it may be."

She muttered, "You ought to know: being trained to it. They tell you the coppers always know."

Alleyn decided to take a long shot. He said, "I expect you know Mr. Richard Dakers very well, don't you?"

"Hardly help meself, could I?"

"No, indeed. He was more like a son than a ward to her, I daresay."

"Acted like it," she said. "If getting nothing but the best goes for anything. And taking it as if it was 'is right."

"Well," Alleyn said lightly, "he's repaid her with two very successful plays, hasn't he?"

"Them! What'd they have been without her? See another actress in the lead! Oh, dear! What a change! She made them, he couldn't have touched it on 'is own. She'd have breathed life into a corpse," Florence said and then looked sick.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Alleyn said, "Mr. Dakers left the house before the speeches, I understand?"

"He did. What a way to behave!"

"But he came back, didn't he?"

"He's back now," she said quickly. "You seen 'im, didn't you?" Gracefield, evidently, had talked.

"I don't mean now. I mean between the time he first left before the speeches and the time when he returned about half an hour ago. Wasn't there another visit in between?"

"That's right," she said under her breath.

"Before the birthday speech?"

"That's right."

"Take the moment we're discussing. Mrs. Plumtree had gone upstairs, Miss Bellamy was in the hall. You had come out to see if she needed you."

He waited for a moment and then took his gamble. "Did he walk in at the front door? At that moment?"

He thought she was going to say "No"; she seemed to be struggling with some kind of doubt. Then she nodded.

"Did he speak to Miss Bellamy?" She nodded again.

"What about, do you know?"

"I didn't catch. I was at the other end of the hall."

"What happened then?"

"They were photographed and then they went upstairs."

"And you?"

"I went up. By the back stairs," said Florence.

"Where to?"

"I went along to the landing."

"And did you go in to her?"

"Mrs. Plumtree was on the landing," Florence said abruptly. Alleyn waited. "They was talking inside — him and the Lady. So I didn't disturb her."

"And you could hear them talking?"

She said angrily, "What say we could? We weren't snooping if that's what you mean. We didn't hear a word. She laughed — once."

"And then?"

"He came out and went downstairs."

"And did you go in to Miss Bellamy?"

"No," Florence said loudly.

"Why not?"

"I didn't reckon she'd want me."

"Had you," he asked without emphasis, "had a row of some sort with Miss Bellamy?"

She went very white. "What are you getting at?" she demanded and then, "I told you. I understood her. Better than anyone."

"And there'd been no trouble between you?"

"No!" she said loudly.

ALLEYN decided not to press this point. "So what did you do?" he asked. "You and Mrs. Plumtree?"

"Stayed where we was. Until we heard something."

"What was that?"

"Inside her room. Something. Kind of a crash."

"What was it, do you think?"

"I wouldn't know. I was going in to see, whether or no, when I heard Mr. Templeton in the hall. Calling. I go down to the half-landing," Florence continued, changing her tense for the narrative present. "He calls up, they're waiting for her. So I go back to fetch her. And . . ." for the first time her voice trembled. "And I walk in."

"Yes," Alleyn said. "Before we go on, Florence, will you tell me this? Did Mr. Richard at this time seem at all upset?"

"That's right," she said, again with that air of defiance.

"When he arrived?" She nodded. "I see. And when he came out of Miss Bellamy's room?"

And now there was no mistaking Florence's tone. It was one of pure hatred.

"'Im? 'E looked ghasterly. 'E looked," said Florence, "like death."

To be continued

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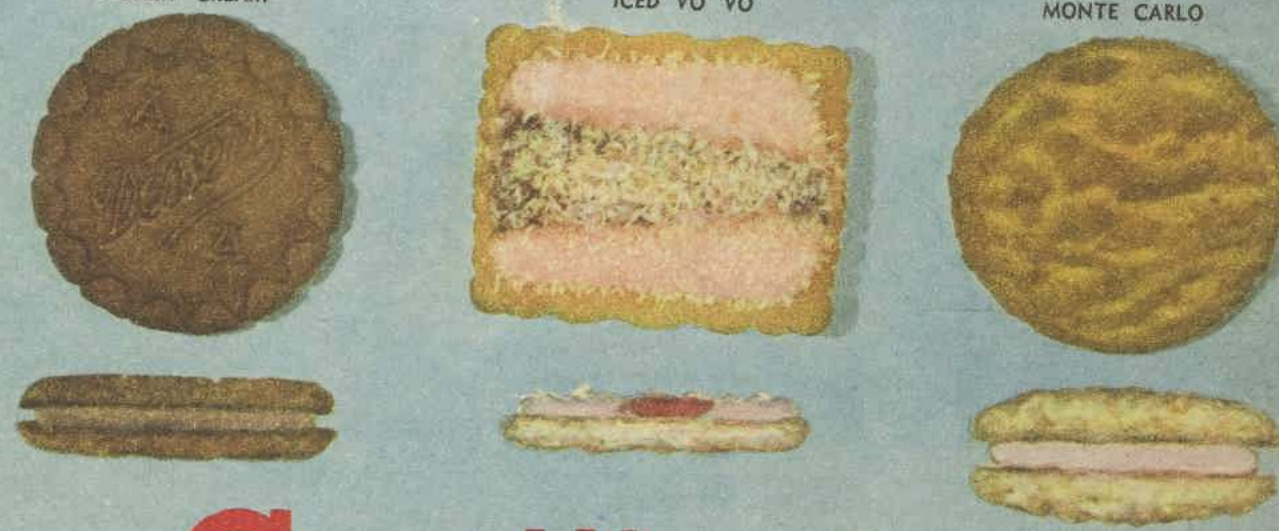
MONTE CARLO



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